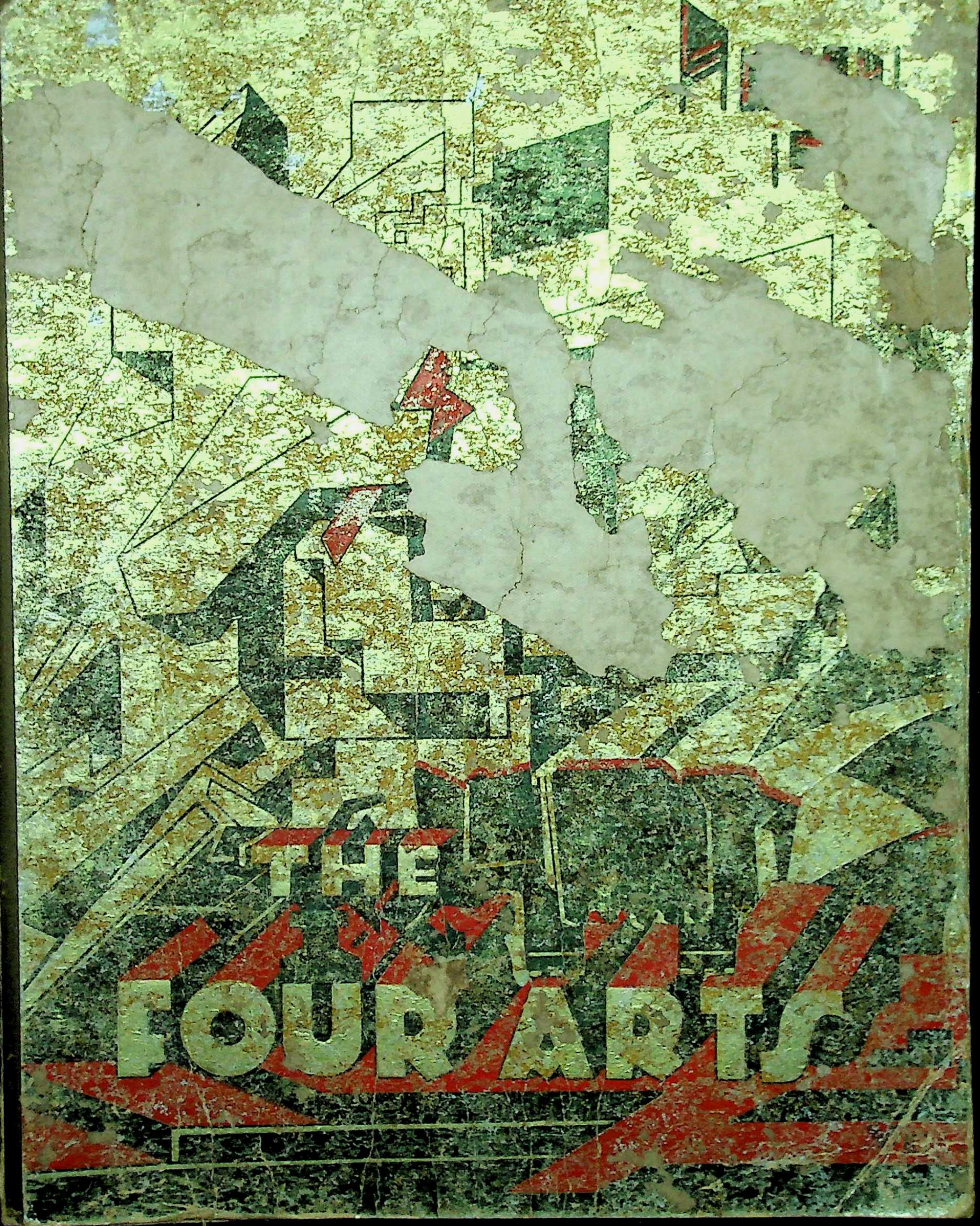

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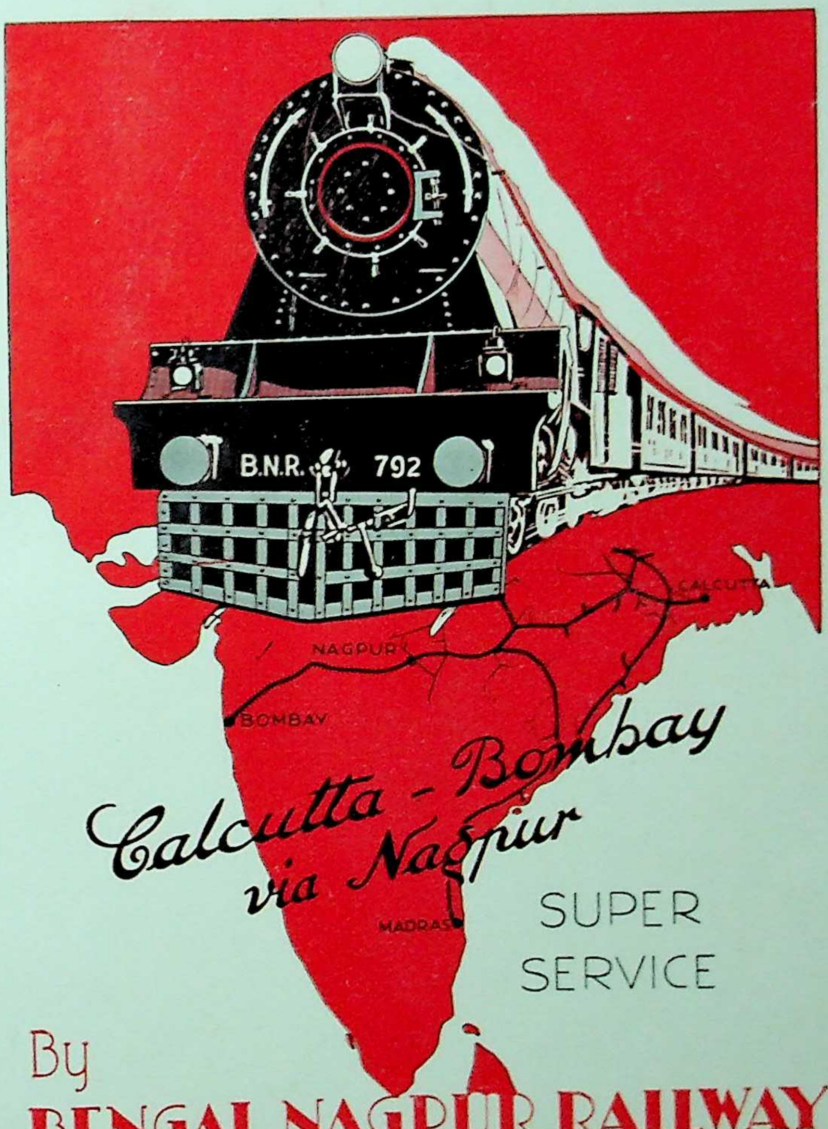
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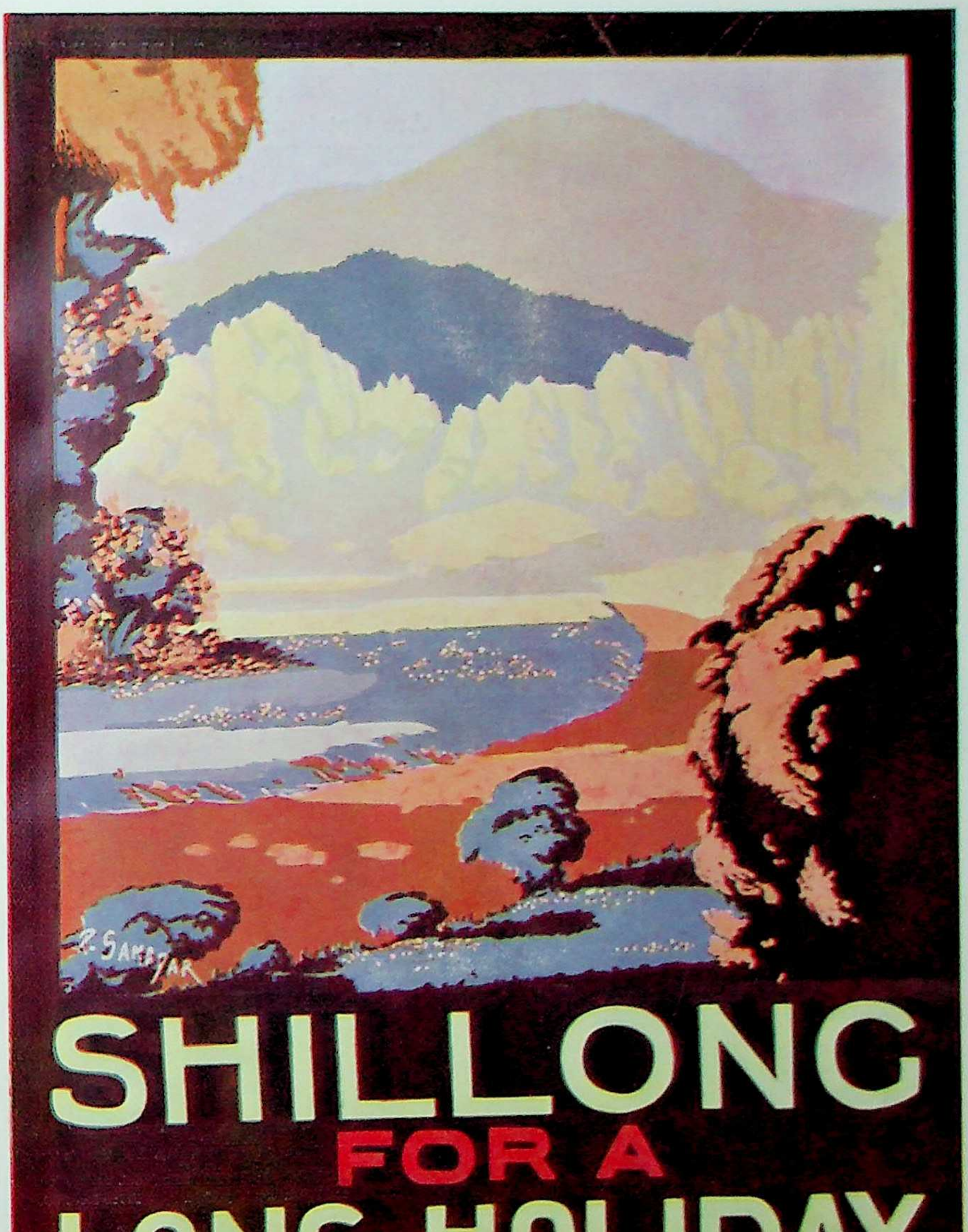

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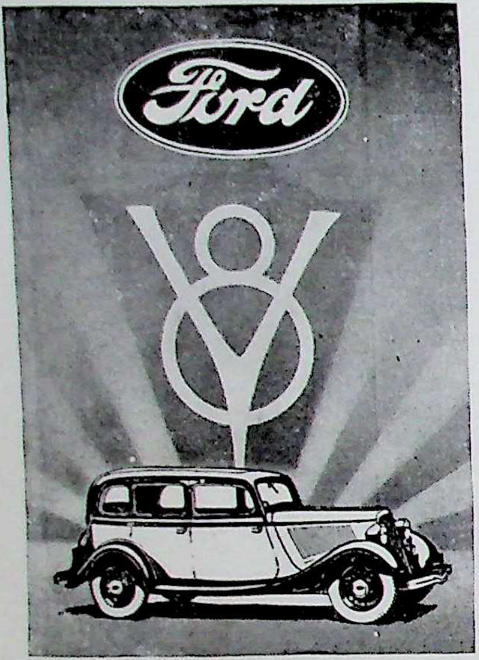

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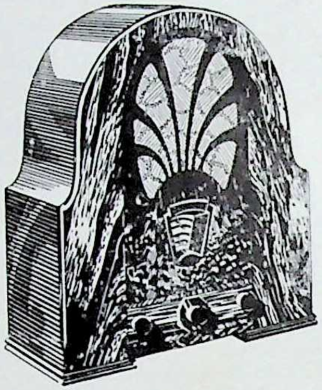

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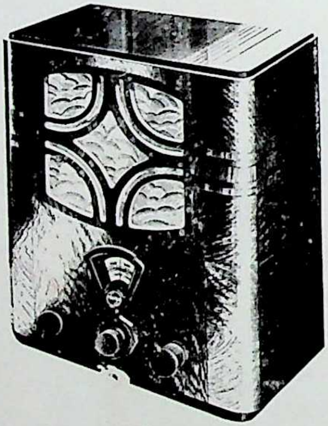

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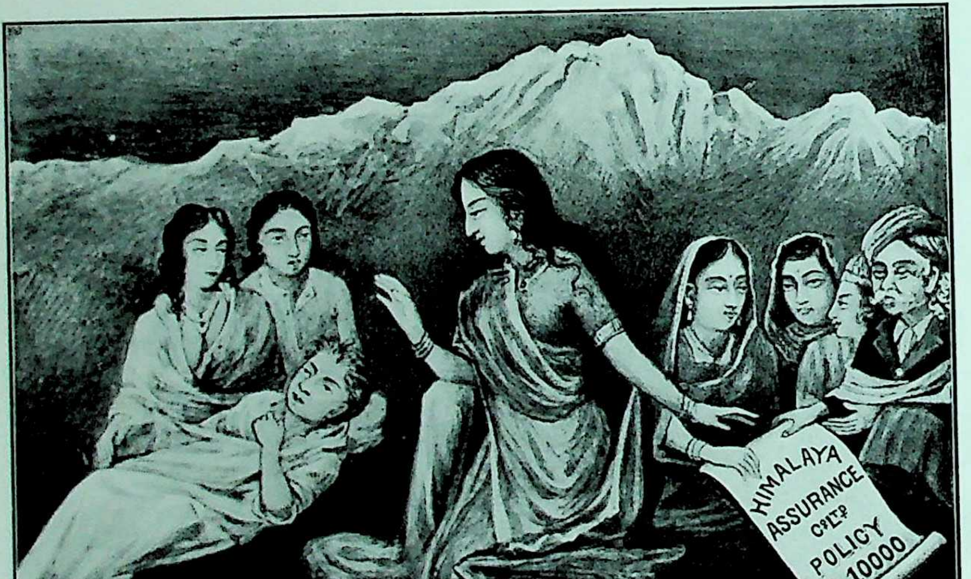
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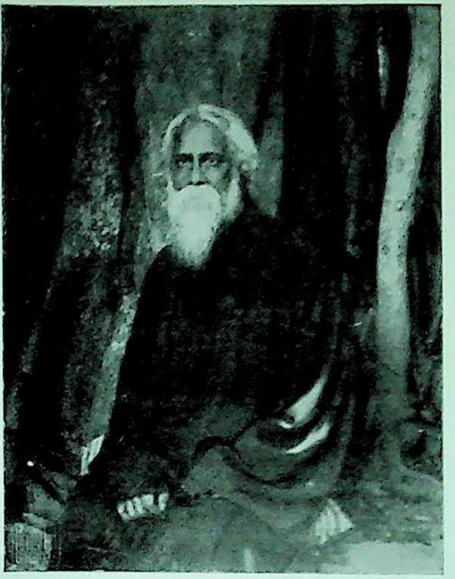

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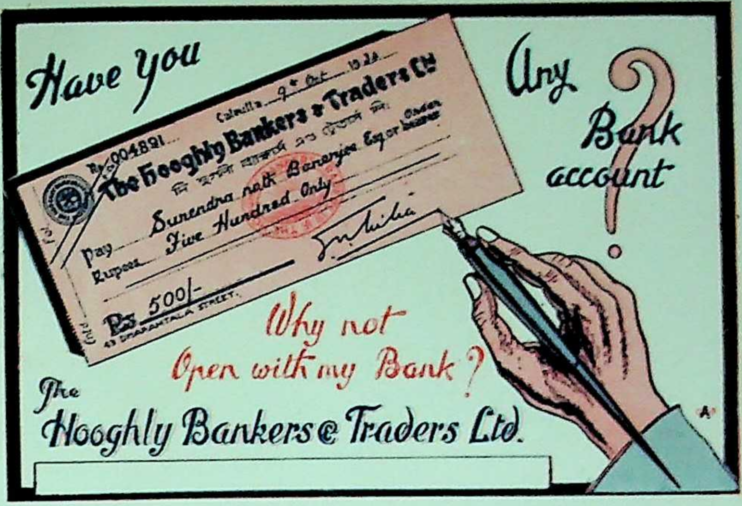
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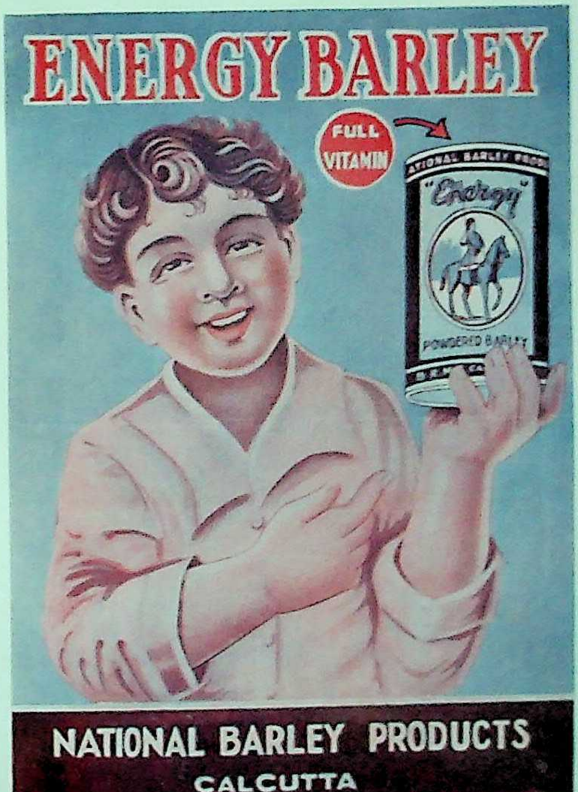
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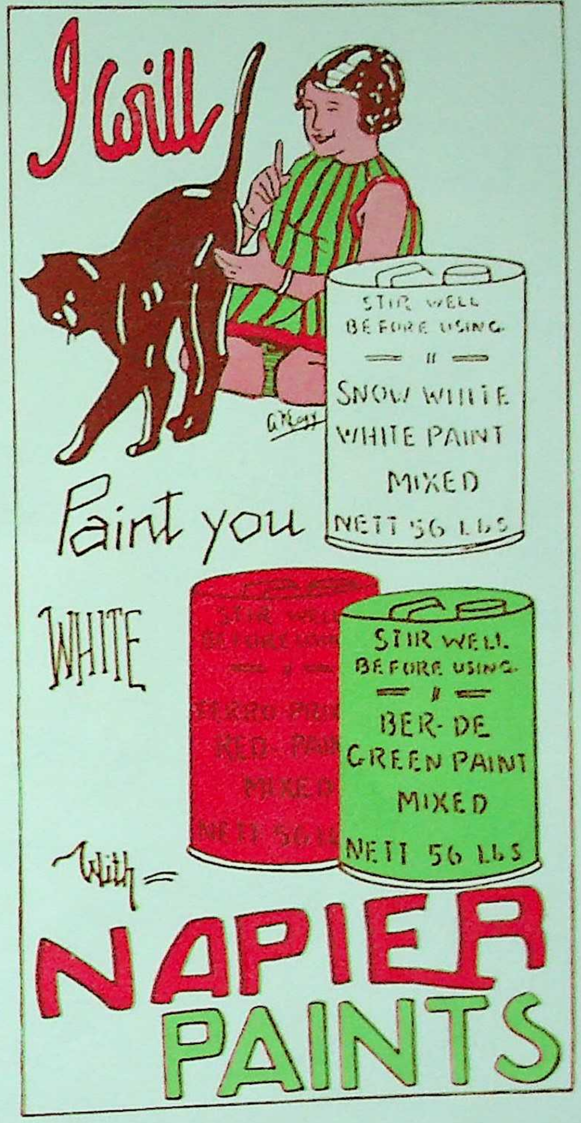
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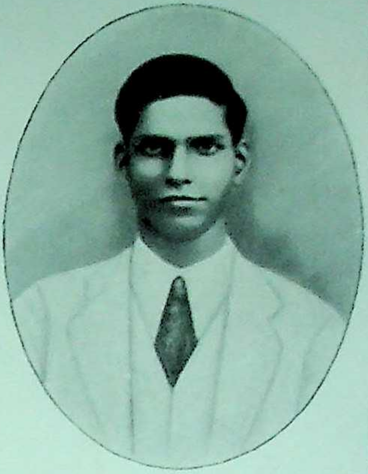

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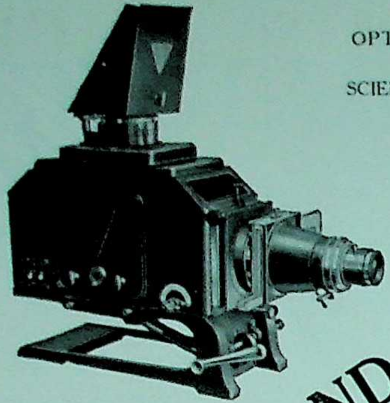

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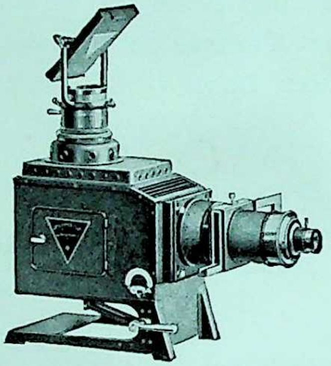

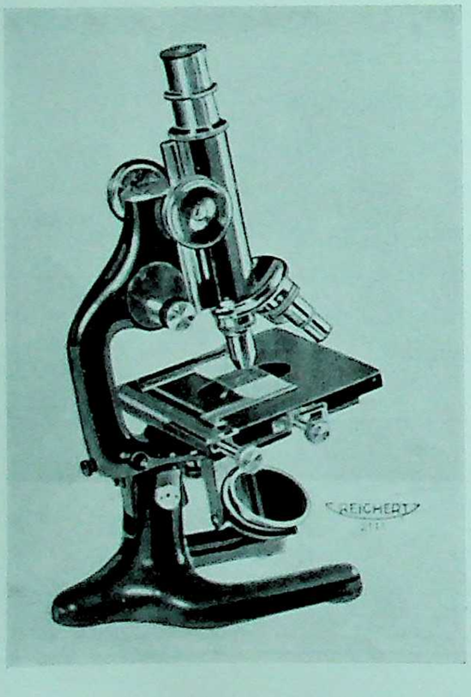

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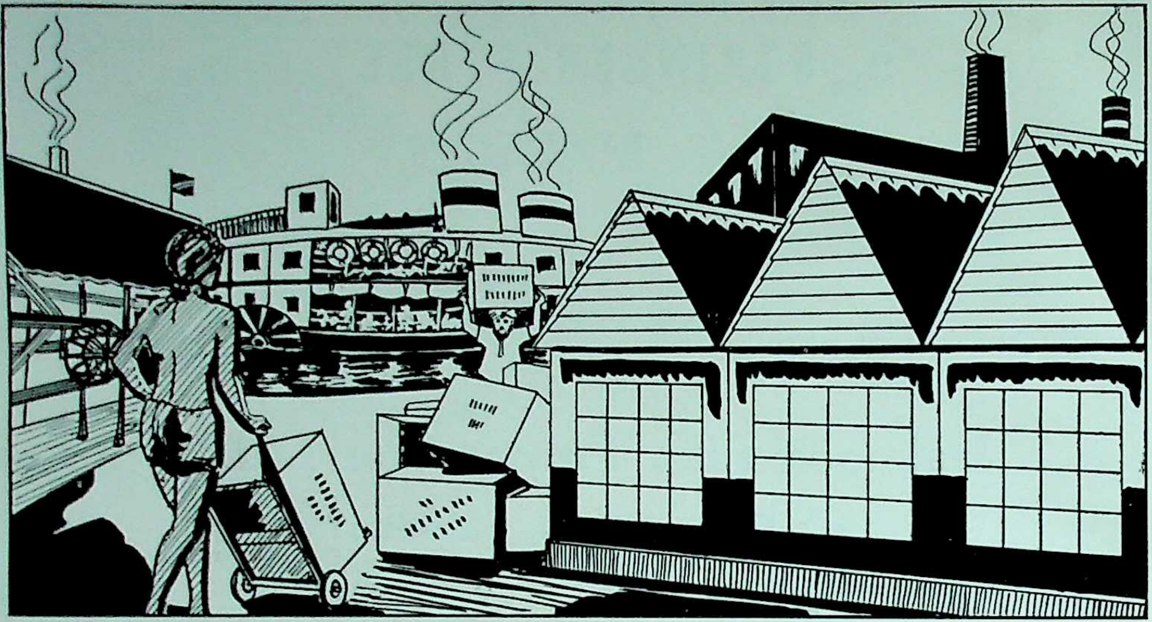

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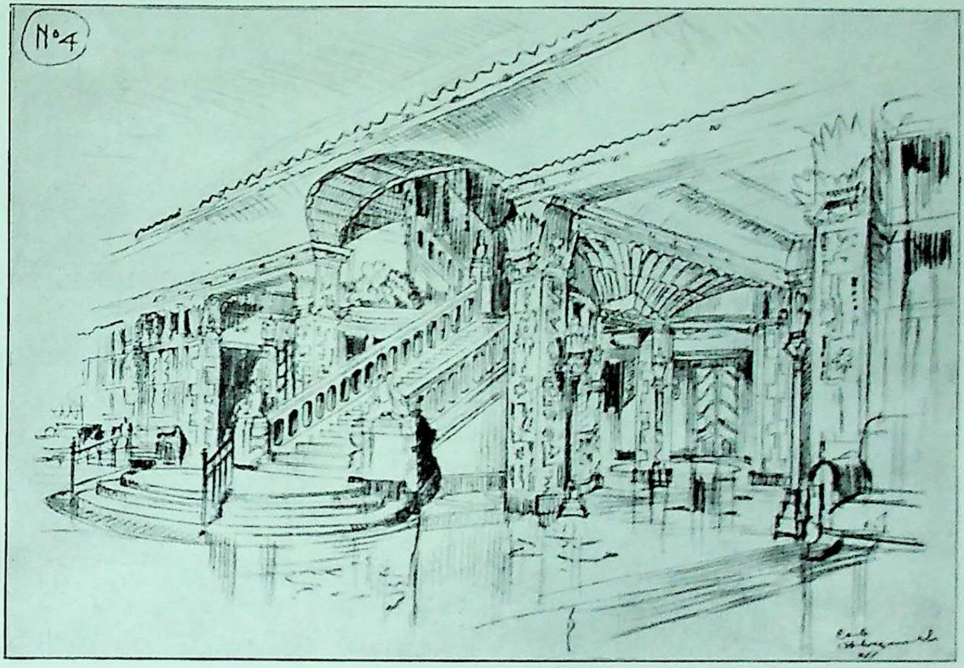

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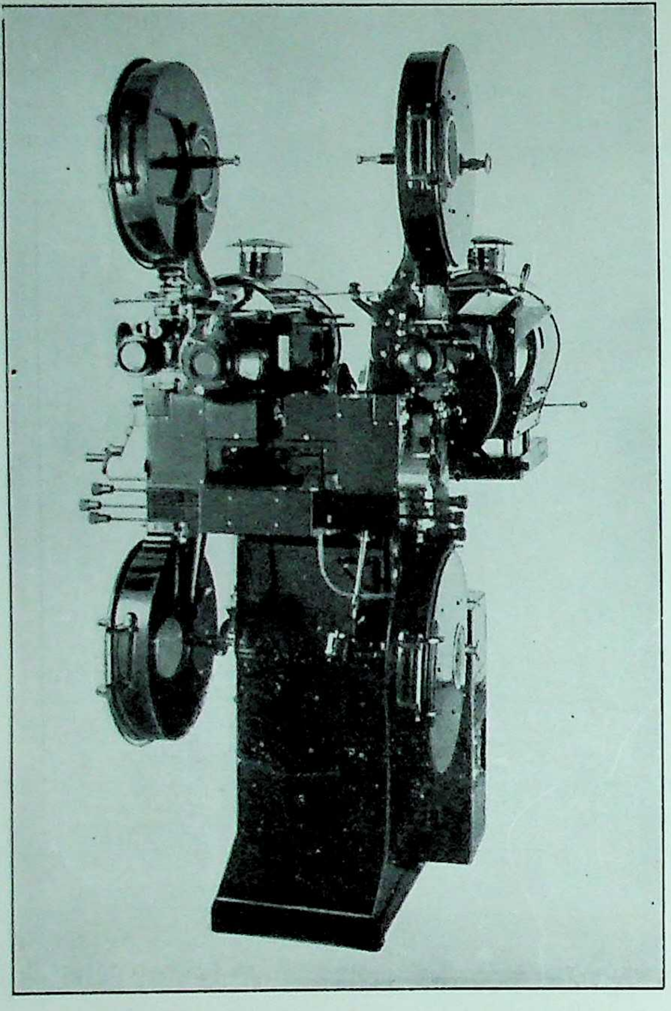

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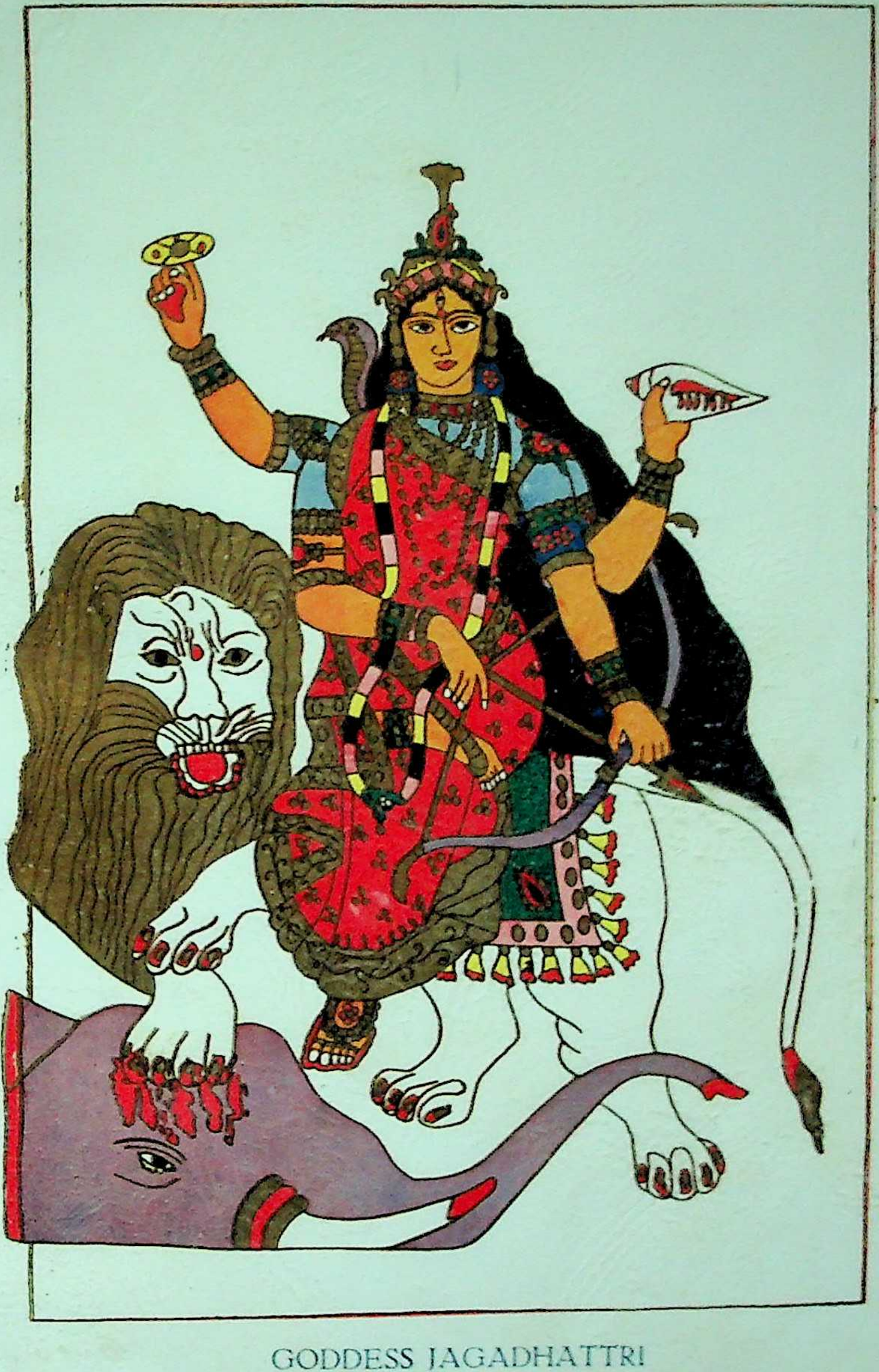

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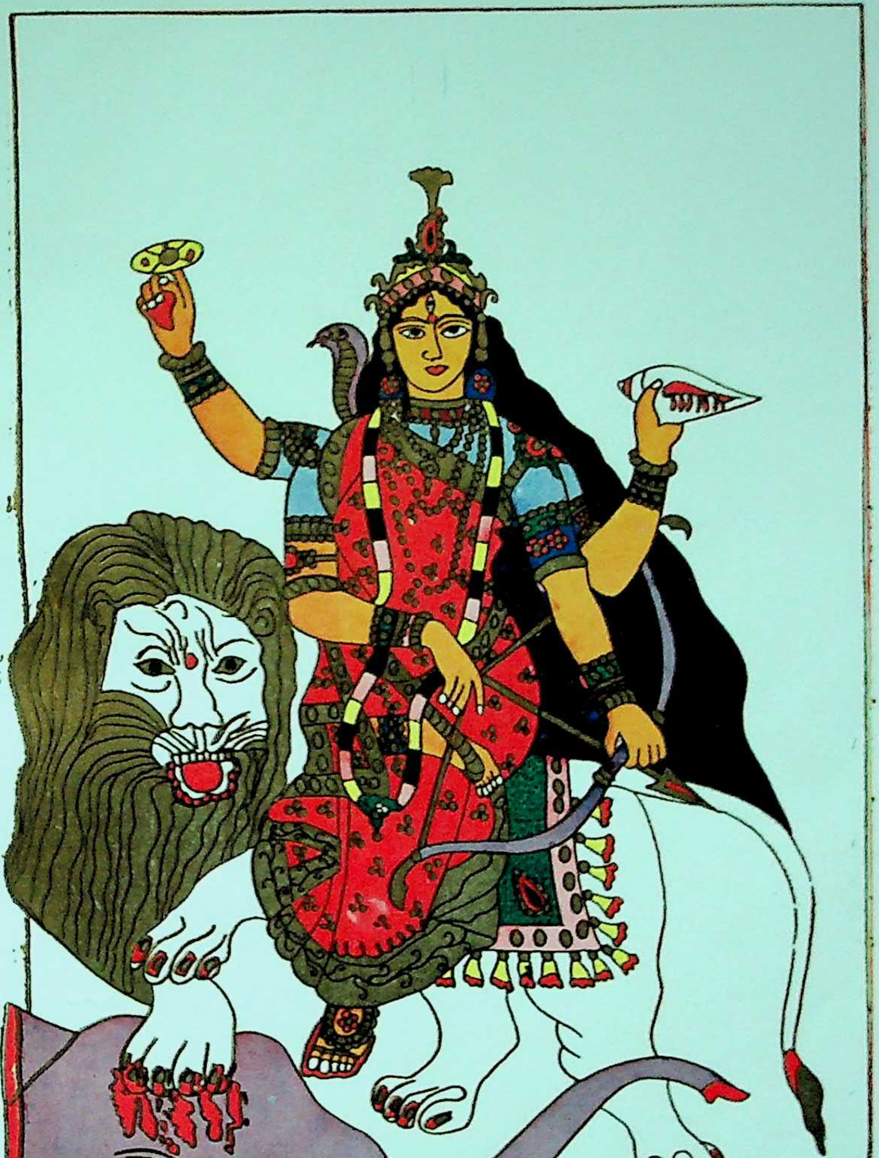

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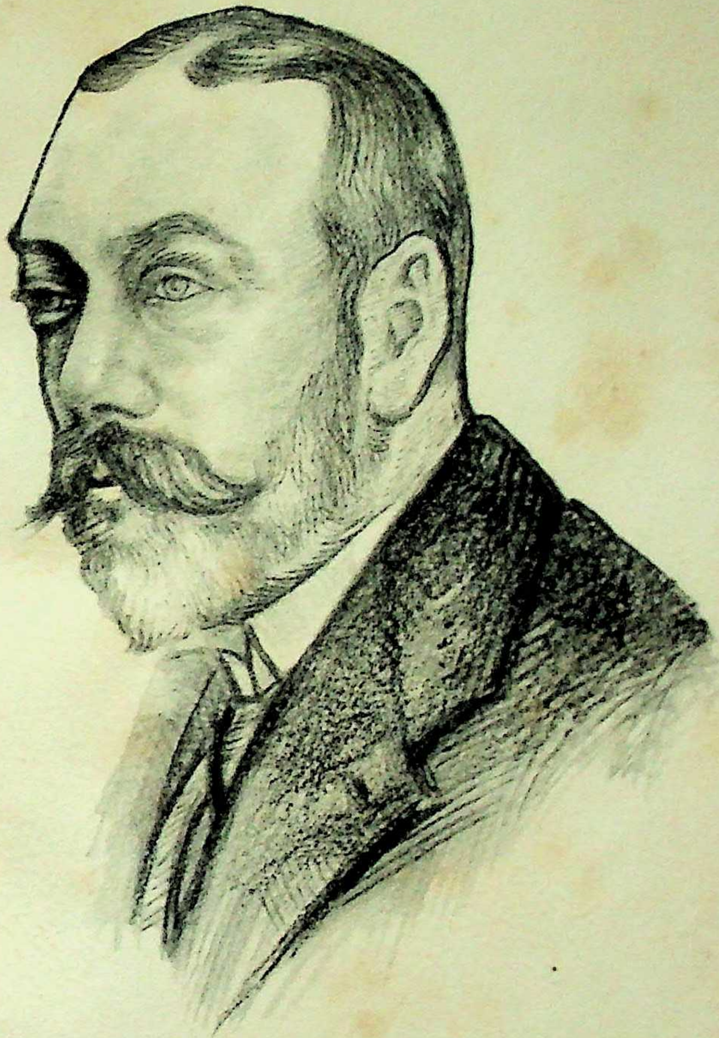
Our loyal greetings to His Majesty the King Emperor on the occasion of the Silver Jubilee

We beg to convey a belated though spontaneous message of loyalty and felicitations to Your Majesty on the occasion of the Silver Jubilee of your accession. All through a period darkened by the shadows of national and international difficulties, you have always evinced for art and for the cultural advancement of your Empire an interest which has tended to place the units of your far-flung Empire on a pinnacle of glory. On you has devolved the responsibility of maintaining, not only the traditions of the pacific genius of Great Britain, but also that of furthering the almost unchallengeable supremacy of the artistic traditions of your Eastern Empire.

Any attempt at assessing the wealth of India's cultural art and her pre-eminence in the sphere of art-expressions must necessarily lag behind reality. But we look up to you, as the custodian not only of the peace and security of the land but also of the legacy of art traditions, to provide that the cultural advancement of India may have, as it has had in the past, unhampered scope.

On behalf of all who have the artistic development of India at heart, we wish Your Majesty many more years of health and prosperity.



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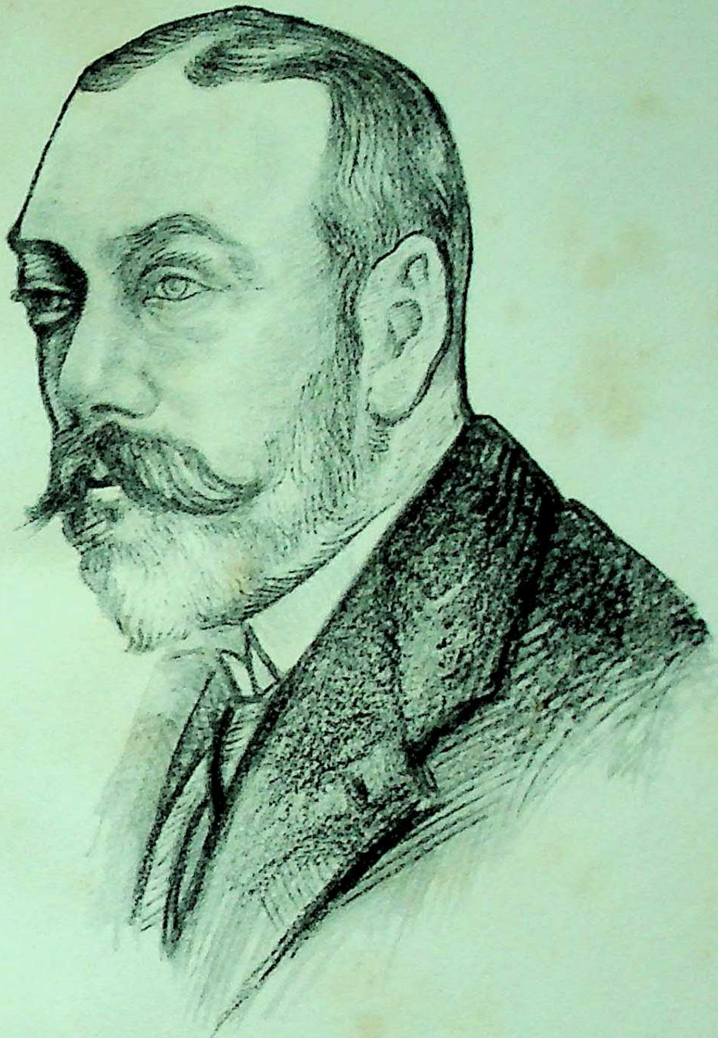

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EDITORS' NOTE

We offer our grateful thanks to the illustrious contributors to this issue and to the many kind friends and sympathizers but for whose tireless co-operation we could not have launched the ambitious scheme of bringing out this Annual — the first of its kind in this country.

We hope and trust that our 1936 number will be more truly representative of the various new currents of artistic activity in East and West alike.

In the blessings of the great ones in the world of art, letters and thought, and in the goodwill of sympathetic friends all the world over, lies our hope of realizing the ideal—the cultural unity of mankind.

HAREN GHOSH
Managing Editor

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COVER DESIGNED *by Vola Chatterjee*

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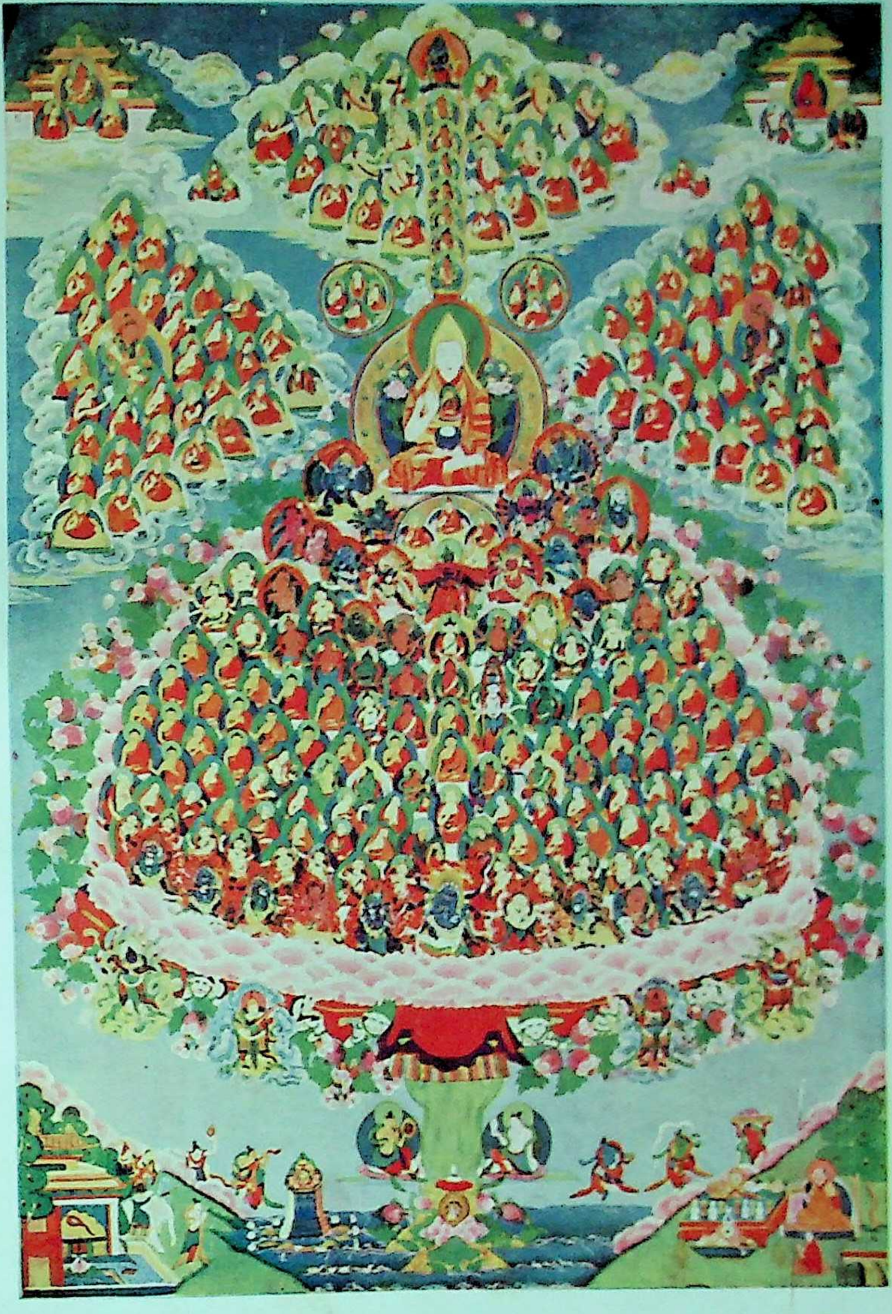


BUDDHA PREACHING

By kind permission: Nahar Collection *Old Master, Tibetan*

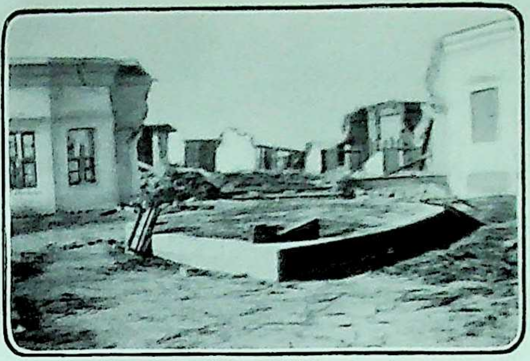
FOREWORD

A CERTAIN amount of diffidence is naturally to be expected from those who put a new journal before the public. It was said that when those responsible for "Truth" were about to issue their weekly (at a time when "The World" was holding the stage as a journal) they were asked what they intended to make of their journal. Their answer was "another and a better world." I do not suppose that those who are responsible for the FOUR ARTS ANNUAL would say they aspired to publish another and a better art journal. Their claim would be that they aimed to produce an art journal 'with a difference.' Diffident they are bound to be as to whether there is room for such a publication, because in this age of speed, Art in any form seems likely to be crowded out. A certain amount of restfulness is required properly to appreciate Art in any of its forms. Speed, it has been said and said truly—"la vitesse maximum"—is the Idea-Regnant of this generation. The fastest man on the playing field—the fastest motor on the racing track—the fastest liner on the sea—the fastest aeroplane in the air—the fastest means of transmitting messages—these are what really attract interest. What place, then, is there for another journal dealing with Art? The answer seems to be that just because there is so much made of restlessness, there should be some antidote in the shape of restfulness supplied—some refuge from the hurry and turmoil of everyday life. What could be more restful than a contemplation of Art? But it is no use piling up on one another journals, of which the ends in view are precisely similar and the methods of obtaining them closely akin. Rapid and important changes have taken place in the world of Art in this country of late years. A new orientation has taken its rise in every sphere of æsthetic thought. There is a new manner in literature, a new mode in dancing, a new outlook in painting, a fresh vigour in music and a complete revolution on the stage and screen. This renaissance is felt everywhere, and a journal devoted to studying and giving expression to each aspect of such renaissance is not only not out of place but very much to be desired. It will be seen from this number with what success those responsible for it have adumbrated the various phases of this new movement. The new national spirit could find no better interpreter than Mahatma Gandhi. Who is more competent to speak on new ideas in mental and moral philosophy than Aurobindo Ghosh? Can poetry find better exponents in this country than Rabindra Nath Tagore and Harindra Nath Chattopadhaya? Is there a greater authority on dancing, theoretical and practical, than Uday Shankar? I might continue at some length, but he who speaks the prologue of a play is expected to make but a brief appearance before the curtain. I can do no better than point to the TABLE OF CONTENTS to prepare readers for what is to come, and I am confident they will not be disappointed. One word more may be allowed me. The matter of a journal is of much importance, but some importance too attaches to the manner of its production. The object which the producers have set before them is to supply the public with good printing, good photography and a general good get-up. That they have succeeded will, I am confident, be the general opinion. Here is a journal well worthy of attention and I only wish that some more worthy pen than mine could have said it.

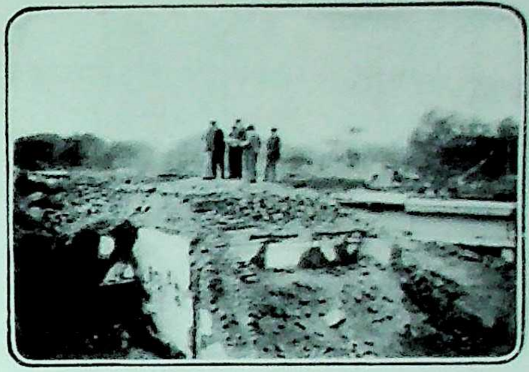
R. C. BONNERJEE

SILENT WITNESSES OF THE TRAGEDY

THE GREAT INDIAN EARTHQUAKE 1934

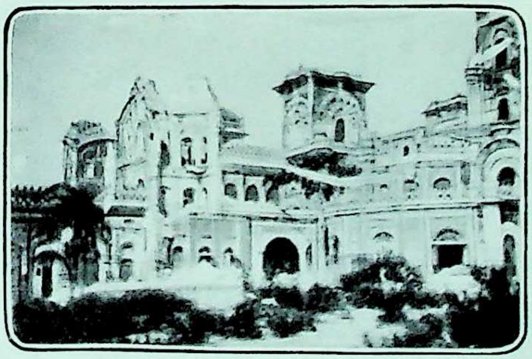


A SOLID STRUCTURE OF AN ENTIRE RESIDENTIAL BUILDING SIMPLY SHOT DOWN AS THE EARTH OPENED TO SWALLOW UP WHAT CAME IN THE WAY—A MIRACLE AND DISASTER BEYOND IMAGINATION

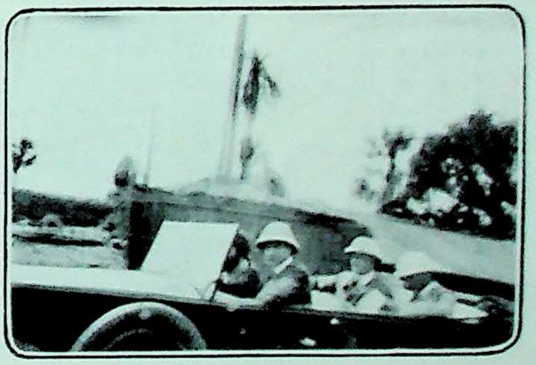


HIS EXCELLENCY AT MONGHYR INSPECTING THE RUINS

From film taken by Haren Ghosh with special permission of the Government of Bihar



DAMAGED BEYOND POSSIBLE HABITATION AND REPAIRS: THE EXQUISITE PALACE AT RAJNAGAR BELONGING TO THE MAHARAJADHIRAJ OF DARBHANGA

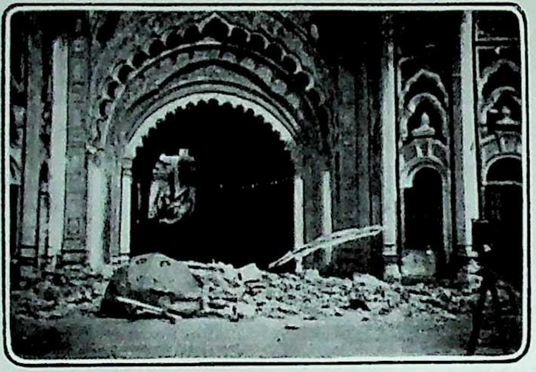


HIS EXCELLENCY ON HIS WAY TO INSPECT THE DEBRIS AT MONGHYR

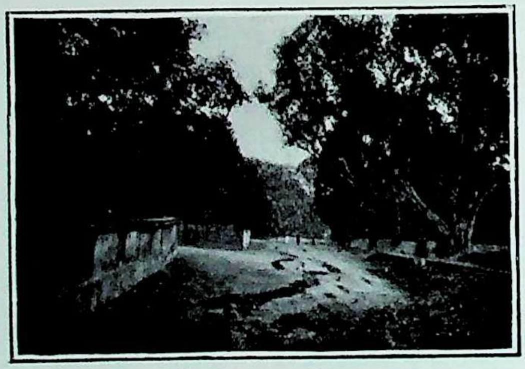
Film taken by Haren Ghosh with special permission of the Government of Bihar

RECKLESS RAVAGES OF THE

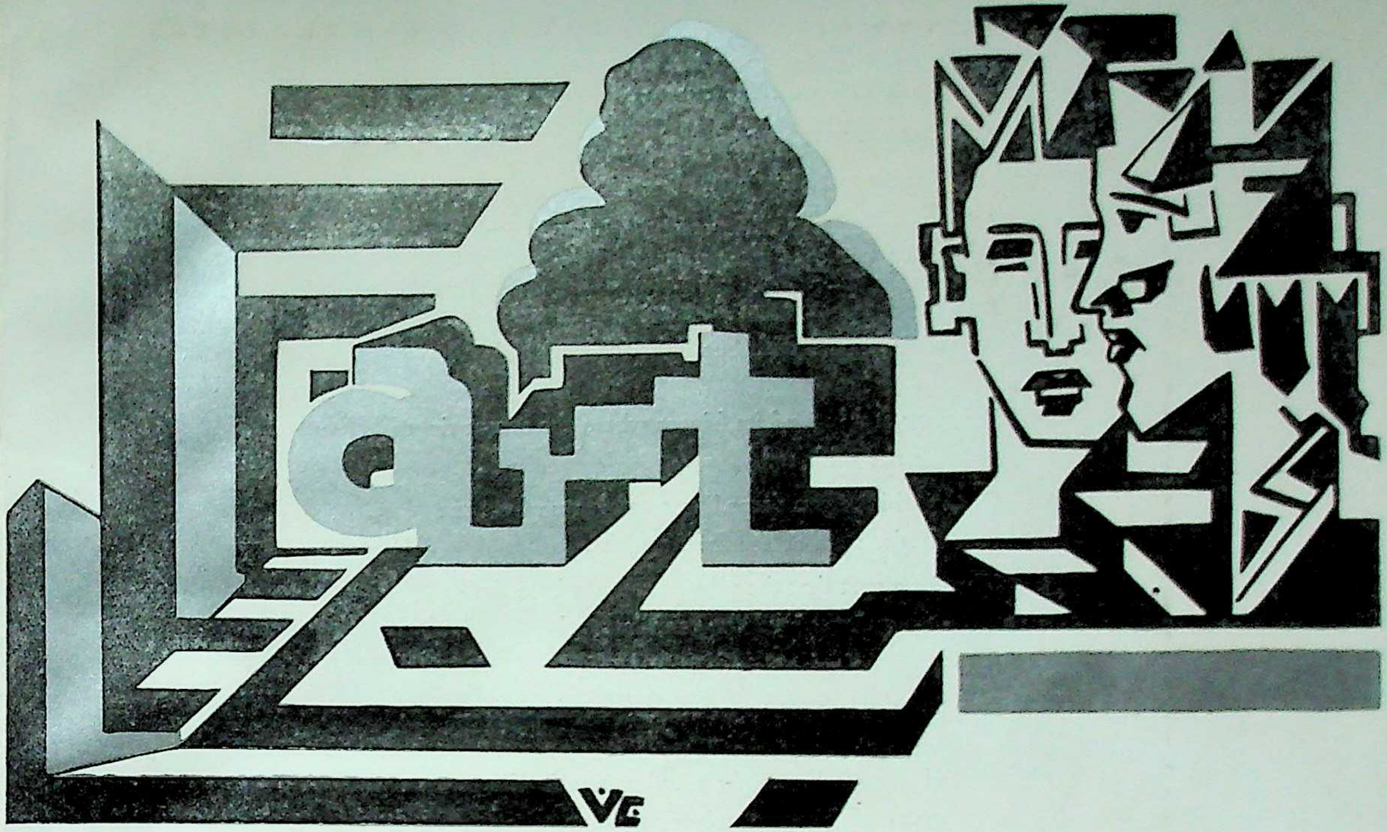
GREAT INDIAN EARTHQUAKE 1934



AT THE PALACE TEMPLE WHERE THE IDOL OF DURGA WAS SMASHED BY THE FALLING DEBRIS WHEN THE RAJNAGAR (DARBHANGA) PALACE SUCCUMBED TO THE RAMPANT DESTRUCTION AND HAVOC, UNSURPASSED IN THE ANNALS OF THE LAND



THE SLIGHT CRACK WAS IN REALITY AN OPENING OF 22 FEET ACROSS FROM BRIM TO BRIM THAT YAWNED SUDDENLY IN A THOROUGHFARE AT MUZAFFARPUR (NORTH BIHAR) DISPLAYING THE TORTURED VITALS OF MOTHER EARTH, DEEP DOWN BELOW TEN FEET FROM SURFACE



NOONTIDE OF SOULS

HARINDRA NATH CHATTOPADHAYA

FLOATED noontides of spirit-austerities nakedly
  burning on every side.
While I stand like a straight tall tree in the
  centre of Time, a desert bare.
High up, suspended, the full sun seems an image of One
  who is golden-eyed,
With shimmering beams for arrowy lashes which pierce
  like liquid points through the air.

NOONTIDE OF SOULS

Colour is swallowed up in the light that is golden-
white and intensely still,
And nothing in sight for miles and miles to shed
a cooling shadow around.—
All is as naked and all-incorruptible, steady and
wondrous wide like His Will,
And the desert-stretches flow on like a music
of fiery gold with but light for sound.

Far away and beyond its fringes where the sunset tinges
the sky with red,
Or the white moon drops like a single rose from the
slender stem of the fading night,
There is a spot that the pilgrim seeks, where the
caravan rests, and the camel's tread
Is washed in rose-cool waters of dawn,
and the last prayer heard in the quiet light.

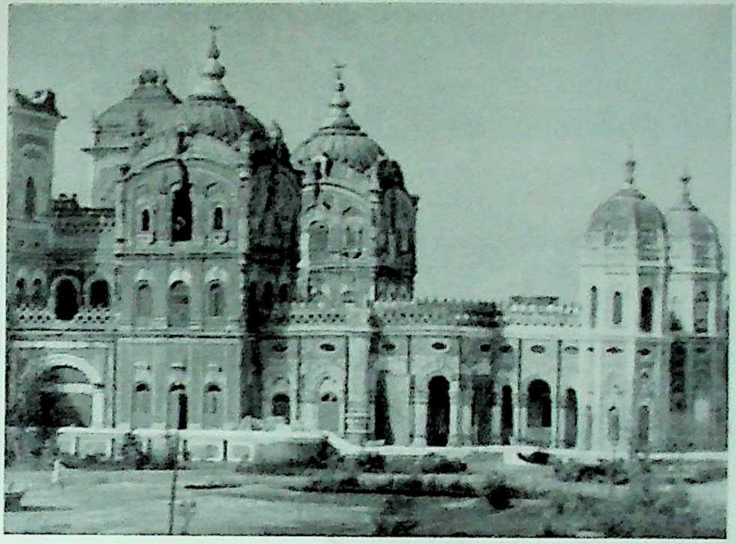
I stand like a tall straight viewless tree in the
centre of Time, a quivering waste
Of desert-austerity under the stars that climb the
horizon, chilly and weird,
But I am in love with the desert-sky which is
deeply alone and poignant and chaste,
Where, either at noon or night, I am conscious of
a deep full glow which no cloud has bleared.

Floated noontides quiver and pulse around me, each
like a river that runs
From end to end of His consciousness which in
fullest tide is eternally rolled
On the crest of each wave which dances and goes
is the multiplied dance of a myriad suns
That are fieriest silver within a trance that has
lost itself in the fieriest gold.

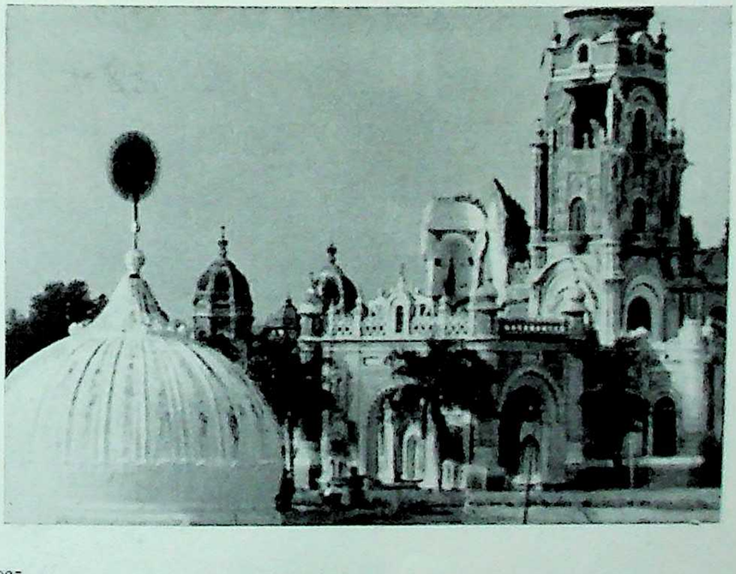
RAVAGES OF NATURE

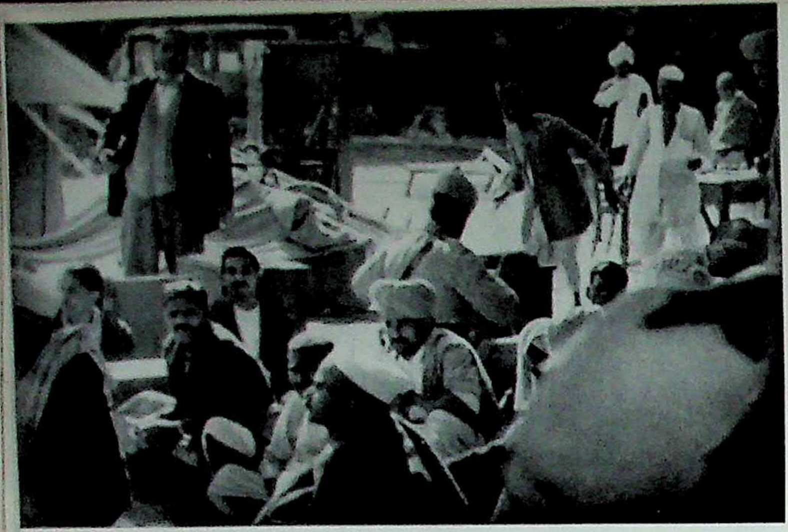
GLIMPSE OF THE RUINS : THE GREAT INDIAN EARTHQUAKE

15th JANUARY 1934



THE MOST COSTLY AND PRECIOUS PALACE IN DARBHANGA IN ITS UTTER APPALLING STATE



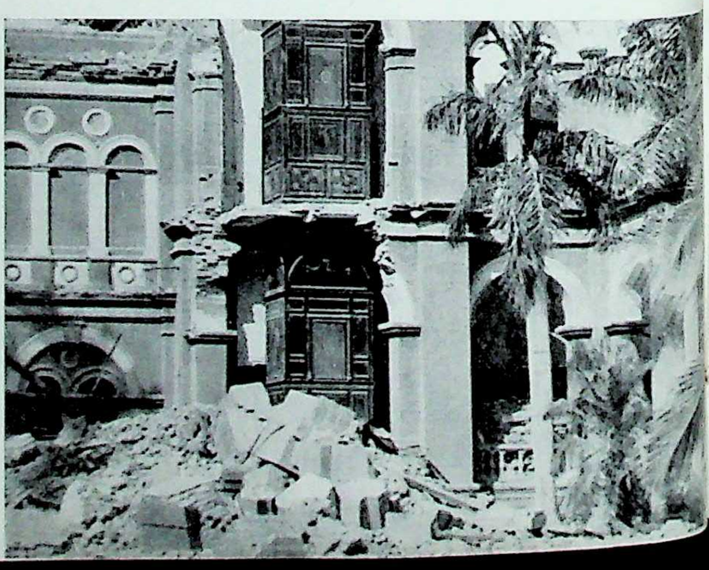


IMPERIAL BANK SHATTERED BUT THE WORK GOES ON IN THE OPEN AIR

RAVAGES OF NATURE

MR. S. K. BASU, MAYOR OF CALCUTTA, 1934, ON AN INSPECTION VISIT TO THE DEVASTATED AREA

ONE OF THE RUINED DARBHANGA PALACES.



TWO LETTERS
ON
ART CRITICISM

SRI AUROBINDO

I

ALL criticism of poetry is bound to have a strong subjective element and that is the source of the violent differences in the appreciation of any given author by equally "eminent" critics. All is relative here, Art and Beauty also, and our view of things and our appreciation of them depend on the consciousness which views and appreciates. Some critics recognise this and go in frankly for a purely subjective criticism—"this is why I like this and disapprove of that, I give my own values." Most, however, want to fit their personal likes and dislikes to some standard of criticism which they conceive to be objective; this need of objectivity, of the support of some impersonal truth independent of our personality, is the main source of theories, canons, standards of art. But the theories, canons, standards themselves vary and are set up in one age only to be broken in another. Is there then no beauty of art independent of our varying mentalities? Is beauty a creation of our minds, a construction of our ideas and our senses, but not existent otherwise? In that case beauty is non-existent in Nature, it is put upon Nature by our minds through *adhyâropa*. But this contradicts the fact that it is in response to an object and not independently of it that the idea of beautiful or not beautiful originally rises within us. Beauty does exist in what we see, but there are two aspects of it, essential beauty and the form it takes. "Eternal beauty wandering on her way" does that wandering by a multitudinous variation of forms appealing to a multitudinous variation of consciousness. There comes in the difficulty. Each individual consciousness tries to seize the eternal beauty expressed in a form (here a particular poem or work of art), but is either assisted by the form or repelled by it, wholly attracted or wholly repelled, or partially attracted and partially repelled. There may be errors in the poet's or artist's transcription of beauty which mar the reception, but even these have different effects on different people. But the more radical divergences arise from the variation in the constitution of the mind and its responses. Moreover, there are minds, the majority indeed, who do not respond to "artistic" beauty at all—something inartistic appeals much more to what sense of beauty they have—or else they are not seeking beauty, but only vital pleasure.

A critic cannot escape altogether from these limitations. He can try to make himself catholic and objective and find the merit or special character of all he reads or sees in poetry and art, even when they do not evoke his special sympathy or deepest response. I have no temperamental sympathy for much of the work of Pope and Dryden, but I can see their extraordinary perfection or force in their own field, the masterly conciseness, energy, point, metallic precision into which they cut their thought or their verse, and I can see too how that can with a little infusion of another quality be the basis of a really great and poetic style, as Dryden himself has shown in his best work. But there my appreciation stops ; I cannot rise to the heights of admiration of those who put them on a level with or on a higher level than Wordsworth, Keats or Shelley—I cannot escape from the feeling that their work, even though more consistently perfect within their limits and in their own manner (at least Pope's), was less great in poetic quality. All this rises from a conception of beauty and a feeling for beauty which belongs to the temperament. Housman's exaltation of Blake results directly from his peculiar conception of poetic beauty as appealing to an inner sensation and deflowered by coherent intellectual thought. But that I shall not discuss now. This however does not mean that all criticism is useless. The critic can help to open the mind to the kinds of beauty he himself sees and not only to discover but to appreciate at their full value certain elements that make them beautiful or give them what is most characteristic or unique in their peculiar beauty. Housman, for instance, may help many minds to see in Blake something which they did not see before. They may not agree with him in his comparison of Blake and Shakespeare, but they can follow him to a certain extent and seize better that element in poetic beauty which he overstresses but makes at the same time more vividly visible.

II

Yes, of course, there is an intuition of greatness by which the great poet or artist is distinguished from those who are less great and these again from the not-great-at-all. But you are asking too much when you expect this intuition to work with a mechanical instantaneousness and universality so that all shall have the same opinion and give the same values. The greatness of Shakespeare, of Dante, of others of the same rank is unquestioned and unquestionable, for the recognition of it has always been there in their own time and afterwards. Virgil and Horace stood out in their own day in the first rank among the poets and that verdict has never been reversed since. The area of their fame may vary ; it may have been seen first by a few, then by many, then by all. At first there may be adverse critics and assailants, but these negative voices die away. Questionings may rise from time to time—*e.g.*, as to whether Lucretius was not a greater poet than Virgil—but these are usually from individuals and the general verdict abides always. Even lesser poets retain their rank in spite of fluctuations of their fame. You speak of the discrediting of some and the rehabilitation of the discredited. That happened to Pope and Dryden. Keats and his contemporaries broke their canons and trampled over their corpses to reach romantic freedom ; now there is a rehabilitation. But all this is something of an illusion—for mark that even at the worst Pope and Dryden retained a place among the great names of English poetic literature. No controversy, no depreciation could take that away from them. This proves my contention that there is an abiding intuition of poetic and artistic greatness.

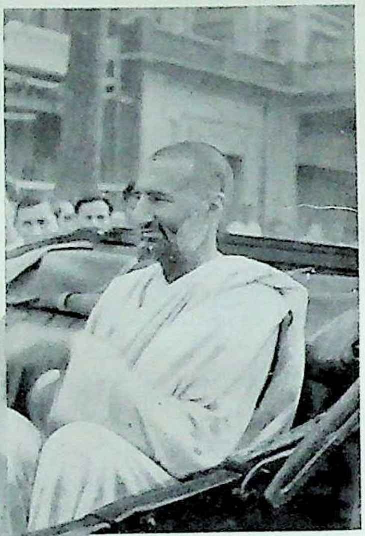
The attempts at comparison by critics like Housman and Eliot ? It seems to me that these are irrelevant and otiose. Both Dante and Shakespeare stand at the summit of poetic fame, but each with so different a way of genius that comparison is unprofitable. Shakespeare has powers that Dante cannot rival; Dante has heights which Shakespeare could not reach: but in essence they stand as mighty equals. As for Blake and Shakespeare, that is more a personal fantasy than anything else. Purity and greatness are not the same thing: Blake's may be pure poetry in Housman's sense and Shakespeare's not except in a few passages; but nobody can contend that Blake's genius had the width and volume and richness of Shakespeare's. If you say that Blake as a mystic poet was greater than Shakespeare,—of course he was—for Shakespeare was not a mystic poet at all. But as a poet of the play of life Shakespeare is everywhere and Blake nowhere. These are tricks of language and idiosyncracies of preference. One has to put each thing in its place without confusing issues and then one can see that Housman's praise of Blake may be justified, but the exaltation of him above Shakespeare on the whole is not in accordance with the abiding intuition of these things which remains undisturbed by any individual verdict.

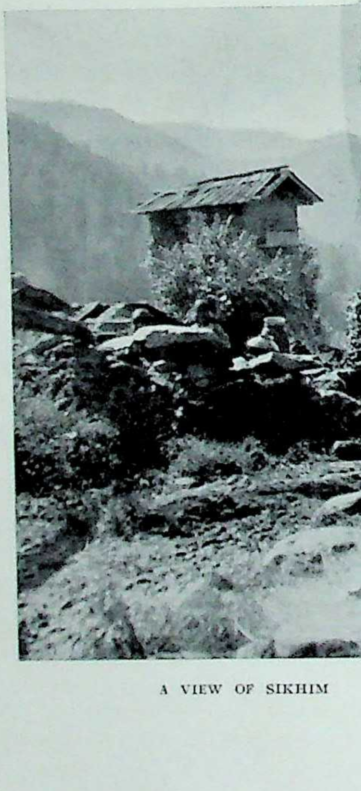
The errors of great poets in judging their contemporaries are personal freaks—that is to say, failures in intuition due to the mind's temporary movements getting in the way of the intuition. The errors of Goethe and Bankim were only an over-estimation of a genius or a talent that was new and therefore attractive at the time. Richardson's Pamela was after all the beginning of modern fiction. As I have said, the general intuition does not work at once and with a mechanical accuracy. Over-estimation of a contemporary is frequent, under-estimation also. But, taken on the whole, the real poet commands at first the verdict of the few whose eyes are open—and often the attacks of those whose eyes are shut—and the few grow in numbers till the general intuition affirms their verdict.

As for the verdict of Englishmen upon a French poet or *vice versa*, that is due to a difficulty in entering into the finer spirit and subtleties of a foreign language. It is difficult for a Frenchman to get a proper appreciation of Keats or Shelley, or for an Englishman to judge Racine, for this reason. But a Frenchman like Maurois, who knows English as an Englishman knows it, can get the full estimation of a poet like Shelley all right. These variations must be allowed for; the human mind is not a perfect instrument, its best intuitions are much veiled by irrelevant mental formations; but in these matters the truth asserts itself and stands fairly firm and clear in essence through all changes of mental weather.

TWO COMPOSITIONS OF HINDU DANCE BY SANTINIKETAN SCHOOL GIRLS

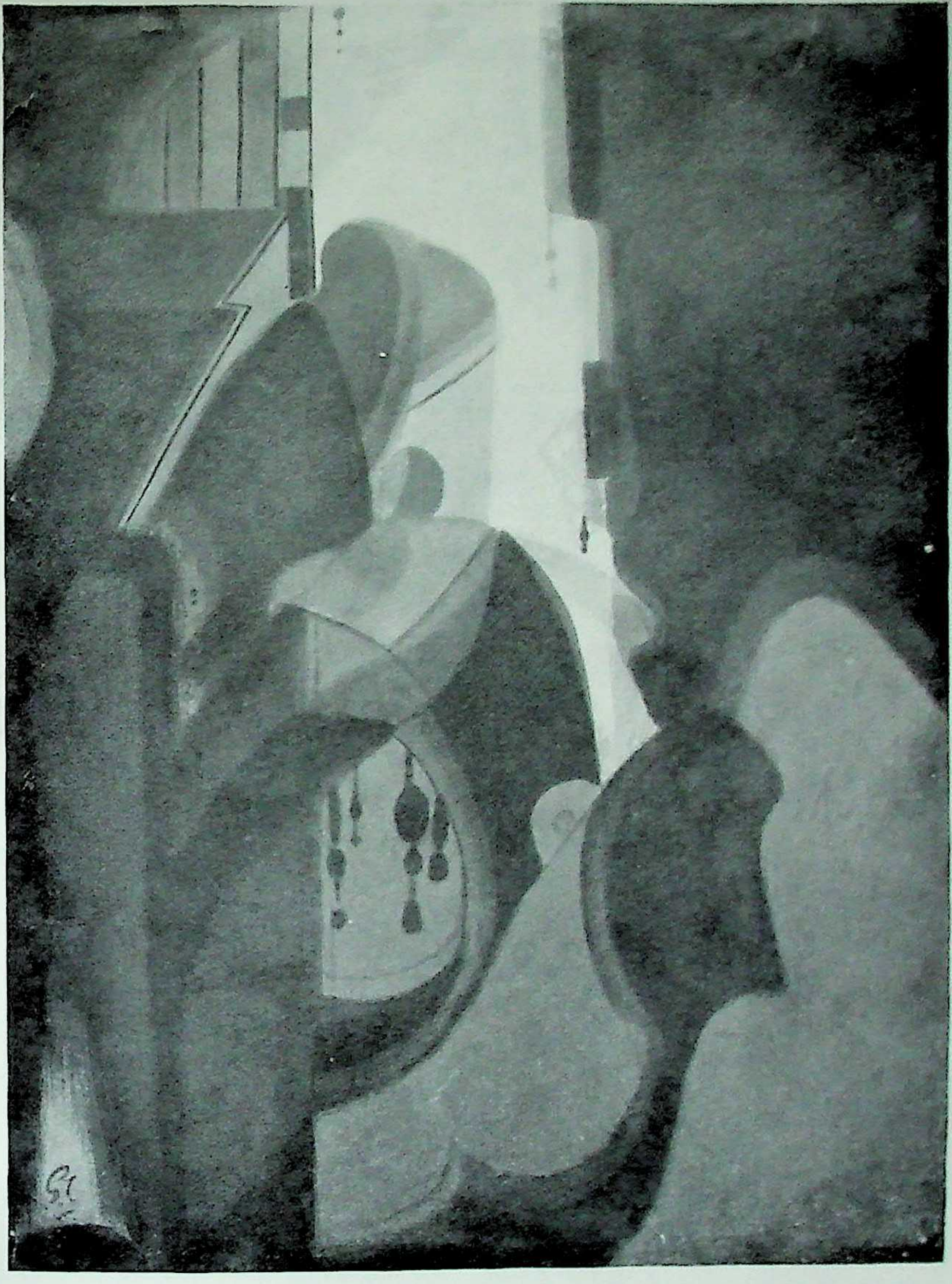
ABDUL GAFFUR KHAN
THE FRONTIER GANDHI





A VIEW OF SIKHIM

A GROUP OF SANTINIKETAN STUDENT ARTISTS



MOTHER AND CHILD

By kind permission of the Artist *Gogonendranath Tagore*

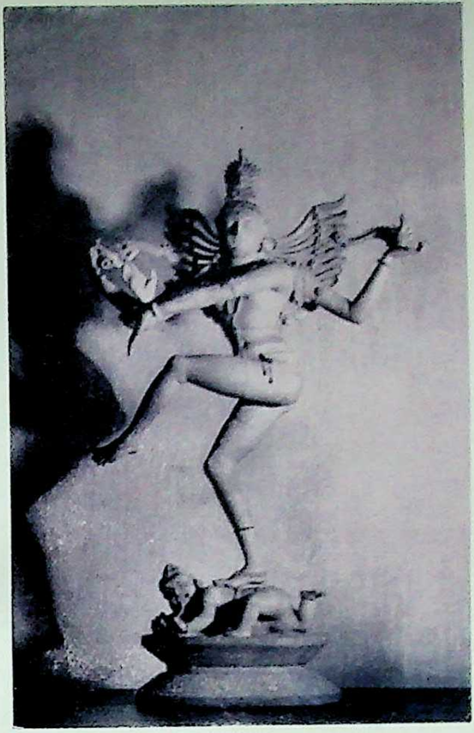
V.C

GOD OR NO GOD

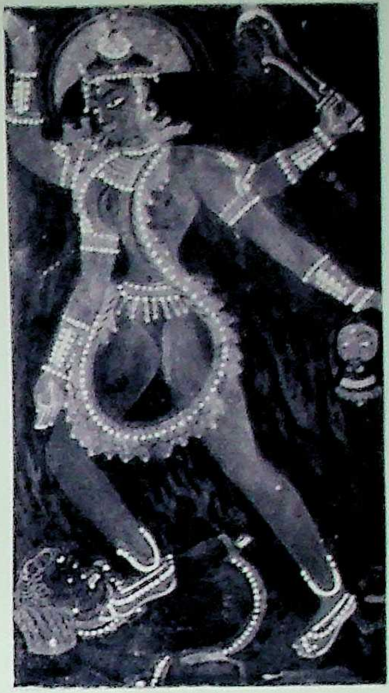
M. K. GANDHI

DON'T you think that a preconceived idea of a God, Truth or Reality might colour the whole trend of our search and hence be a great impediment and may defeat the very purpose of our life? For example, you take certain moral truths as fundamental. But we are in search and, as long as we have not found the reality, how can we boast or assert that a certain rule of morality is the truth or it alone is going to help us in our search?"

No search is possible without some workable assumptions. If we grant nothing, we find nothing. Ever since its commencement, the world, the wise and the foolish included, has proceeded upon the assumption that, if we are, God is and that, if God is not, we are not. And since belief in God is co-existent with the humankind, existence of God is treated as a fact more definite than the fact that the Sun is. This living faith has solved the largest number of puzzles of life. It has alleviated our misery. It sustains us in life, it is our one solace in death. The very search for Truth becomes interesting, worthwhile, because of this belief. But search for Truth is search for God. Truth is God. God is, because Truth is. We embark upon the search, because we believe that there is Truth and that It can be found by diligent search and meticulous observance of the well-known and well-tried rules of the search. There is no record in history of the failure of such search. Even the atheists who have pretended to disbelieve in God have believed in Truth. The trick they have performed is that of giving God another, not a new, name. His names are Legion. Truth is the crown of them all. What is true of God is true, though in a less degree, of the 'assumption of the truth of some fundamental moralities.' As a matter of fact, they are implied in the belief in God or Truth. Departure from these has landed the truants in endless misery. Difficulty of practice should not be confused with disbelief. A Himalayan expedition has its prescribed conditions of success. Difficulty of fulfilling the condition does not make the expedition impossible. It only adds interest and zest to the search. Well, this expedition in search of God or Truth is infinitely more than numberless Himalayan expeditions and, therefore, much more interesting. If we have no zest for it, it is because of the weakness of our faith. What we see with our physical eyes is more real to us than the only Reality. We know that appearances are deceptive. And yet we treat trivialities as realities. To see the trivialities as such is half the battle won. It constitutes more than half the search after Truth or God. Unless we disengage ourselves from trivialities, we have not even the leisure for the great search, or is it to be reserved for our leisure hours ?



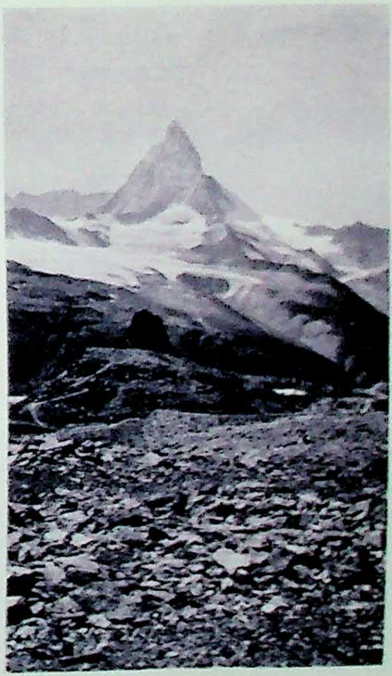
NATARAJ



KALI

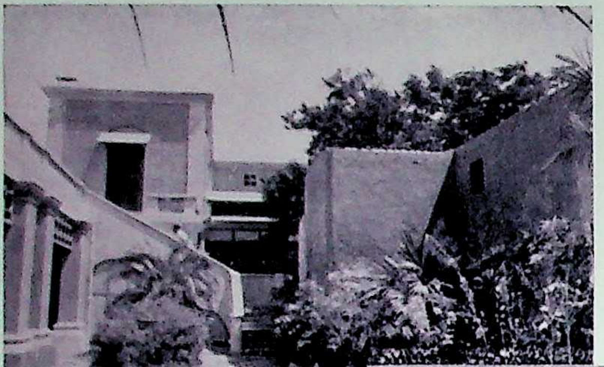
By Nandalal

BENSON MAGITO SHOWS A DIFFICULT "MUDRA"

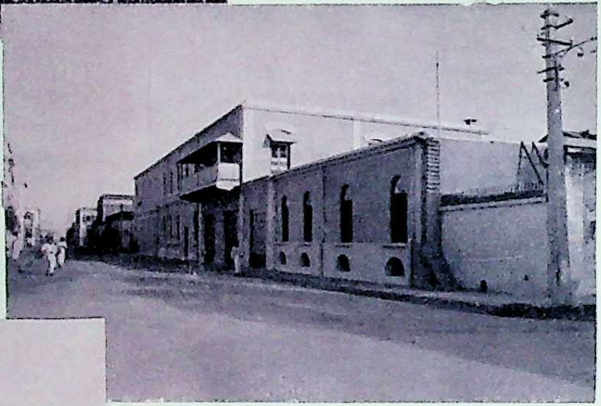


SNOW VIEW

SRI AUROBINDO ASRAM, PONDICHERRY



SOME OF THE HOUSES OF SRI AUROBINDO ASRAM, PONDICHERRY, WHERE GREAT PSYCHOLOGICAL EXPERIMENTS ARE CARRIED ON FOR THE EVOLVING OF A NEW RACE OF MEN



SEASIDE, SOUTH INDIA

SOME STRAY THOUGHTS
ON
MODERN ART IN INDIA

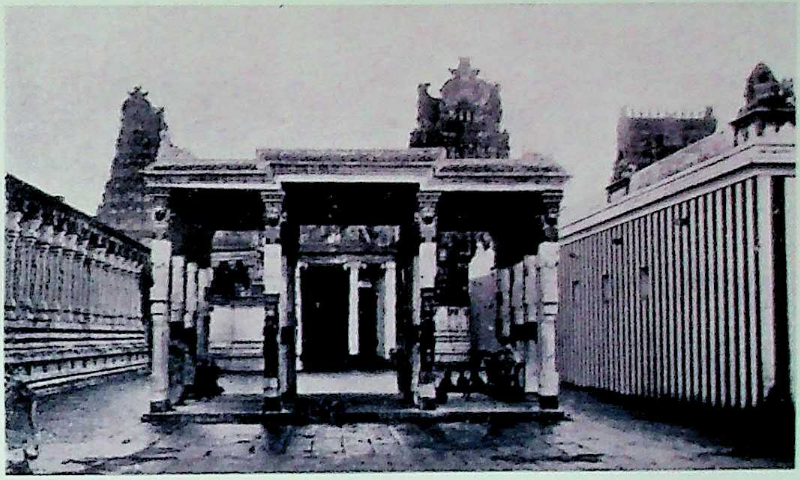
RABINDRANATH TAGORE

MAN is humble before Science. When he does not understand the theory of Relativity he blames himself, he does not blame Einstein for it. But unfortunately Art has no such advantage. Most people are insolently opinionated about artistic production and think that their own taste is the final criterion of merit, and it has to be suffered in silence. One should know that like every other faculty of the mind, taste has also to be trained, educated and refined. Otherwise it will be very difficult for us to fully receive the message carried by different expressions of Art.

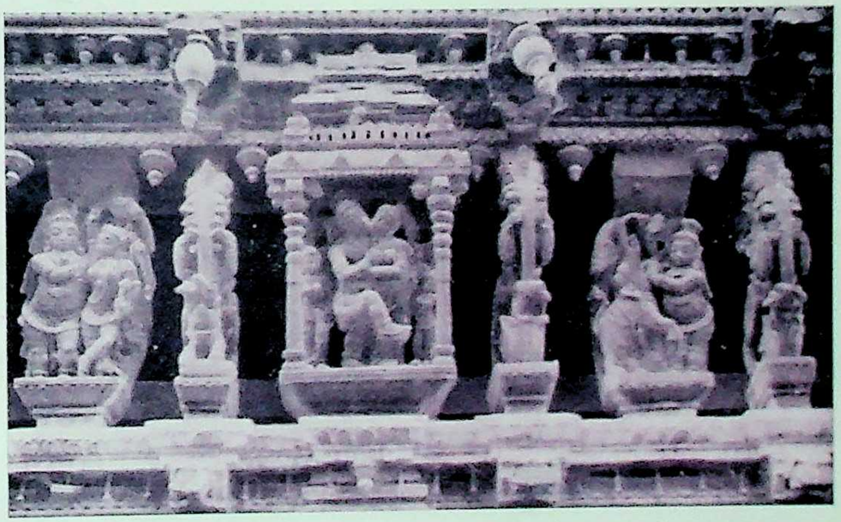
When I was young, our education had no place for the æsthetic side of man's nature. It had no room for Art. Our students qualified through Euclid, English Grammar and the most difficult spelling-system of that language and imagined that they had all the equipment of culture complete in them. I remember the time when the Art School was opened in Calcutta. Some of my own relatives, my nephew Abanindranath Tagore among them, were students of that school; and fortunately for us a very wise teacher in the person of an Englishman, Mr. Havell, came at that time to take charge of the institution. I am proud to say that Abanindranath had the temerity to acknowledge the truism that India during the days of her glorious past must have had a medium of self-expression in her pictures and sculpture and architecture, which was her own. But when times are unfortunate, truisms are hardest to understand, and to believe. Our people too have suffered from the idea that there was no such thing as a civilised standard of Art in India all throughout her history, that it had to be borrowed from European sources and that only Greece and Italy had proper expressions of Art. That was the idea with which they began their studies of Art. They went on laboriously copying plaster-of-Paris models and some drawing books set before them and one could imagine the result was not very happy, to say the least. At this moment Abanindranath started this movement amidst a hailstorm of derision and contempt but he persisted and the movement having passed through several stages, is still going on developing its inner possibilities every day. At the beginning, I am afraid, it was imitative, but instead of imitating European models, which are very distant to us, for we have no opportunity to know them thoroughly, they began to copy their own past. This was also unfortunate. But I suppose it had to be gone through to cure them of that pride in borrowing things which are not their own—that unnatural pride. So it went on and through sheer persistence the genius of Abanindranath won in the end. And now the whole country is deluged with cheap imitations of this school though productions are not lacking which have true merit. This movement has produced some really great artists like Nandalal Bose and various others and it is making its influence felt all over India. I find that most of the teachers who are employed in the Art Schools in different centres have come from the same place and were all students of Abanindranath and they have gained a reputation wherever they have been. So now is come the time when our artists have awakened to the idea that there are only two kinds of Art,—one which is good and the other which is bad.

But no such exclusive definition can be made that a particular kind of Art is Indian or Oriental or of any other specific kind. One knows how the history of Art in Europe has been changing fast. Those who belong to the past centuries cannot recognise the modern forms of Art. It would be completely foreign to them, and this is but natural. The human mind is growing and those with no modern art-experience require that form of self-expression to be adjusted to them. Unfortunately we in India of the present day, never had a background of experience in the artistic life of man. We are very parochial in our knowledge and therefore very crude in our critical appreciation of anything which is modern. The time has come when our artists should come into closer touch with modern life in India. They must realize the artistic meaning of life and give expression to it, for there can be no great Art which does not move with Life itself.

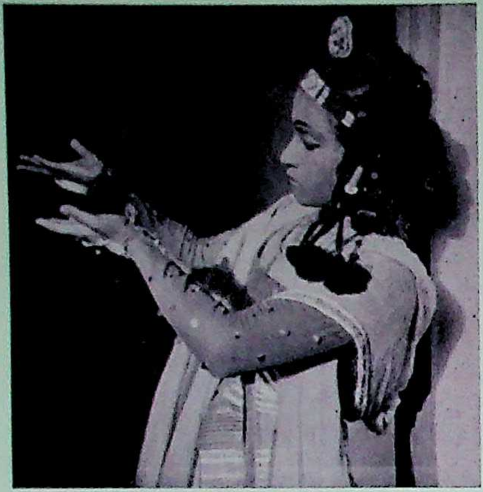
DANCING PRINCESSES WITH THE GAMELANG



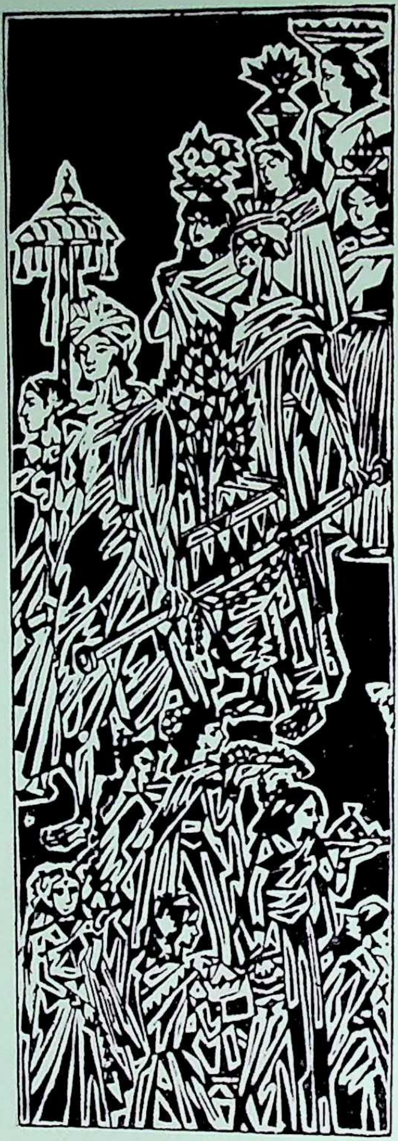
TEMPLE GOPURAMS
Tanjore



EXQUISITE WOOD-CARVING ON THE SIDE OF A HUGE CHARIOT AT SUCHINDRAM, TRAVANCORE

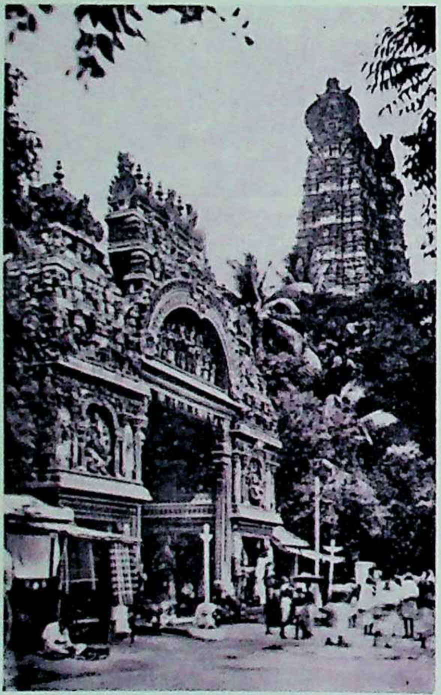


DANCE EXPRESSION BY A STUDENT FROM SANTINIKETAN

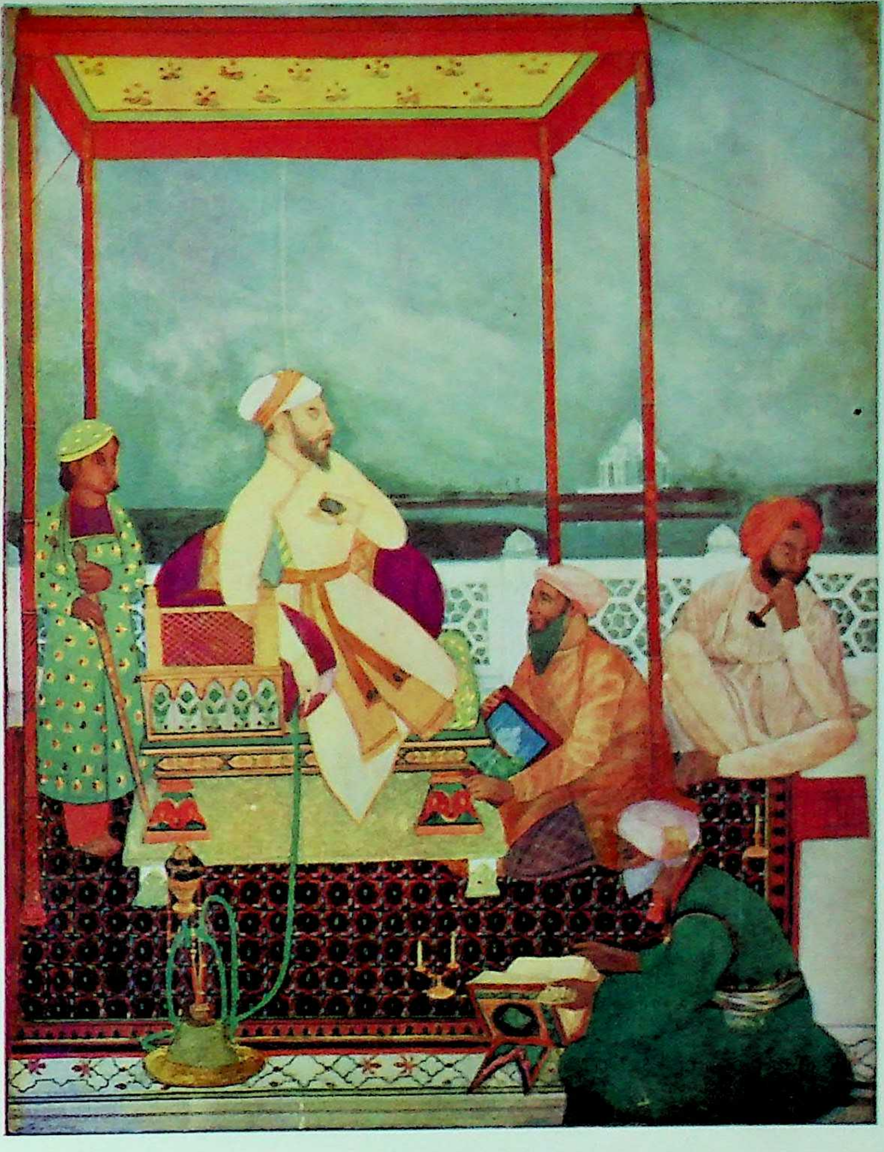


WOOD-CUT

By Nandalal



SOUTH INDIAN TEMPLE ENVIRONMENT



THE BUILDING OF THE TAJ

By kind permission of the Artist *Abanindranath Tagore*

SOME THOUGHTS ON HISTORY

PUNDIT JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

HISTORY, it is said, has many lessons to teach us ; and there is another saying that history never repeats itself. Both are true, for we cannot learn anything from it by slavishly trying to copy it, or by expecting it to repeat itself or remain stagnant ; but we can learn something from it by prying behind it and trying to discover the forces that move it. Even so what we get is seldom a straight answer. "History," says Karl Marx, "has no other way of answering old questions than by putting new ones."

The old days were days of faith, blind, unquestioning faith. The wonderful temples and mosques and cathedrals of past centuries could never have been built but for the overpowering faith of the architects and builders and people generally. The very stones they reverently put one on top of the other, or carved in beautiful designs, tell us of this faith. The old temple spire, the mosque with its slender minarets, the Gothic cathedral—all of them pointing upward with an amazing intensity of devotion, as if offering a prayer in stone or marble to the sky above—thrill us even now though we may be lacking in that faith of old of which they are the embodiments. But the days of that faith are gone, and gone with them is that magic touch in stone. Thousands of temples and mosques and cathedrals continue to be built but they lack the spirit that made them live during the Middle Ages. There is little difference between them and the commercial offices which are so representative of our age.

Our age is a different one ; it is an age of disillusion, of doubt and uncertainty and questioning. We can no longer accept many of the ancient beliefs and customs ; we have no more faith in them, in Asia or in Europe or America. So we search for new ways, new aspects of the truth more in harmony with our environment. And we question each other and debate and quarrel and evolve any number of 'isms' and philosophies. As in the days of Socrates, we live in an age of questioning, but that questioning is not confined to a city like Athens ; it is world-wide.

Sometimes the injustice, the unhappiness, the brutality of the world oppresses us and darkens our minds, and we see no way out. With Matthew Arnold, we feel that there is no hope in this world and all we can do is to be true to one another.

"For the world which seems
To lie before us, like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here, as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night."

And yet if we take such a dismal view we have not learnt aright the lesson of life or of history. For history teaches us of growth and progress and of the possibility of an infinite advance for man. And life is rich and varied, and though it has many swamps and marshes and muddy places, it has also the great sea, and the mountains, and snow, and glaciers, and wonderful star-lit nights and the love of family and friends, and the comradeship of workers in a common cause, and music, and books and the empire of ideas. So that each one of us may well say:—

"Lord, though I lived on earth, the child of earth,
Yet was I fathered by the starry sky."

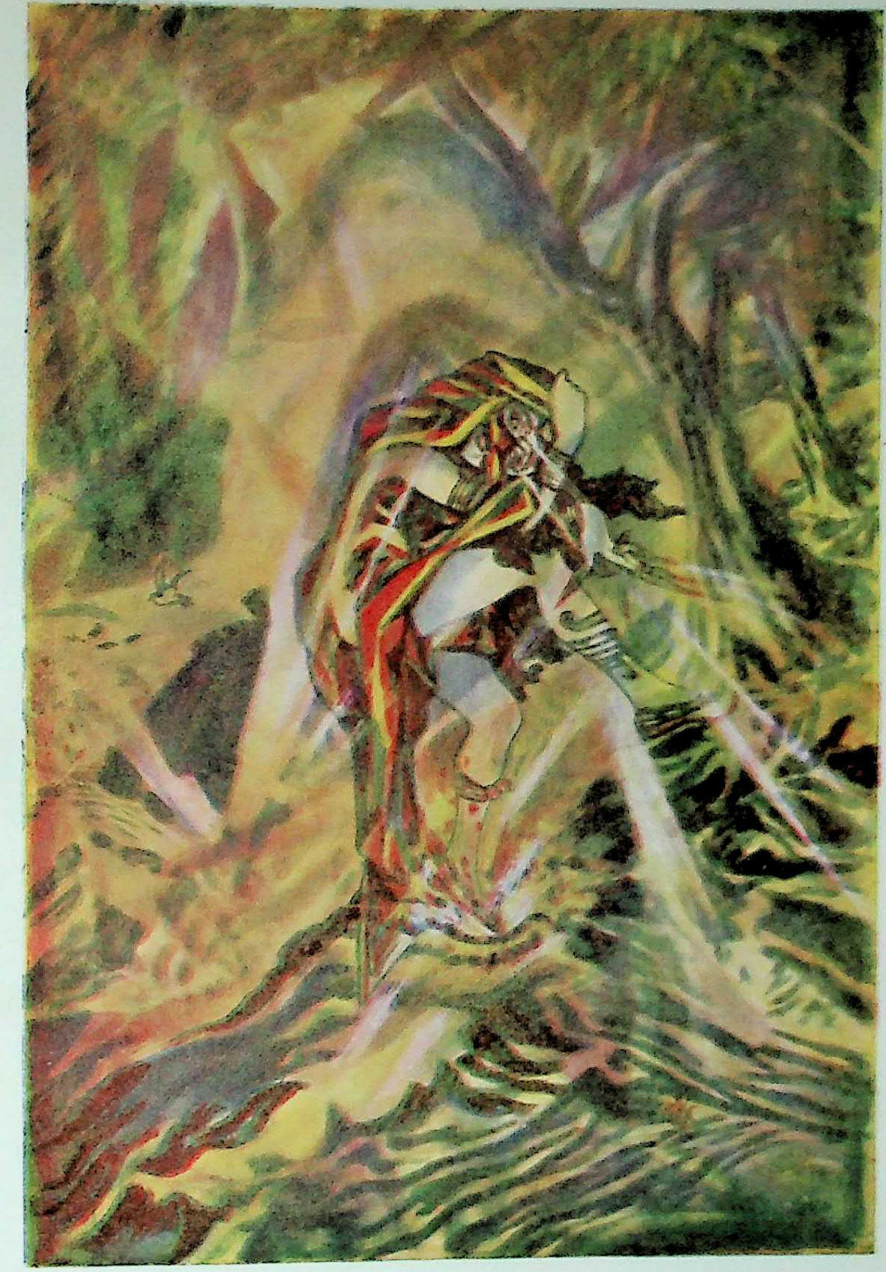
It is easy to admire the beauties of the universe and to live in a world of thought and imagination. But to try to escape in this way from the unhappiness of others, caring little what happens to them, is no sign of courage or fellow-feeling. Thought, in order to justify itself, must lead to action. "Action is the end of thought," says our friend Romain Rolland, "All thought which does not look towards action is an abortion and a treachery. If then we are the servants of thought we must be the servants of action."

People avoid action often because they are afraid of the consequences, for action means risk and danger. Danger seems terrible from a distance; it is not so bad if you have a close look at it. And often it is a pleasant companion, adding to the zest and delight of life. The ordinary course of life becomes dull at times and we take too many things for granted and have no joy in them. And yet how we appreciate these common things of life when we have lived without them for a while! Many people go up high mountains and risk life and limb for the joy of the climb and the exhilaration that comes from a difficulty surmounted, a danger overcome; and because of the danger that hovers all around them, their perceptions get keener, their joy of the life which hangs by a thread, the more intense.

All of us have their choice of living in the valleys below with their unhealthy mists and fogs but giving a measure of bodily security; or of climbing the high mountains, with risk and danger for companions, to breathe the pure air above, and take joy in the distant views, and welcome the rising sun.

I shall finish up with one more. It is from the *Gitanjali*; it is a poem, or prayer, by Rabindranath Tagore:—

"Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high;
Where knowledge is free;
Where the world has not been broken up into fragments by narrow domestic walls;
Where words come out from the depth of truth;
Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection;
Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary desert sand of dead habit;
Where the mind is led forward by thee into ever-widening thought and action—
Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country wake."



TANDAVA

Vola Chatterjee

WESTWARD BOUND

THE HAIR-DRESSER

AMIYA C. CHAKRAVARTY

"NO, Marseilles is pretty bad. Full of foreigners. The African ports? They are not in Europe, are they? Never get down, sir, at Port Said, the land is full of sharks. Are you sure, sir, you wouldn't like it close-cropped on top of your ear? . . . . ."

"Yes, as I say, once you have seen the world, there isn't any more to be seen, it's just land and water, and men . . . . many of them, just as the hairs . . . ."

The venerable man cluttered, with non-stop hand and tongue, while my brain tingled. The worldly globe, like men's heads, apparently needed his clip and his cut. Always will need it. Here he is, drifting to and fro on a P. & O. Liner, wondering when the ship comes to harbour, homeless, not even caring. Outside the port-hole the sea sparkled, we were ploughing through the Arabian Sea.

"Japan," he suddenly said, "is not bad." Surprised at this definition of his misanthropy, I strained my ears. "In spite of their competition and all that. Polite, that's what I say. Being an Englishman, I like London, of course. But I keep out of it. Wouldn't live there, no, not now in winter. London is all right."

To follow his cryptic jumps of thought and stay the hair from close-cropping, and to imagine the scene set before my eyes—scent bottle, lather, shingling cutlery, ship and ocean, eternal voyaging mine and his, and all . . . just when my mind moved in the middle of it, 12 knots an hour, well, it did keep my shoulders straight up without his pulling.

"You don't know about them Articles?" I did not. "Of course, you just sign a Custom declaration. But me, a hair-dresser, becomes a sailor, having signed the Articles." He spoke with awe. "Fr'instance, I couldn't just get down and go to Bombay. They would clap me as a deserter, nine months sure."

I couldn't draw him out on Bombay, he was too polite. Melbourne, Singapore, Tangier, Plymouth, they had all jellied into one lump of non-distinguishable experience, a pomade of phenomena. He hadn't even opinions on them. He waved his hand, his left one with the comb, the right one paused with hanging scissors, precariously. Then both swooped down, gently, to their task.

I have been noticing this white-haired gentleman. Usually he sits under the B. deck ladder, all white, on a deck chair, talking to a nurse. Peregrinating round the deck I have escaped collision at the corner, and been startled into realising him. An old sailor, speaking of his home and children, and endless voyagings, to a kindly nurse: or, was he one of the officers? I never can know the mysteries of staff identity on board ship. The electrician seems suddenly to play on the piano at dance time, the head laundryman supervises the dinner table, and if I am not too indiscreet, the assistant purser seemed yesterday to take the Sunday Service. I know I am all wrong, but what is to be done? The immaculate deck steward, serving iced lemon squash ambrosia on Red Sea, appears on an early morning in blue negligé of the bath assistant, rubbing away at door knobs with brassoed dusters. Being an English boat, there is no question, of course, of any one, higher staff officer or passenger, speaking with another without introduction.

I burned to open my questioning soul to a fellow-voyager, in sheer Socratic frenzy for knowledge. But who is to introduce? Sea-proximity, as a symbolic host, is not enough, on a P. & O. boat. For myself, I like this to a degree. Austerity on board ship, with ocean and sky round you, bound on a distant errand, has created an Empire. And to-day we want wider Empire of humanity, nations wedded in high endeavour. Yes, the fine English spirit.

With mellow Mediterranean camaraderie, in season, Slavonic loquacity I might forego. But as I say, all the ship's officers here, queried even by look, will stand at attention, "Yes, sir?" And you then just continue your peregrination, just as I did when I looked at the ruddy gentleman, white-haired, full-faced, equable, quizzically furrowed with obscure mental reactions on forehead, and on corners near nose and lip. How, then, could I expect him in apron, ready for barberic onslaught on my head?

"A shilling and half, sir, or you can give me a Rupee. I will spend it in Colombo." I wondered how, but I will never know.

"Hard life, sir. It is the Things. Look at this curio shop. Ready for emergency in pleasure or need, for ladies and gentlemen. None knows what they may demand next, but I am not Mr. Selfridge. I keep what I can. And they are terrible, these Things."

His cabin was, indeed, an auction mart, or an American Drug Store. Staynes in Park Street, Calcutta, could not go one better. Chocolate, wigs, novels by Warwick Deeping, canes from Singapore, shoe string, swimming dress, slimming drugs, huge bottles, medium bottles, small bottles, Chinese dragons and Eno's Fruit Salt, and countless delicate surprises stored away. There were, moreover, big unopened boxes, marked—

BAILES,
HAIR-DRESSER,
S. S. MANPURA,
KING GEORGE'S DOCK,
LONDON.

Apparently, these boxes contained more troubles. "Yes," he continued, "these THINGS! Even if I left the ship, where would I be with them? Storing them costs, it does not pay. I am a funny old shopkeeper, that's what I am, instead of the street, I am inside a sea animal, run it on my own, the shop, I mean. Yes, free passage. But alone. Not for family!" And here he suddenly sunshined into humour. "It did me good to see his furrowed face, silver lined in spite of gloomy weather."

"Not even Captains can have their family life, on high seas. *They* just have to sail on other boats. I mean, the families, real ones." Rather obscure. "Sailors," he continued, "have wives in every port, even children say so!" An old sailor, he paused; smile and reminiscence blended, fading together. Or, was it sheer struggle with cerebration, faced with ancient history? One may appreciate the plight of the human brain and neck in Nazi Germany, looking up at the hoary heights of the family tree, trying to count the Aryan branches. Our sailor, being a good one, quickly came out of the depths; his job was, of course, easier.

"But don't you believe it, sir. Sailors are just like other men." His voice was queer. I knew I was on an entirely wrong track.

"Sailors," he pursued, launched on a vital topic, "are homeless. Then, they don't care. At first they do. But they forget, their people forget. There is the ship, the shop, the sea, and all the work. My work is hard. Ladies, these days, are difficult. They bob up and down. You have to be the latest. But by the time you touch the next port, your fashion may not have stood the voyage. Like green salads; even with care you can't keep them long in the ship. Can you? I am not a dairyman either, never want to be, dealing with perishable stuff. Nor an old man studying ladies' fashion journals when the grave yawns to catch him. . ." He had led himself on to his sore spot . . . But he was soon back.

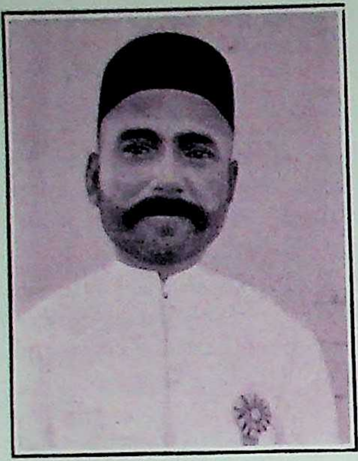
"I began years and years ago. There was that big war, not this one. Boers or something. How many times I have crossed the seas I can't count. No use counting, I should say." He was cryptic again. "Don't know what I shall do six weeks lying in at the docks. Me, an old sailor. Is this your first to London? No, then you guess what to expect! Winter in London, sir, well, it's that. London is all right."

"Are you sure, sir, you wouldn't wear your hair clipped short back and front?"

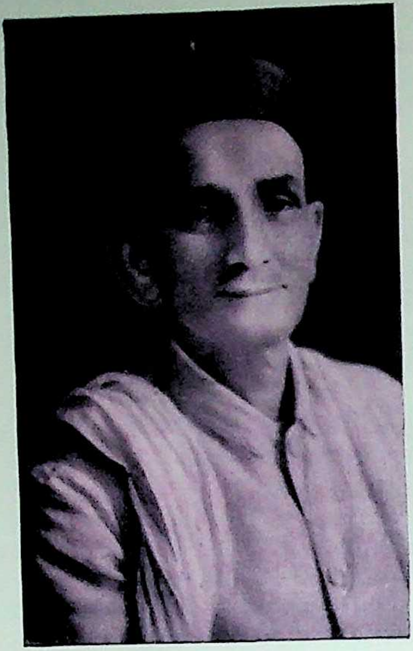
I did not see his face when he talked of his holiday. "You will come to me again after Gibraltar? That is a long voyage for the hair! Thank you, sir!"

I shall look forward to Gibraltar, and my next visit, knowing that I get from him more for my head than a shilling and a half's worth.

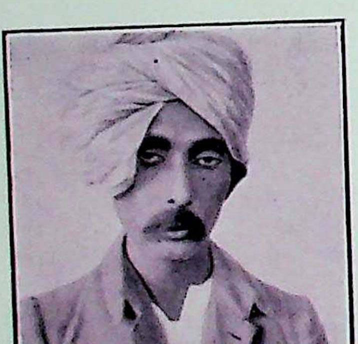
INDIAN MUSICIANS



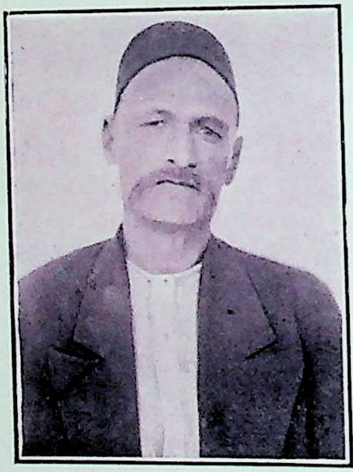
PROF. ALAUDDIN KHAN OF
MAIHAR STATE



PANDIT V. N. BHATKHANDE



PROF. KHAN ABDUL KARIM SHAHIB OF



PROF. MUZAFFAR HOSSAIN KHAN OF
DELHI

MUSIC IN THE VEDIC AGE

KSHITI MOHON SEN

LITERARY evidence is lacking about the culture of music in pre-Vedic India ; but some idea about its nature could be gathered from the relics that have been unearthed by archæological excavations, as well as from the references in the ancient religious literature to the sarcastic remarks of the Rishis against some forms of folk and indigenous music.

When the *Suktas* of the Rig Veda were composed, the Aryans in India had already had a deep orientation of cultural influence from the Dravidians and other pre-Aryan races of India. Though surrounded on all sides by the musical atmosphere of the original inhabitants of India, the Vedic Aryans were, however, able to keep uninfluenced for some time their own musical traditions. But the fact need not be emphasised that things did not continue in that way for a long time ; and it was before long that they felt unable to maintain the purity of their original Vedic Music.

The words like 'gatha,' 'gan' (song) in Rig Veda indicate that it was a practice with the Aryans to do something like the chanting of *mantrams.* We find in the Rig Veda 'sama gya manam' (8.81.5) ; 'gayatram gya manam' (8.2.14) ; 'stoma so gyamanaso' (6.69.2). Here 'stoma' means 'stotra,' *i.e.,* hymn ; hence the chanting of hymn.

The word 'gatha' in 'gathavi' in Ric. 8.81.5 has been interpreted by Sayana as 'vak,' and 'gathaya' in Ric. 8.32.1 is understood to mean 'vacha.' Sayana interprets 'gatham' in 'gayat gatham' in Ric. 1.167.6 as 'gatavyam,' and 'gatham' in 'somaya gatham tai' in Ric. 9.11.8 as 'stuti rupam vacham' (words in the form of hymn) and 'gathaya' in 'gathaya puranya avyannshata' as 'stutya.'

It is evident now that the word 'gatha' as used in so many places in the Rig Veda means 'stuty,' or the wordy form of hymn. And commenting on the word 'gathaya' in 'gathaya pariskritam' in Ric. 10.85.6, it has been said 'gyatey iti gatha,' *i.e.,* that which is sung is 'gatha.' But we find that the words 'gan' and 'stuty' are used in the same sense, since Sayana interprets the word 'gayata,' in 'tasma Indraya gayata' as 'stuting kurutey.'

We read in the Atharva Veda 'upagayuntu maruto' (4.15.4). Here 'upagayuntu' means 'upaslokantu.' Sayana interprets the word 'gayantu' in *mantra* 4.15.3. as 'stuvata'. The word 'udgayati' occurs in each of the four *mantras* 2, 5, 7, 8 in the tenth sloka of the ninth kanda of the Atharva Veda. In the first *mantra* in the same sukta, the word 'prastauti' is used for 'utgayati'. Thus it is clear that in the Atharva Veda also song and hymn are used in the same sense.

There are references to dancing in the Rig Veda. We read in Ric. 5.33.6. 'nrityamano amartah'. Here 'nrityamano' is interpreted by Sayana as 'nrityan'. In Ric. 10.18.3. we read 'agama nrityaye'. Sayāna commenting on 'nrityaye' says that dancing is gesticulation of limbs (nartanaya karmani gatra biksheypaya). 'Nritava' in 8.20.22 is understood to mean 'nrityanta'. But it is difficult to say how far the word 'nritya' may be justified to mean dancing in the same way as 'gan' has been interpreted to mean the chanting of hymn in the Rig Veda.

The names of certain musical instruments are found in the Rig Veda. Drums of animal skin were used by many ancient peoples for exciting soldiers at the time of war. We read in Rig Veda (1.28.5) 'jayatamiva dunduvi', *i.e.*, like the sound of the drum of the victorious, etc. We read again 'sa dunduvey . . . . apaseydha satrun' (6.47.29). *i.e.*, O. Drum, chase away the enemy. 'Apoprotha dunduvey' (6.47.30); here 'apoprotha' is interpreted by Sayana as 'vadhasva', *i.e.*, O. Drum, crush the enemy. In the next Ric the Rishi says 'ketu mad dunduvih vavaditi' (6.47.31). *i.e.*, the drum proclaims for the knowledge of all. In the Taityriya Samhita of the Black Yajur Veda we read 'dunduvin samaghnauti' (7.5.9.29) which is followed by 'bhumi dunduvin aghnauti' (7.5.9.30). The commentator Bhattabhaskar says 'charmana achchhadita-mukham bhugartam', *i.e.*, that musical instrument which is devised by covering with animal skin a pit dug into earth is called 'bhumidunduvi.' mention of which is found in the Black Yajur Veda and Aytereya Aranyaka. In the White Yajur Vajsaneyyi Samhita, we read, 'Vanaspatayo vimuchyaddham' (9.12). Here 'Vanaspati' is understood by many to mean a kind of musical instrument which is made of a trunk of a tree rendered hollow, and the open mouths covered with skin. Taityriya Samhita says that proclamations were made through wood; hence it used to be said that 'vak' (word) had entered the 'Vanaspati' (the Lord of the forest, as a big tree is called).

'sa vanaspatin preyti' (6.1.25). The same 'vak' speaks through the 'Vanaspati', 'dunduvi' (drum), tunava, vina (stringed musical instrument), etc.

'vag vanaspatisu vadati ya dunduvou ya tunavey ya vinayam.' (6.1.25).

In the Vajsargeya Samhita references are found to 'vina-vadak' (one who plays on the vina) and 'tunava-vadak' (one who plays on tunava).

We read in the Atharva Veda

'vanaspatih saha devairna agan
raksha pishachan apavadhaman.'
(12.3.15)

The 'vanaspati' with whose help the Gods drive out the 'rakshasas' and 'pisachas' is the same skin-covered devise referred to above.

'ya vanaspatisu vak tan tenavarunjate'
(3.4.5)
(*Kathak Samhita*, Yajur Veda.)

'Adamvar' was the name of a similar instrument. It made a very loud sound.

'savdaya adamvara ghatam', (30.10.19,
Vajsaneyi Samhita).

The Rig Veda refers to a kind of martial musical instrument named 'gargar'.

'ava svarati gargarh' (8.69.9).

Sayana comments on this saying 'gargaro gargaradhvaniyukto vadyavishesa'. But no commentary is needed to understand its significance. In the same sukta we read that at the time of war the string of the bow used to make a sound. The bow-string being made of animal gut looked greenish brown, which colour is in Sanskrit called 'pingala' from which is derived the word 'pinga' for the bow-string.

'pinga parichaniskadat' (8.69.9).

The Rig Veda mentions another musical instrument called 'karkari.'

'yadutpatan vadasi karkarih yatha' (2.43.3).

Sayana refers to 'karkari' here as a kind of musical instrument. In the Atharva Veda also 'karkari' is mentioned.

'aghatah karkarya samvadanti' (4.34.5).

No description of this instrument is, however, traced in the Rig Veda.

Sayana in his commentary of the tenth mandala of the Rig Veda (146.2) refers to 'aghata', 'ghatalika', 'kanda-vina', to which we shall come later on. Here by 'aghata' is meant not 'ghat' of the vina but 'aghat' or strike. 'Ghat' is that contrivance in 'vina' which effects the variation of the notes.

'Nadi' is another kind of instrument mentioned in the Rig Veda.

'dhamyatey nadi' (10.135.7).

Sayana interprets 'nadi' as 'venu' (flute). 'dhamyatey' means being played upon.

'nadi tunava vadanti' (34.5).

It seems that 'vana' as described in the Rig Veda was an improved kind of musical instrument.

'dhaman to vanam maruta' (1.85.10).

Sayana commenting on this says 'maruto vanam satasamkhyavih tantrivih yuktam vinavishesam dhamantah vadayantah.'

So, according to Sayana, 'vana' was a hundred-stringed 'vina'.

In Sayana's opinion, 'vina' used to be called 'kanda-vina' owing to a 'ghati' being necessary for using it. This 'ghati' was known as 'aghati' already referred to. We read in the Rig Veda:

'aghati bhariva dhavayan' (10.146.2).

As has been said above, Sayana comments on this saying 'aghataya ghatalikah kanda-vinah,' and continues, 'tavih dhavayan nishadadi saptasvarani sodhayan gayakahiva', *i.e.*, the seven tones ring out in the kanda-vina in the same way as the singer sings ranging his voice from the note 'ni' to 'sa'.

In the tenth mandala 'vana' is referred to as having seven 'dhatus'.

'vanasya sapta dhatu rijjanah' (10.32.4).

Sayana commenting on 'sapta dhatu' here says 'sapta chhandansi ritavo va'.

Says *Sangit Damodar*, a well-known treatise on Hindu Music, " 'dhatu' and 'matu' combine to produce a song: 'dhatu' is 'nada' or note, and 'matu' is 'akshara' or word."

धातु मातु समायुक्तं गीतमित्युच्यते बुधैः ।
तत्र नादात्मको धातुर्मातुरक्षर सञ्चयः ॥

Says *Sangit Ratnakar* "complete music is produced by the harmonious combination of song, dancing and musical instrument.

'gitam vadyam tatha nrityam
trayam sangitamuchyate'."

The fact that 'vana,' *i.e.*, 'vina' and dancing are mentioned together in the 'nri sukta' of the Atharva Veda may justify the assumption that dancing used to be practised to the accompaniment of 'vina'.

'ko vanam ko nrito dadhou' (10.2.27).

"Whose gifts to man are this dance and this 'vina'?"

It is said in the Aitareya Samhita that the prince plays on the 'bhumidunduvi' by spreading skin on earth, and the wives of the sacrificers play on the 'kandavina'.

'rajaputrena charma vyadhayantya ghnanti
bhumidunduvin patnyascha kandavina'
(5,1,5).

About that time the singers used to chant various Sama hymns.

'anekeyna samna stuvatey' (5,1,5).

The words 'gita' and 'vadita' were then used together. In the Chhandogya Upanishad we read:—

अथ यदि गीतवादित लोककामी भवति
संकल्पादेवास्य गीतवादिते समुत्तिष्ठतस्
तेन गीतवादित लोकेन सम्पन्नो महीयते ॥ (८,२,८)

'suta' and 'sailusha' are mentioned in connection with human sacrifice. In the Vajsaneyi Samhita of the White Yajur Veda 'suta' is connected with 'dance' and 'sailusha' with 'song'.

'nrittaya sutang, gitaya sailusham'.

But the very reverse of it is found in the Taittiriya Brahman of the Black Yajur Veda.

'gitaya sutam, rittaya sailusham'.

Here 'suta' means a singer and 'sailusa' an actor. It is evident that song and dance developed harmoniously at that time. And we could easily imagine that in the neighbourhood of the rituals and sacrifices of the Vedic Age, there used to be organised musical performances to the accompaniment of appropriate songs and dances. In the Kausitoki Brahman, art is understood to include dance, song and instrumental music.

The progress of music, as related above, could not be the result of a brief period. It had behind it earnest and continued efforts for many centuries, various influences from outside and so many other contributive factors.

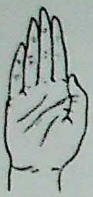
Says *Sangit Damodar*, "The chanting of hymn was introduced in the Rig Vedic Age, which developed into song in the Sama Vedic, which again was further improved into dramatic performance in the Yajur Vedic times; but the synthesis of all æsthetic emotions (rasa) was achieved during the age of the Atharva Veda."

ऋगभिः पाठ्यमभूद गीतं सामभ्यः समपद्यते ।
यजुर्भ्यां ऽभिनया जातां रसाश्चाथर्वणः स्मृताः ॥

BALASARASWATY

THE TALENTED ARTISTE FROM MADRAS, WHO IS REVIVING BHARATA NATYAM BY GIVING FULL LIFE ABHINAYA, NATYA AND NRTTA. SHE IS ONLY SEVENTEEN.

MUDRAS
IN
HINDU DANCING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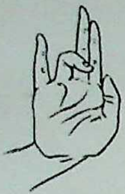
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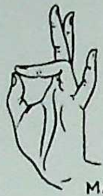
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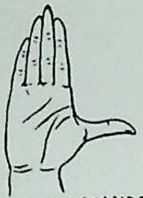
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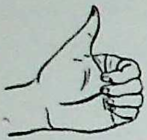
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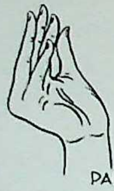
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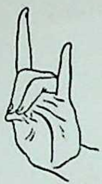
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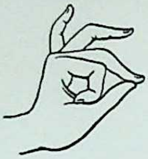
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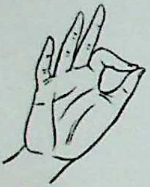
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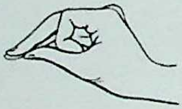
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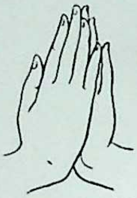
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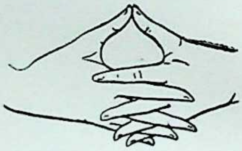
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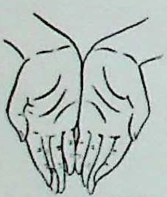
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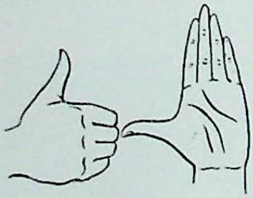
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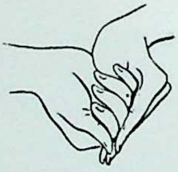
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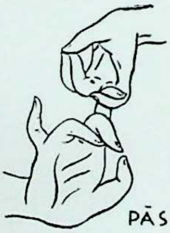
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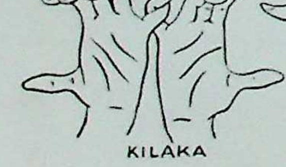
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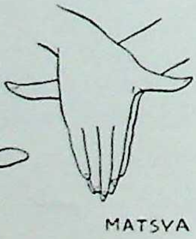
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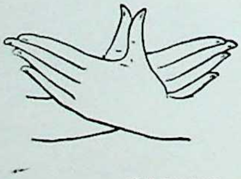
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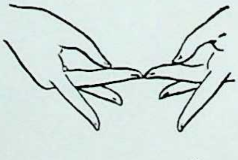

KHATVÂ

SYMBOLISM OF MUDRAS
IN
HINDU DANCING

RAJENDRA SHANKAR

DANCING is born with mankind. The survival of it in the wildest tribes and among birds only lead us to the conviction that it is an essential part of life, a safety valve as well as an adjusting factor to the emotional effusion. During war or kill, the instinctively evolved institution of dancing welded the wild tribes into a disciplined mass of some sort, preventing them from a riotous outbreak or a scrambling for food, which no other force could have so efficiently achieved. Curtailing this survey, however imperfect, we come to the dawn of civilization where the scene is replete with an activity of cutting down forests, raising cattle, cultivating the fields and building houses. A similar force was working itself up in the man. Nature with thunder, torrents, glaciers, storms, volcanoes and other tricks in her vast repertoire had cowed down man and made him look up with a feeling akin to awe. He began to wonder and to question, guess and solve. The black magic and the witch doctor came into being. Gods and goddesses sprang up and had to be propitiated and obeyed. Food or meat that suited the palate had to be sacrificed, the wilder the tribe the more barbaric its sacrifice, the more cruel and exacting its magical rites. Dancing and music, sources of delight and merriment, were introduced to please the deities. Religion grew up and her infants, the arts, toddled along.

Later the Vedic hymns and 'Mantras' or mystic syllables forming the backbone of 'tantric' worship and 'Vajrayana' showed an evolved state of a progressive religion. The Vedic incantations or Tantric rites were accompanied by strange hand gestures and movements. These hand gestures, termed 'Mudra' according to the Buddhist Iconography, had an important place in all forms of worship. The word is supposed to be of Persian origin, denoting a seal. The Persians are accredited with having invented the seal, first flat and then in a circular form, and the Sanskrit derivative, 'Mudra', has come to mean a seal among other things. It might in this connection be presumed that the justification of the name lies in the belief that the hand gesture places a seal or puts a finishing touch to the mantra with which it is linked. The Tantric school maintains that it comes from 'mud', meaning bliss, and that the bliss is attained through its powers of emphasizing and intensifying their concentration. The *Tantrasara* in this connection defines 'mudra' as being a source of pleasure to the Gods worshipped and a cause of freedom from the defilements of sin and passion. In the Hindu Iconography these are called 'Hastha', meaning hand.

In this we find the investiture of new meanings to the probably existent languages of the hands, which became endowed with a special hieratic significance when employed with the mantras in the performance of religious rites, combining strangely elegance with mysticism.

The age that followed was one of deep study and scrutiny into the nature of things. No branch of art was left to chance or hazard, but was thoroughly overhauled and improved upon, its details fixed and its possibilities explored. Dancing and music formed very important limbs of religious ceremonies, and have a complete and stirring picture story of their divine origin and descent from the region of gods to earth to bring mankind happiness, blessing and prosperity. Several gods and goddesses are depicted as dancing and playing. Shiva's dance is symbolic of the rhythmic adjustment of the chaos into cosmos, creating good and destroying evil. Kali is pictured as dancing on the cremation ground which stands for the heart of the devotee rendered pure by complete renunciation. Krishna, the eternal lover, is seen playing the flute and captivating the hearts of all, dancing in triumph on the hood of Kalia, the serpent demon, and with the *gopinis* of Vrindaban. These legends are kept fresh in the memory by the numerous festivals and perpetuated in the paintings, frescoes and architectural relics. One might vainly look for a matter-of-fact treatment of the subject, for Hindu dancing, drama or music has very little by way of realism to offer. They are meant to give people a joy of a higher kind and liberate them, even if temporarily, from the shackles of life.

Dancing has been divided into '*Natya*', '*Nrtta*' and '*Nrtya*'.

Natya is a form of dramatic representation portraying a traditional story in which dancing forms a part.

Nrtta is a dance form which employs gestures but with no set purpose. It is pleasant and beautiful but with no special significance. The Baiji type of dancing falls into this category.

Nrtya is that form of dancing which expresses mood (*bhava*) and suggests flavour (*rasa*), and has something special to convey. Pantomimes and other expressive forms can be included under this heading. These are further divided into two main classes, 'Tandava' and 'Lasya'. Defined casually, the former denotes a manly, brusque, violent and even grotesque, while the latter a more delicate, mild and charming form.

Every movement of the body has been classified and named. Each one like a word denotes a number of things, but its proper meaning hangs on its usage, attendant movements, the theme and the circumstances. The modes of expression by means of which a complete exposition and interpretation are possible have also been studied in detail. They are of the body (*angika*), voice (*vachika*) and costumes or ornaments (*aharya*). The first comprises the limbs (*anga*), the body (*pratyanga*) and features (*upanga*), which include all the movable parts of the dancer that can possibly be called into play ; to wit, the head, neck, hands, arm-pits, sides, waist, feet, shoulders, shoulder blades, arms, back, stomach, thighs, calves, wrists, knees, elbow, eyes, eye-lids, eye-brows, pupils, cheeks, nose, jaw, lips, teeth, tongue, chin, face, fingers, palms and even the heel, ankle and toes.

The hand gestures (*mudras*) form the most important and powerful means of expression in a dance. Their richness creates a unique dramatic language and their conventionalised meanings and symbolisms lend an added charm and glamour to the art of dancing. Without words a whole story or plot might be danced, conveying through the forceful means of the gestures its full import and spirit. Its artistic appeal is very great, for with the expressions, hints and suggestions are the lovely and graceful movements, æsthetically blended with rhythm and music, of the very body and limbs of the dancer capable of painting with startling vividness all the phases of joy or languors of sorrow.

In this short article it is the intention to deal with these eloquent gestures of the hands. These *mudras* are divided into single (*asanyuta*) and double (*sanyuta*) hand poses. According to the 'Abhinaya Darpan' of Nandikesvara, the twenty-eight single hands with four supplementaries are described below:

Pataka (flag). See illustration. It is used to denote the commencement of a dance, cloud, forest, bosom, night, river, region of gods, horse, cutting, forbidding things, prowess, graciousness, moonlight, strong sunlight, knocking, wave, equality, taking an oath, silence, anointing one's own body, palmyra leaf, shield, benediction, 'such and such place', ideal king, sea, holding a sword, addressing a person, month, year, rainy day, cleansing.

Tripataka (three parts of a flag). See illustration. It denotes a crown, tree, 'Vajra' and its wielder (thunderbolt and Indra), a lamp, raising flames, pattern drawn on the face or the body, arrow, turning round, pigeon, union of woman and man.

Ardha-pataka (half flag) formed by bending down also the little finger in *tripataka* hand. It is used in denoting the tender shoots, board or slab for writing or painting, river-bank, saying "both", saw, knife, banner, tower, horn.

Kartari-mukha (arrow shaft face) formed by letting the forefinger and little finger of *Ardha-pataka* hand to spread out, denoting the separation of man and woman, overturning or opposition, plundering, corner of the eye, death, estrangement, lightning, sleeping alone, falling, crying.

Mayura (peacock). See illustration. It denotes the peacock's neck, creeper, bird, vomiting, arranging hair, auspicious or ornamental mark on forehead, sprinkling river-water, discussing Sastras and famous things.

Ardha-chandra (half-moon). See illustration. It denotes the phase of the moon on the eighth day of the dark fortnight, hand seizing throat, spear, consecrating image, dish, origin, waist, musing, one's own self, meditation, prayer, touching limbs, ordinary greetings.

Arala (bent) is obtained by curving the forefinger of *pataka*, and denotes drinking poison, nectar, etc., and violent wind.

Sukatunda (parrot's head) is obtained by bending the ring-finger in the *arala* hand and denotes shooting an arrow, spear, remembering one's abode, saying mystic things, violent mood.

Musti (fist) is formed by bending the fingers into the palm and setting the thumb on them. It means steadfastness, grasping hair, holding things, fighting mood of wrestlers.

Sikhara (peak). See illustration. It denotes god of love, a bow, pillar, tooth, questioning, phallic symbol, recollection, embracing, sounding a bell, saying 'no.'

Kapittha (elephant apple) is got by bending the forefinger over the top of the thumb in the *sikhara* hand, and denotes Lakshmi, Sarasvati, holding cymbals, milking cow, holding flower at time of dalliance, grasping end of robes, offering incense or light.

Katakamukha (opening in a bracelet) is formed by applying the forefinger and the middle finger on the thumb from the *kapittha* hand and slightly raising the other two fingers. It is used in showing the picking of flowers, holding pearl necklace, or garland of flowers, offering betel leaves, drawing middle of bow, applying perfume, speaking, glancing.

Suchi (needle) is obtained from the *kataka-mukha* with its forefinger raised, and means the Supreme Soul, one hundred, sun, city, world, threatening, pining, rod, body, astonishment, a braid of hair, drumming, potter's wheel, consideration, decline of the body.

Chandra-kala (digit of the moon) is got by releasing the thumb of the *suchi* hand, and denotes the moon, the face, the crown of Shiva, the Ganges, a cudgel, the span of thumb and forefinger.

Padmakosa (lotus bud). See illustration. It means fruits of the 'bel' type and the elephant apple, breasts of a woman, ball, cooking pot, eating, bud, mango, scattering flowers, bell, ant-hill, lotus, egg, cluster of flowers.

Sarpasirsa (snake hood) is formed by bending the tips of the *pataka* hand fingers, and denotes sandal paste, snake, sprinkling, nourishing, the arms of wrestlers.

Mrgasirsa (deer-head) is formed when the thumb and little fingers of the *sarpasirsa* are extended, and means a woman, cheek, wheel, fear, quarrel, a deer's head, lute, female organ, roaming, etc.

Simhamukha (lion face). See illustration. It denotes a hare, *homa*, lion's face, rectification, preparation of medicine, etc.

Kangula is formed by curving the third finger of the *padmakosa* hand. It denotes a kind of fruit, bells worn by children, partridge, breast of a young girl, water lily, bird and a kind of creeper.

Alapadma is formed when the fingers are turned askew round the little finger and denotes a full blown lotus, circular movement, breast, separation from beloved, mirror, beauty, full moon, lake, village, height, anger, cart, murmuring sound, praise.

Chatura. When the thumb is placed at the foot of the third finger and the little finger is outstretched while the others cling together, *chatura* is formed, and means musk, a little, gold, copper, iron, wet, sorrow, æsthetic pleasure, eye, caste difference, proof, etc.

Bhramara (bee). See illustration. It denotes a bee, parrot, wing, crane, cuckoo and similar birds.

Hamsasya (swan-beak). See illustration. It denotes blessing, horripilation, raising the wick of lamp, touchstone, pearls, painting, jasmine, initiation, tying with string, etc.

Hamsa-paksa (swan-feather) is formed by stretching the little finger of the *sarpasirsa* hand, and means construction of bridge, number six, putting nail marks, covering or sheath.

Sandamsa (pincers) is got by bringing closer and drawing apart the fingers of the *padmakosa* hand in quick succession and means the belly, presentation of offering to deities, wound, worm, number five, fear, etc.

Mukula (blossom) is got by bringing the five fingers close enough to meet, and denotes water lily, eating, God of Love with his five arrows, holding a seal, navel, plantain flower.

Tamrachuda (cock). See illustration. It denotes a cock, crane, crow, camel, calf, pen.

Trisula (trident) is got by bending the thumb and the little finger, of the *pataka* hand and means a *bel*-leaf, idea of trinity.

The four supplementary *mudras* are:

Vyaghra (tiger). The little finger and thumb are bent in the *mrgasirsa*, and denotes a tiger, frog, monkey, mother of pearl.

Ardhasuchi (half-needle) is formed by raising the forefinger of the *kapittha* hand, and denotes a sprout, baby bird, big worms.

Kataka (link) is got by joining the middle and ring-fingers and letting the others separate and denotes calling and moving, etc.

Palli (village) is derived from the *mayura* hand by putting the middle finger on the back of the fore-finger, and means a hut or village.

The *Sanyuta* hands are twenty-three in all as follows: —

Anjali (salutation). See illustration. It is held on the head, face or bosom to denote salutation respectively to God, Guru or Brahmin.

Kapota (dove) is formed by bringing together two *pataka* hands so that they meet only at the base, side and end, and denotes salutation, taking oath, addressing a preceptor.

Karkata (crab). See illustration. It denotes the coming of multitudes, showing the belly, twisting and stretching limbs, etc.

Svastika (crossed) is obtained by putting two *pataka* hands across each other at the wrists to denote a crocodile (*makara*).

Dola (swing) hand is formed by placing the *pataka* hands on the thigh and denotes the beginning of *Natya*.

Puspaputa (flower casket). See illustration. It denotes light offering (*arati*), taking water, fruits, evening, etc.

Utsanga (embrace) is formed by placing two *mrgasirsa* hands on the upper arm of opposite hands, and means an embrace, showing armlet and similar ornaments, coaching boys.

Sivalinga. See illustration. It indicates the phallic symbol.

Katakavardhana (link of increase) results from making *svastika* with two *katakamukha* hands at the wrists and denotes coronation, worshipping, marriage, blessing.

Kartari-svastika (crossed arrow-shafts) is formed by two *kartari* hands crossed at the wrists and denotes branches, hill tops and trees.

Sakata (car) is formed by stretching the middle finger and thumb of the *bhramara* hands, and stands to denote the gesture of *Raksasa* (demon).

Sankha (conch). See illustration. It denotes a conch.

Chakra (discus) is formed by placing in contact the palms of the *ardha-chandra* hands at right angles, and means a discus.

Samputa (casket) is got by bending the fingers of the *chakra* hand and denotes a covering for things, casket.

Pasa (noose). See illustration. It denotes quarrel, string, noose chain.

Kilaka (bond). See illustration. It denotes affection, talk.

Matsya (fish). See illustration. It denotes fish.

Kurma (tortoise) is obtained by bending the ends of the fingers of the *chakra* hand except the thumbs and little fingers, and denotes a tortoise.

Varaha (boar) is formed by two *mrgasirsa* hands, twisted at wrists and meeting with palms facing, and denotes a boar.

Garuda. See illustration. It is used to denote *Garuda* (bird).

Naga-bandha (serpent-tie) is the result of placing two *sarpasirsa* hands across at the wrists, and denotes pair of snakes, etc.

Khatva (bed). See illustration. It denotes bed, litter.

Bherunda hand results from joining two *kapittha* hands at the wrist, and denotes *bherunda*, a pair of birds.

The 'Natya Sastra' of Bharata Muni makes a mention of twenty-four single hands, thirteen double hands and twenty-seven *Nrtta* hands:—The *Asanyuta* hands are termed *Pataka, Tripataka, Kartarimukha, Ardhachandra, Arala, Sukatunda, Musthi, Sikhara, Kapittha, Katakamukha, Padmakosa, Sarpasirsa, Suchimukha, Mrgasirsa, Langula, Alapadma, Chatura, Bhramara, Hamsavakra, Hamsapaksa, Samdamsa, Mukula, Urnanabha* and *Tamrachuda*. The *Sanyuta* hands are called *Anjali, Kapota, Karkata, Svastika, Katakavardhana, Utsanga, Nisedha, Dola, Puspaputa, Makara, Gajadanta, Avahittha, Vardhamana*. The *Nrtta* hasthas are *Chatura, Udvritta, Talamukha, Svastika, Viprakirna, Aralakatakamukha,* *Aviddhavakra, Suchi, Rechita, Ardharechita, Uttanavanchita, Pallava, Nitamba. Kesavandha, Karihastha, Lata, Paksavanchit, Paksapradyota, Garudapaksa, Hamsapaksa, Ardhamandali, Parsamandali, Urumandali, Nalini, Padmakosa, Alapadma, Bana.*

Particular rivers, trees, gods, goddesses, seas, important kings, animals, castes, relatives, birds and other objects have their special *mudras*. These are combinations of single or double hands, displayed at once or in succession or formed at one place and drawn up to another and so on. From these one might well speculate on the possibilities of the prehistoric man using a language of signs as a means of expressing all his wants and feelings before the phonetic language came into existence.

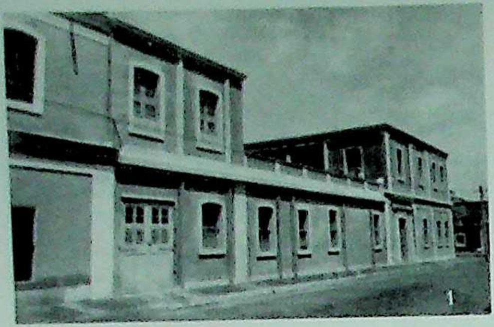
From the ritual *mudras* to its conventionalised use in dancing is but a conceivable step. That these special gestures with their symbolisms and codes might be intelligible to all, definite laws were laid down for the audience who had to be versed in the Vedas, intelligent, righteous, and in short, possessing all the virtues.

A very interesting feature in connection with the *mudras* is the mention of its race, colour, patron deity and sage. The patron deity and sage might be explained on the religious basis, depending on whether the *mudra* under discussion has been derived from the Tantric, Vaidic or Buddhistic source. The race adjustment might depend on the type or standard of the feelings, emotion and subject matter that the *mudra* is supposed to denote or suggest. But the colour theory is very attractive and very interesting, in as much as the *'Rasas'* (flavour), the *'Ragas'* (Hindu melody type) and even the *Mantras* have their special colour scheme, which, from its wide and careful distribution, might hardly be taken as arbitrary. Some research along this line might reveal many important facts.

For a student of *mudras* it will be a useful work to make a complete collection of all the different forms in India and then compare them with those of Java, Bali, Japan, China and other countries. The news from America of a new dictionary containing all the sign languages of the Indian Chiefs should be hailed as welcome in this connection, and it seems within the range of possibilities that such a study might shed some new light on the origin of the human race.

In conclusion, it is disquieting to note that such wide differences in the forms and meanings of the gestures exist. The "Hasthalakshanapradipika" and the "Chilappatikaram" give yet others and the Kathakalis of Kerala, though retaining all the sixty-four *mudras* of Bharata Natyasastra, show slight changes in the nomenclatures, execution and even significance of these hand gestures.

GLIMPSES OF BURMA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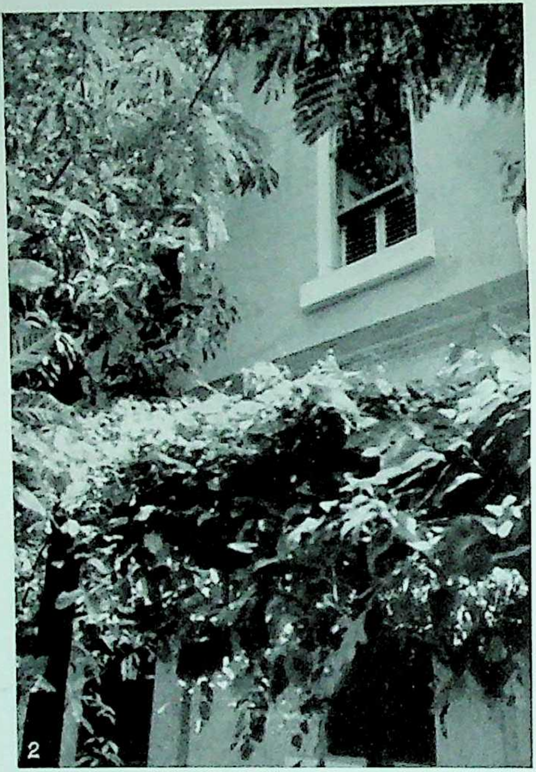
SRI AUROBINDO ASRAM PONDICHERRY

By Special Permission

Nos. 1, 3 and 4
SECTIONAL VIEWS OF SRI AUROBINDO ASRAM AT PONDICHERRY

No. 2
A VIEW OF THE WINDOW OF SRI AUROBINDO'S ROOM WHERE THE MASTER SITS ALONE SOLELY OCCUPIED IN BRINGING DOWN A HIGHER CONSCIOUSNESS FOR THE SAVING OF HUMANITY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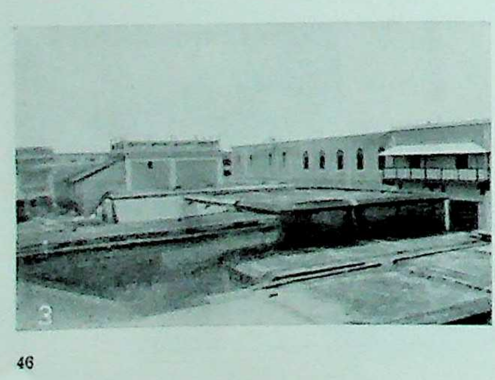
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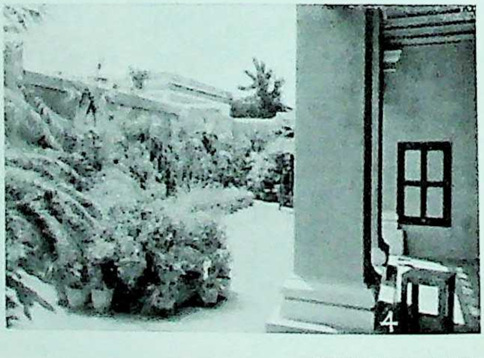
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TODI RAGINI

O. C. GANGOLY

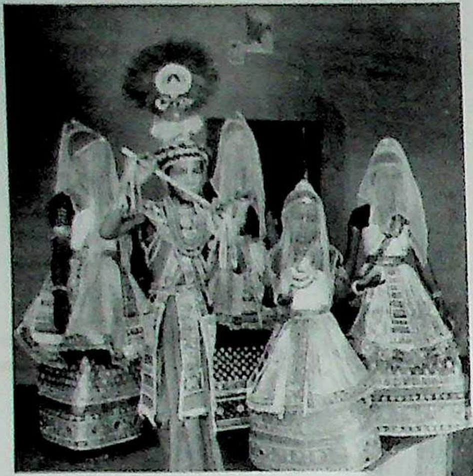
THE fertile imagination of the Indian myth-makers has woven out of the solid materials of musical facts picturesque legends which have furnished romantic themes for the Indian pictorial artists. The dreams of the musical philosophers have been visualised in picturesque designs of wonderful power of suggestiveness and of peculiar flavours which are resonant with the spiritual values of music. Though the basic idea of visualising musical forms into pictorial patterns or plastic images is not peculiar to India, the translation of musical concepts in terms of visual patterns of significant design and colour has been accomplished in Mediæval India in a manner which has no parallel in the Art of Europe. Charged with the duty of interpreting, in appropriate pictorial patterns, the basic flavours, or *ethos* of each particular type of melodies, the Indian artists of the mediæval period have contributed numerous masterpieces to the picture-gallery of Indian Art. The Indian melodies are designated by the picturesque terms of *Ragas* and *Raginis*,—words which are difficult to translate into English equivalents. *Raga* is that kind of musical composition,—that type of musical moulds,—which tinges the mind with peculiar flavours of feelings. Each melody-type (*raga*) stands for a particular variety of feeling—in the infinite gamut of human passions. *Ragini*—a dimunitive, or a picturesque and tender form of a *Raga*—is, strictly speaking, a derivative melody related to the *raga*, or major melody by virtue of its affinity to the *raga* in the structure of the composition of its notes. Traditionally, each major melody (*raga*) has five, or (according to some theorists), six minor melodies (*raginis*) affiliated to the *raga* by reason of a fundamental agreement in basic notes. A *Ragini* is, thus, a tender, a 'feminine' phase of a *Raga*. Traditionally, the major *Ragas* are six in number, and each major *Raga* has six minor melodies, or *raginis*, as *fiancées* attached to and grouped under the *raga*.

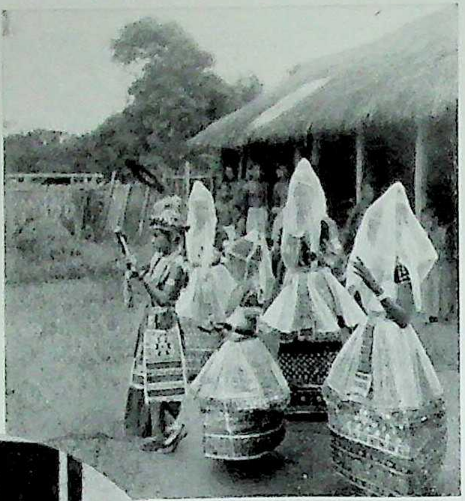
When we come to their pictorial forms, or illustrations, we find that the musical values of a melody sought to be visualised is not represented by a symbol. The process of illustration is to translate the basic feeling of a melody in a given dramatic situation. The peculiar emotive significance of a particular melody is applied and illustrated in a concrete manner in a particular situation, in a particular background of events. The pictorial illustration invariably takes a *dramatic*, rather than an *iconic* form, dynamic as opposed to a static visualization.

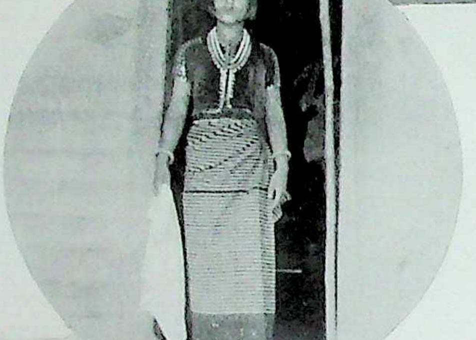
Thus, the basic idea of the musical concept of the melody known as the 'Todi Ragini'—is the surrender of animal life to the magic and enchantment of the beauty of Nature. This surrender is preceded by a 'search for the Beloved,'—the inevitable yearning of the created being, of every type of created forms to go back to its Creator. The call of the lyre (the Indian lute—the *Vina*) is the call of the Supreme Being to each member of the created world—to seek its Creator. This idea is illustrated in the form of a dramatic story —of a Girl and the Antelope,—reminding

Continued on page 54

THE MANIPUR SCHOOL OF DANCING



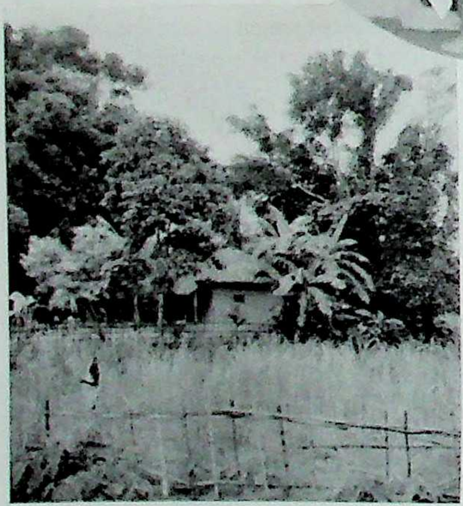




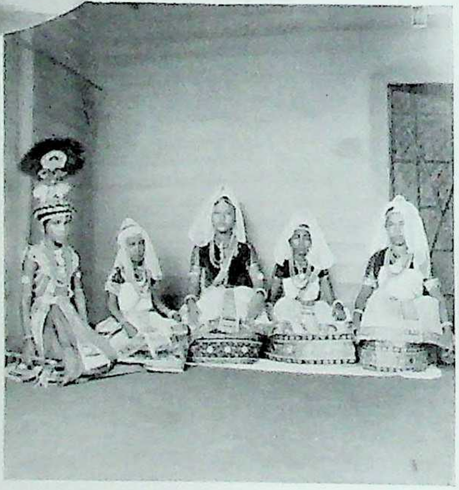
RASADANCE DEPICTING THE EPISODES OF THE GOPINIS ROUND KRISHNA.
KRISHNA IS SEEN STANDING WITH THE FLUTE TO HIS LEFT IS RADHA NOT OLDER IN AGE TH 7 YEARS

THE COSTUMES ARE EXQUISITELY MADE AND ONLY GIRLS TAKE PART, EXCEPT KRISHNA WHO IS USUALLY A SMALL BOY

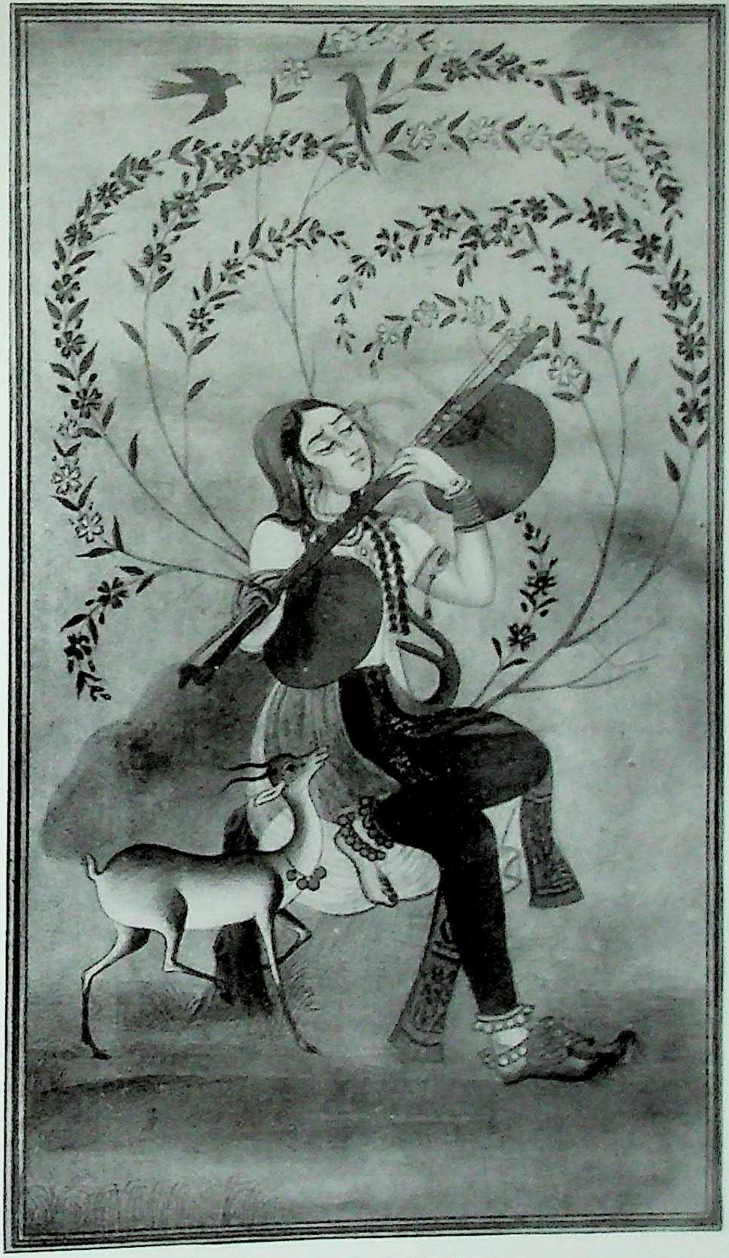
CENTRE—RANI, A GRACEFUL DANCER



RURAL ABODE— MANIPUR DANCERS



KRISHNA AND THE GOPINIS



TODI RAGINI

By Kind Permission of Mr. O. C. Gangoly *Old Master*

MARRIAGE

SRIJUKTA LATIKA BASU

SOME great thinker said that evolution is a spiral movement. The curve goes upwards, then descends and a little before meeting the starting point it once more swerves upwards till it reaches some maximum point and descends once more repeating the same movement and forming a spiral. If we should regard all our social institutions as evolutionary, then certainly they are guided by this same spiral movement.

The female and the male—these two aspects of life—we see prevailing through all but the lowest forms of creation and on their union depends the continuity of life. Pervading this colourful scheme of creation and lying entwined in it are these two energies, masculine and feminine, one pregnant with life-giving force, the other the bearer of life in whose being creation generates. And this union has been the subject of some of our highest philosophy, of some of our most beautiful poetry. It has been sanctified by religion and on its basis we have erected the structure of our social life, nay of our whole civilization.

The seed germinates and the root descends into the dark recesses of earth to seek for nourishment, the green stem shoots upwards and becomes verdant in sun and air, and above all, as the culmination comes, the red bloom which attracts the bees, the maker of floral marriages. All this travail in the darkness of the earth, all this laughter in the brightness of the sun-shine leads but to this wedding—this union of the two, the male and the female, from which will be born the new life.

The black clouds gather, mass upon mass, and the heavens lower threateningly. The lightning shoots and dances, little flaming serpents, and the deep thunder rolls and crashes. The whole earth is still with fear, but see the peacock presenting its feathers, dancing with outspread tail calling shrilly. And to this shrill cry comes the response from the peahen, his partner and mate. When the whole world trembles with fear and all nature is rent, these two hearts are wedded to the time of Nature's Tandava.

The desert sands gleam and glitter in silver sheen as the white moonlight floods the earth. Under the shadow of a rock the lion and lioness gaze at each other with half-shut eyes full of longing. Even in the austerity of the barren desert where not a touch of softness relieves the glare of sky and earth, the male and the female unite through the hearts of the most ferocious of wild animals.

And in humanity we see their union through laughter and tears, through pomp and ceremony, in secret meetings of furtive lovers and always through struggles through travail and pain the new life emerges resplendent.

Through the whole of creation we see this urge, so intense, so fruitful, defying death and decay, and the words of an old Buddhist song comes to our minds asking the eternal question of conscious life:

Does Desire precede Life ?
or
Does Life precede Desire ?

The poet Sarahu says none has attained that knowledge.

MARRIAGE

Marriage as an institution amongst humanity has changed its form from age to age, from clime to clime. When the wild caveman crept out of his cave and urged on by terror and hunger combined with his fellow-men and emerged from the crude pack to the tribe, the system of marriage was not an individual but rather a social or tribal affair. The tribes had promiscuous intercourse with each other. But this was barred by many tribal taboos. Later, the family came into being, at first dimly, then more distinctly. The mother became the centre of the family group and in some races this persisted and the family was based on the matriarchal system. The mother was even divinised as the source of Cosmic Energy, her mate being conceived of as the dumb consciousness of the universe that knows no change. From the tribal marriage and the matriarchal system emerged another system of marriage which too took for its unit the family, but it was the father and not the mother who became the centre of the family unit. This system was polygamous, and patriarchal. Thus from the promiscuity of tribal marriage we see two systems of marriage emerging, one polyandrous which was based on the matriarchal system, and the other polygamous based on the patriarchal system. Both took the family as its unit. Of the matriarchal system and of polyandrous marriage we have few remnants in the modern world, and it does not seem to have been able to make a deep impression on the historic consciousness of humanity or if it did, it is forgotten now and that which we see to-day is mostly in indirect psychological reactions whose memory still lingers.

The patriarchal and polyandrous system of society and marriage still exists in many parts of the world to-day, though there has been a tendency to replace the polygamous with a monogamous system of marriage. Monogamy found its shelter and chief expression in Christianity though the tendency towards monogamy could be seen in polygamous days and in countries where polygamy flourished. In the Ramayana we see that Rama's father Dasaratha had three wives but Rama married and was faithful to Sita only, and Rama was looked upon as an ideal husband. So that we see that even where the general practice was polygamy, monogamy was looked upon as the ideal. Even before Christianity dawned in Europe we see the Greeks and Romans practising monogamy.

Yet in all ages since the promiscuity of the tribe ceased, we see a very definite tendency of the union of man and woman to overstep the boundaries of marriage. One cannot definitely speak of the polyandrous system, because as previously stated its memory is dim, but certainly of the polygamous system one can say, that besides marriage there was a system of free love which is seen in concubinage and prostitution, besides other and looser forms of marriage. The Jewish and Mohammedan concubine, the Greek hertirae, the Indian Gonika—all represent this tendency towards free love. In ancient India we see a great many forms of marriage sanctioned by Manu. These are Brahma, Prajapatya, Arsa, Daiva, Gandharva, Paisacha, and Rakhasa. In this enumeration we certainly see an attempt on the part of the great Indian law-maker to cover all the possibilities of the union of man and woman and give it the sanction of society. Yet even this elasticity in marriage did not meet with all the requirements it seems, for contemporaneously there flourished the system of Gonikas. In ancient India therefore we see that polygamy did not suffice. Sex relations outside marriage appeared and the Gandharva, Paisacha and Rakhasa systems of marriage were introduced to give sanction to these relations. Even after this however the Gonika existed.

It must not be thought that time has effected any change. What existed in ancient India, existed in the 19th century in Bengal. Besides Hindu marriage proper, Shaiva and Vaishnava forms of marriage existed. Both these forms of marriage represent the tendency of free love. Yet their cause was taken up by two great social Reformers, one the originator and the other, one of the foremost figures of the Brahmo Samaj movement—Ram Mohan Roy and Raj Narayan Bose. The latter through his father was in Ram Mohan's direct line of discipleship. Ram Mohan strongly defended Shaiva marriage and if he ridiculed the Vaishnava system, it was because of his contemptuous attitude towards Vaishnavism in general, to be seen in his other writings. Again, when the question of Brahmo Marriage Act arose Raj Narayan Bose advocated the Vaishnava system and opposed registration which depended on the State. In both the Shaiva and Vaishnava systems we have divorce. When men like Ram Mohan Roy and Raj Narayan Bose give serious consideration to the Shaiva and Vaishnava forms of marriage and when Ram Mohan himself embraces the Shaiva form in addition to his ordinary polygamous Hindu marriage, we can be sure that these two forms of marriage were practised and were in vogue in the 19th century as legacies of the previous centuries, proving the tendency towards free love. Besides this one need not stress the fact that promiscuity and occasional sex intercourse existed in the form of prostitution, both public and clandestine, in 19th century Bengal as it does to-day.

Monogamy found its warmest champion and exponent in Christianity. For twenty centuries the monogamous experiment has been carried on in Christian Europe. Yet with what results? The polygamous system of marriage was mainly a social institution. If the individual standpoint was considered at all, certainly its consideration was secondary. The Christian monogamous system of marriage sought the sanction not so much of society as of religion. This gave it a strong individual turn. Since the various social forces have reacted on it. Ideals of chivalry and love in the Middle Ages lent a personal colour to marriage. Later, the joint family system and the feudal family life disintegrated. So that marriage did not involve so many social considerations. The free social intercourse of the sexes too led to personal choice. Other modern forces lent their weight and gradually the individual aspect of marriage became more pronounced.

The Catholic religion enjoined the indissolubility of marriage. Marriage was a sacrament. But as the personal factor grew, the religious factor lessened. When the modern mind evolved from medieval superstition, it refused to look upon marriage as a sacrament which could not be dissolved. Luther introduced divorce and gradually the divorce system has so widened its scope that in some parts of America it appears as if the marriage ceremony is a mere farce and marriage as a stable institution has ceased to exist. Is there any difference between this marriage with its free divorce system and the partnership of free love? It may be said that a limited divorce system can remain. But we see its uselessness in England to-day. The evasions of the divorce law is an open secret. Solicitors arrange for correspondents who serve only a legal purpose and freedom from the marriage is thus obtained. It only means the payment of a fee. One other alternative is to make marriage indissoluable. But already in the 15th century there was a revolt against this and to force indissoluble marriages on the modern world is almost an impossibility. One of the greatest factors in shaking the foundations of the existing marriage system in the West is certainly the economic emancipation of woman. When two people economically independent of each other refuse to live together, what is to force them to do so? The sense of social justice which is touched when a man deserts the woman economically dependent on him loses its force. But what is to become of the children? That is a question which might well be asked. None of the solutions offered up to now are satisfactory.

A bold experiment is being tried in Russia which tries to combine the individual and the social standpoints, but it is too early yet to pronounce on its success or otherwise. One can only consider it as an attempt to seek a way out, for the Western marriage system is certainly undergoing serious shocks which threaten to undermine its whole being.

By breaking away altogether from a stable marriage system will the West be able to give society a secure and happy foundation? It is too early to make any pronouncement.

In India there never was any attempt to break away altogether from a stable marriage, as far as the whole social fabric was concerned. Stable marriage, Free love, Prostitution—all existed side by side. There was an attempt always to bring these partnerships of free love within the scope of marriage, but it is the very nature of these love relations to refuse to be guided by any law but its own and the contempt with which it was regarded by the Brahminical code gave it a lower place in the social esteem. The Chaitanya movement tried to give this tendency towards free love a religious turn by a vicarious enjoyment of the love of Radha and Krishna. The subjective realisations of free love found expression in the cult of Radha-Krishna. The Shahajiya movement certainly gained force through the Chaitanya movement.

What are we to conclude ? Taking the social sex-consciousness as a whole, are we to think these three tendencies, marriage representing a stable sex-life, free love, an emotional or vital sex attraction which seeks no external rule for its guidance but is moved by an inner urge, and promiscuous and occasional sex-intercourse which prostitution represents, must all find expression in any comprehensive scheme of sex relations. If so, what are their origin ? Are they forgotten chords in our psychological being which are suddenly struck and try to find expression ? Or, is it the eternal movement of the spiral and the circle seems to meet only to swerve upwards and reach a higher stage of evolution?

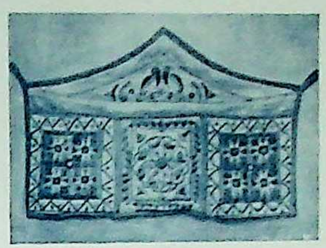
TODI RAGINI

Continued from page 47

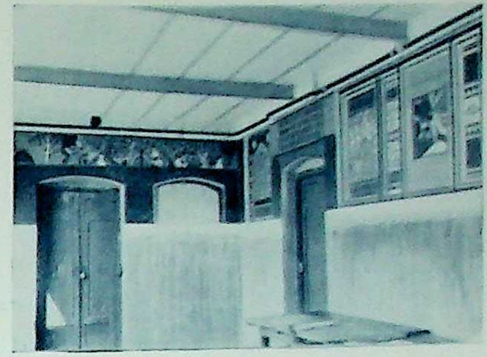
one of the myth of the Pan and the Nymph. In the illustration, the spirit of the melody is visualised in the portrait of a Lover —pining for her Beloved—who is away. She seeks to while away the tedium of her loneliness by singing in accompaniment with her *Vina*. In the songs of her lute she expresses the poignant grief of her loneliness, and her intense yearning to meet and unite with her beloved. In her lonely vigil—she draws the sympathetic attention of the deer of the woodland,—which are attracted to her by the music of her sorrowful, but melodious, songs,—the passionate shrieks of a desolate lover cut off from her beloved. The agony of the lamentation is somewhat tempered by the ardent sympathy, so clearly expressed in the staring gaze of the large eyes of the loving animal. The rhythmic bends of the flowering plant in the background offer a beautiful emotive halo in a significant pictorial pattern.

ARTS AND CRAFTS FROM SANTINIKETAN

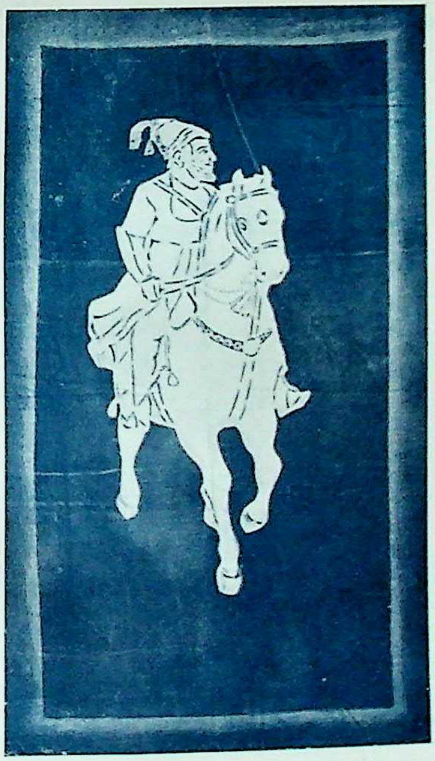
SANTINIKETAN KALABHAWAN



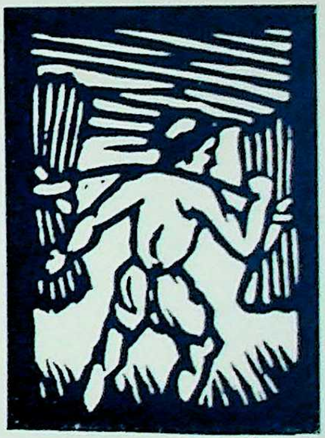
A VILLAGE WOMAN'S EMBROIDERY WORK



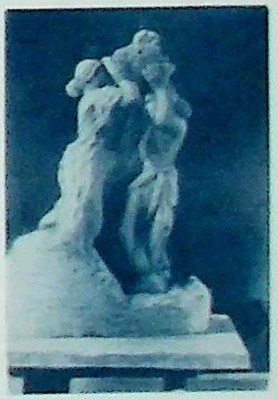
FRESCO PAINTING IN INDIAN STYLE



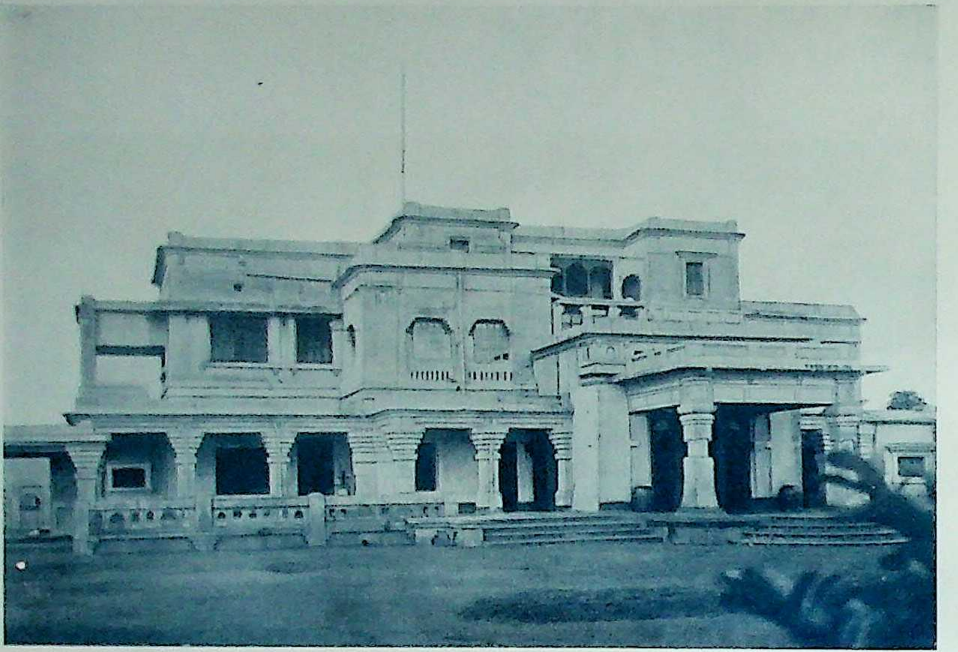
SPRAY WORK



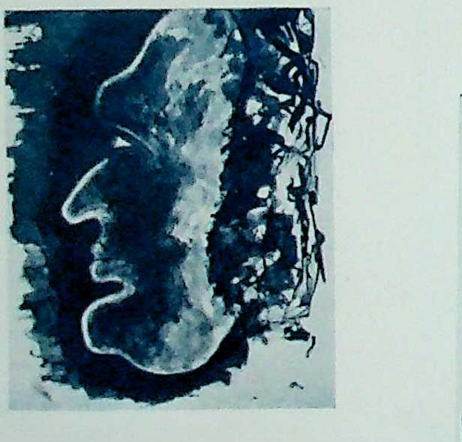
A LINO CUT

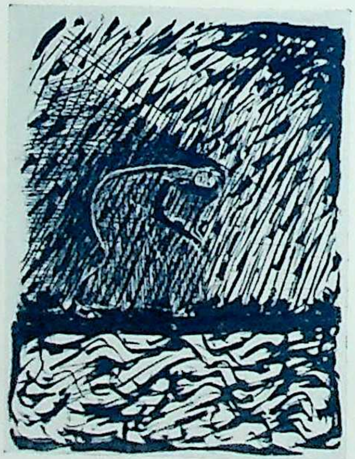


CLAY MODEL

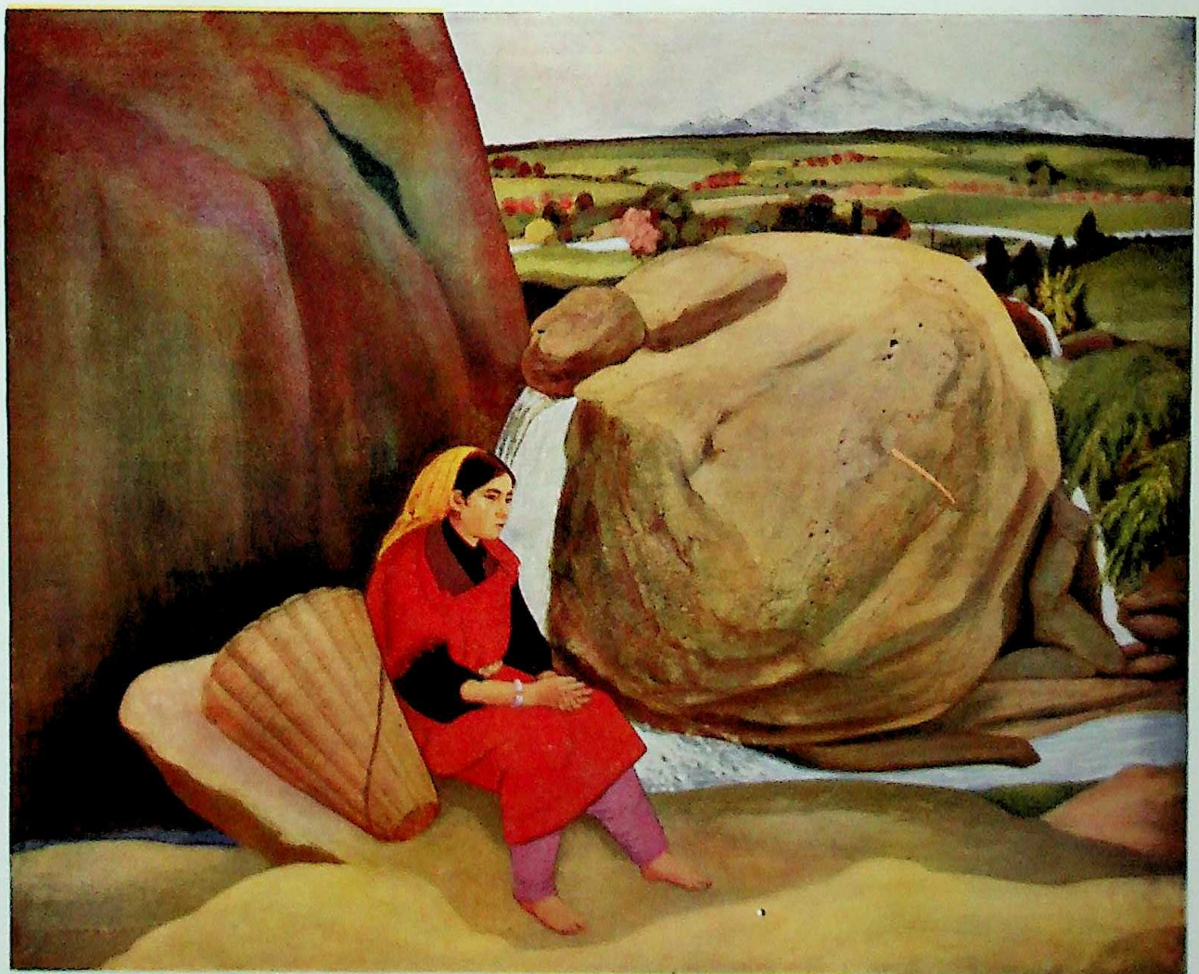


THE POET'S HOUSE
SANTINIKETAN





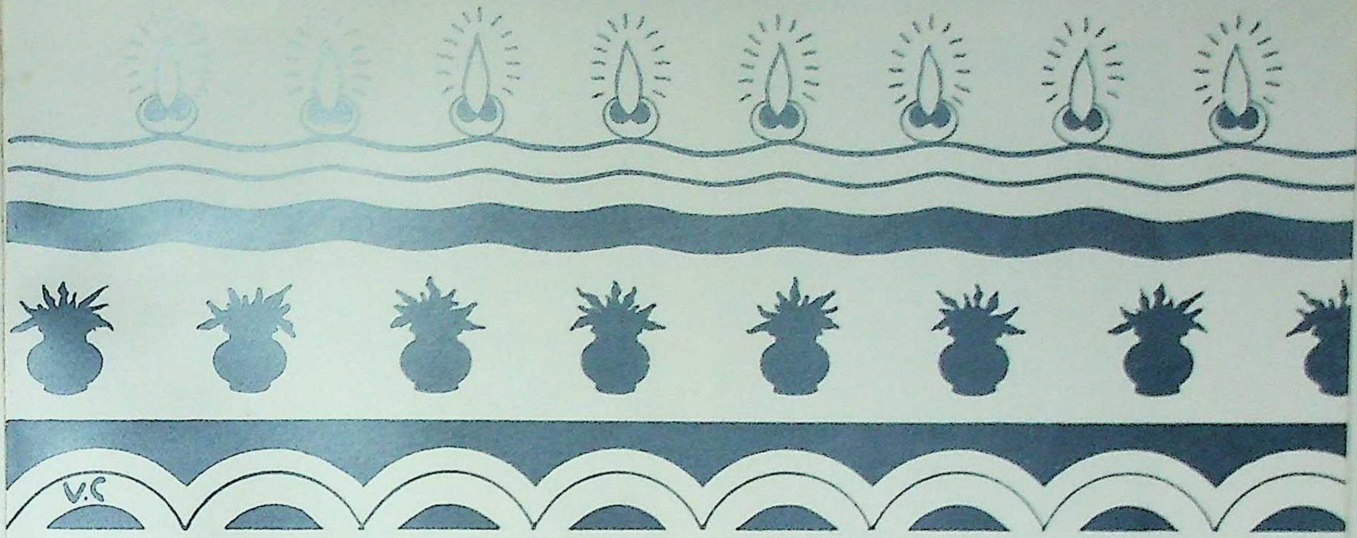
TWO PAINTINGS BY POET TAGORE



A KULU GIRL

By Kind Permission of the Artist

L. M. Sen



MAHESHA

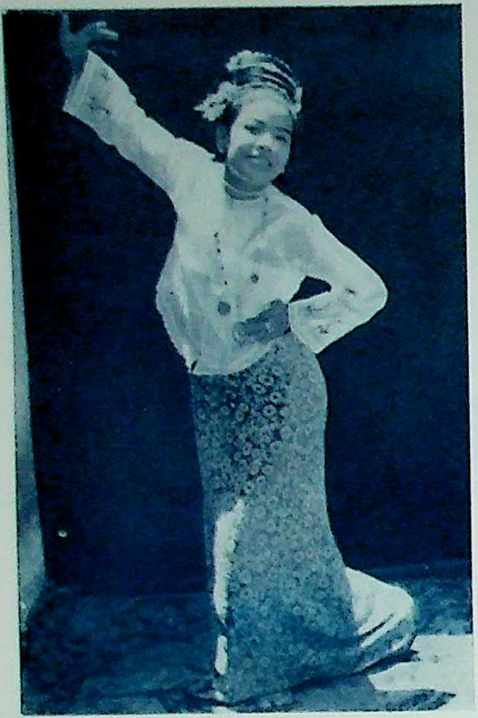
ARJAVA

CHANGELESS ordainer of change,
Where mutable lights
Into whiteness and rest
Are blended on pinnacle heights
Of the sky-piercing range,
In measureless flights
Of that stairway unsullied no footfalls of sorrow have pressed.

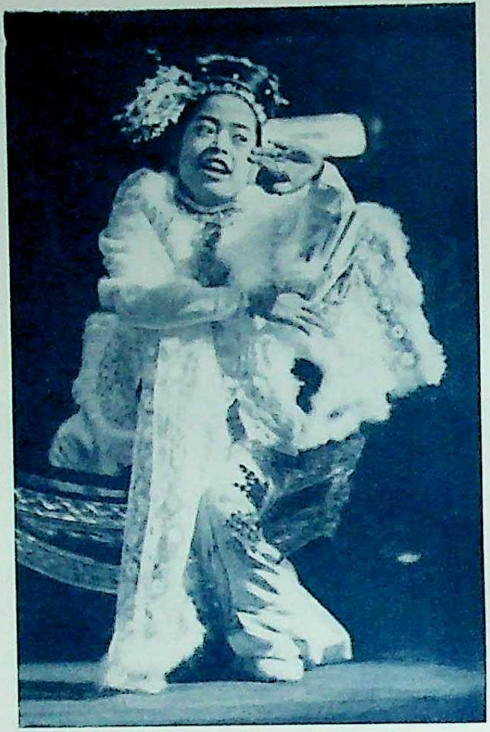
Formless renewer of forms,
Who, fetterless, destroying
Bondage of Name—
Uplifter from alloying
Taints, and shelterer from storms,
Whose steps have measured earth's enjoying;
To Thy raised foot the earth-delivered came.

Aimless, yet knowing each goal,—
As unfrontiered Space
Moves not at all,
But centres in each place
One instant effortless control;
Or as the pity finds Thy face
When on Thy shrine the tears and *bel*-leaves fall.

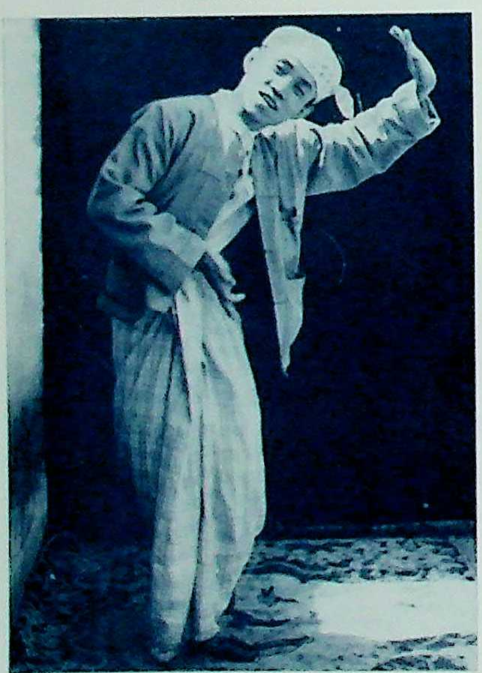
BURMESE DANCERS, MYA THAN KYI AND HER TROUPE



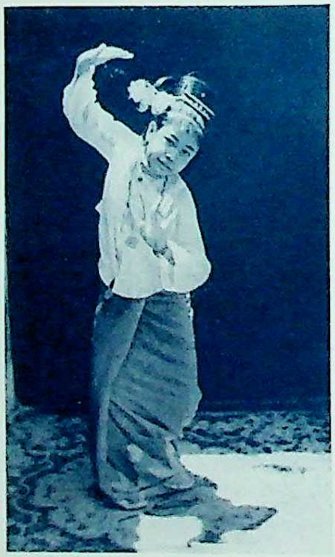
MA MYA THAN KYI



MA MYA SEIN INTERPRETS "YOCHO," A CHARACTERISTIC FEATURE OF 'PWE'



AUNG PE, THE FAMOUS MALE DANCER OF BURMA



MA TIN KYI, THE YOUNGEST MEMBER OF THE TROUPE, DESERVES SPECIAL MENTION FOR HER CHARMING DISPLAY

MODERN MOVEMENT
OF
INDIAN ART

KUMARSINHA

A SIGNIFICANT tendency observed to-day in the field of Indian Art is that artists in general are being very much conscious of themselves. Group activities or group interests, which marked developments of fine arts in Buddhist, Rajput and Moghul times, have given place to a growth of individualism more prominently now, than ever before. Indeed, secular art and realism as distinguished from spiritualism or idealism, which stand as being original contributions of the Rajput School of Art, are at the present moment carefully envisaged by any assiduous student of Indian Art.

But is this change—spiritualistic ideals transformed into a realistic sense of matters necessitating the growth of individuality in artists—to be truly called the modern movement ? Let us look into the matter carefully. From mid-eighteenth century, when schools of art were established in different parts of India, till recent times the whole attention was paid by Indian artists as well as academies to the excuse of revival only. In Bengal, it was practically for the same purpose the Indian Academy of Art was established during the Viceroyalty of Lord Dalhousie. Under which Annada Bagchi was conspicuous by having attempted at reviving Indian Art in the light of Western idealism. But just that was all he had wished and done. H. H. Lock, who was in 1880 appointed as the Principal of the School of Industrial Art (founded in 1864), was Bagchi's only guidance. Lock's influence—the Western ideal—was greater on Bagchi than his own conceptions : naturally, Annada Bagchi could not himself have any idea formulated and translated into practice besides reviving Indian Art as Lock viewed it.

Then turn to Ravi Varma who got through successfully in his own way. Like artists of the old he executed only commissioned works. Left solely at the mercy of public taste and demand—he could not avoid the classical influence of being too much standardised by a market value. And what he did practically was, in contra-distinction, only a setting of his personal and individual record for himself. But this is no 'modern movement' except that such procedure safe-guards the position of the artist during his life-time. Using old, forgotten devices, he becomes only sure of his own market, but never does it add to 'history' which, to be eventful, must necessarily revolve.

When did then the modern movement of Indian Art grow? Who set the ball in motion ? E. B. Havell ? Abanindranath Tagore ?

They are also no plausible figures. Havell and Tagore, as we know, thought in the old nineties that Indian Art need not bother much with the Western ideal and ideology of art. Their idea was to draw inspirations from old, effete, artistic conventions and express in Indian technique the the old-age conception of mysticism.

Of course, they gave a form, which was, however, without any structure, assertive and positive of the fundamental aspect of art that architecture is the mother of art. Consequently, Oriental School of Art, founded on this principle and studied even now as truly Indian, has had no basic policy, augmenting those innovations which present-day events in their course might bring to life.

This Oriental idealism of theirs is but a form of symbolism. It is more of mysticism —a vague ideology which artists of olden times had worshipped in their daily life and visualised in their mind's eyes. Even then, whilst there must have been some justification in their having done so in point of time and reality—I mean artists of Buddhist, Rajput and even Moghul times—the "heresy" as goes by the name of Oriental School is never to be calculated as modern with the spirit of our age. For, the era that has followed just after the Great War is one of revolutions, specially in science. Here the outlook of life has changed in as much as science has progressed. To be precise in nature has just been the aspect of life. And to-day's art, to be one aspect through which the whole of life is to be seen, is nothing modern if it is not an indispensable associate of science.

Apparently, modern movement of Indian Art will be defined as that which enhances an introduction of scientific outlook in the techniques of art, its subject-matter being Indian. Now has there been any such movement and, if so, when has it been started ?

Exhibitions of art held from time to time under the auspices of different institutions do not enlighten us much in the respect. The Government School of Art Exhibition of 1932 was only a show breathing the same, old, conventional system which has been decorating the pages of Indian periodicals for the last twenty years. Strangely enough, there was one exhibit, I remember, *a doll horse*, executed by a young student of art, which spoke of something new and unconventional. It was bold and telling. But being the work of a young mind who must have executed such a fine specimen of unconventionalism, unaware of its true meaning, it cannot be said to have borne an authentic appeal of any new and modern development.

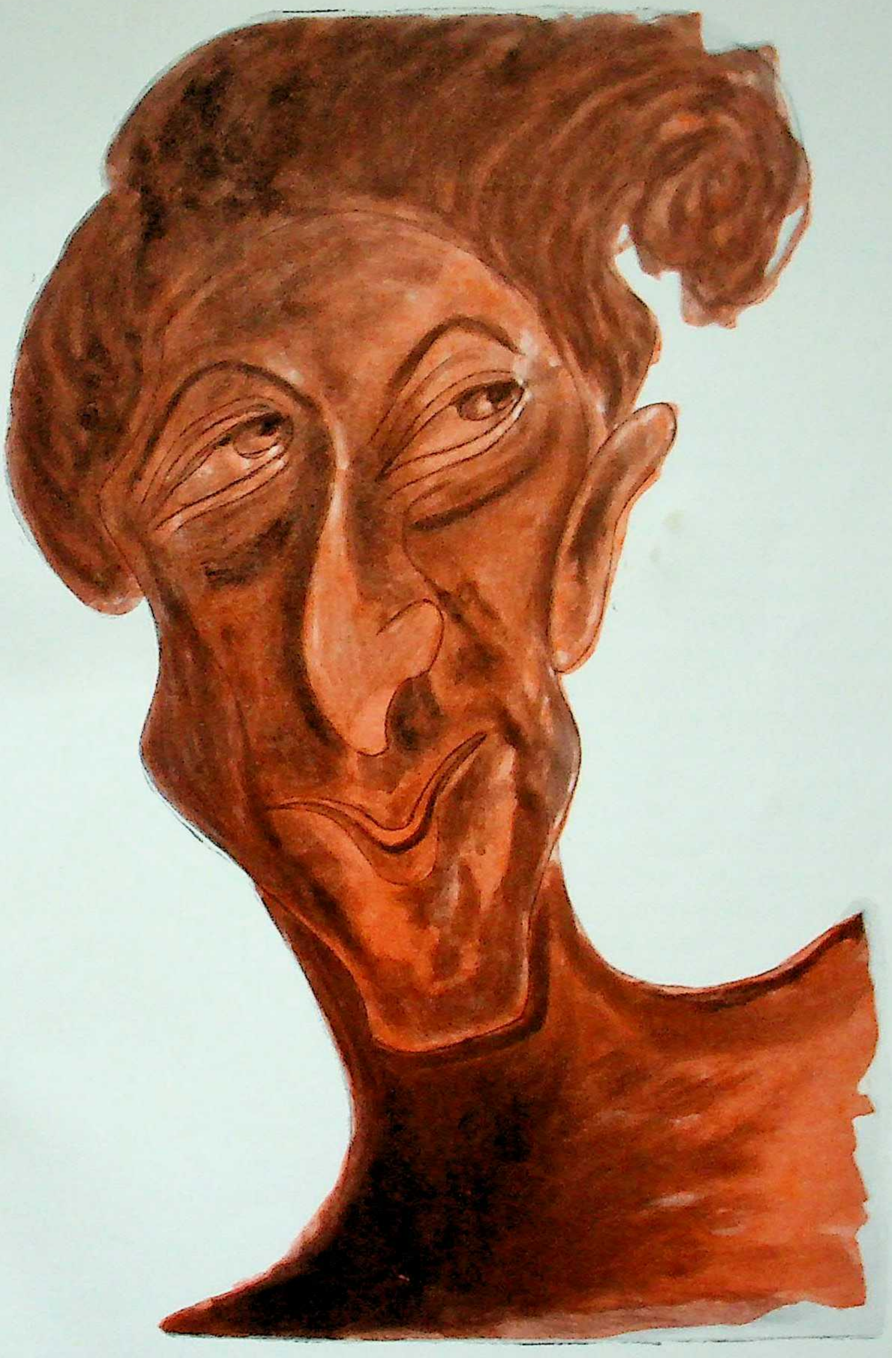
The Exhibition of Art held in the following year under the auspices of Oriental School of Art also brought nothing new in its trail of progress. Instead, some of the old specimens of work by Nandalal Bose and others were re-exhibited there.

Brisk activities with a view to developing a new technique in Indian Art have been, however, at work since 1932. A few cinema posters, mostly executed by a rebel artist called Vola Chatterjee, saw the light first in the streets of Calcutta. These were really very interesting executions for having a distinct character of their own. And the most striking note in them was the effect of light and shade that the artist could describe with a few bold lines of mop and colour.

Evidently, the works did not totally justify their claim as being *officially* modern till April 20, 1933, when an exhibition of art was held under the auspices of a newly formed institution—"Rebel Art Centre." The same artist, Vola Chatterjee, took the lead in it, and here joined a few more from all parts of India. Briefly, their aims are, as the report of a local daily states:

"The aims of *Rebel Art Centre* have been to look at the art of painting in India in its true perspective, to understand properly the underlying principles of the New Movements of Europe, to have regard to excellences of the Classical and Romantic Schools and to assimilate, where possible, the techniques of Western School, to preserve the true spirit

Continued on page 67



STUDY

By Kind Permission of the Artist *Rabindranath Tagore*

A PEN-PICTURE

OF

ABANINDRANATH TAGORE

MUKUL DEY

FAR away from turmoils of life, lives in his dream-land my *Guru* Abanindranath Tagore, the Father of Modern Indian Art. In his solitary studio, surrounded by works of other eminent masterminds, Abanindranath works, out of reach of the city's "maddening strife;" his powerful brush creates for his people art-treasures that will live for ever. Few realise the living magic of his personality and what he has done for them, and is still doing. The time has, however, come when art critics and historians take in hand seriously the life and work of this great Master to whom we owe the revival of Indian Art. Strangely enough, this master, famous for the "Taj" and other works after the "Ajanta" style, unique in their beauty and freshness, has never left his sequestered corner, to visit these historic places. He lives in a world of dream entirely untouched by the world of ordinary experience so that his vision of the dream-world should not be marred by association with the world of reality. Whatever seclusion his cultured mind would seek, he has not kept his art concealed in his own studio, but has opened it to all art students and art lovers who find a genial and warm atmosphere in his home. Scion of an illustrious family, whose contribution for more than a century to the cause of national progress is well-known, Abanindranath was born on August 7, 1871, at the Jorasanko residence, in Calcutta, of his great-grandfather Prince Dwarkanath Tagore. He is the third son of the late Goonendranath Tagore. He joined at first the Sanskrit College, Calcutta, but he afterwards studied at home and took lessons in European art from Mr. Palmer and Signor Gilhardi, an Italian artist of no mean repute. But the turning point of his career came when, one day, in his big ancestral library he came across an old illuminated Indo-Persian manuscript. The marvellous drawngs fired his subtle imagination and inspired him to begin a series of Radha Krishna pictures. Forthwith ended his career as a student of European art, and this happy accident led him to take upon himself the sacred task of regenerating the culture of Indian Art. That happened about forty years ago and Abanindranath, then a young man of twentythree, once for all abandoned painting in European style. Ten years later, he fortunately met Mr. E. B. Havell. In him the youthful enthusiast found a congenial friend and sympathiser. Both worked conjointly for the improvement of Indian art. Since that time the Modern Calcutta School of Painting has always sought the revival of the Indian traditional art and motives. The life story of Abanindranath will remain incomplete without mentioning the contribution of Gogonendranath, his eldest brother.

to the success that crowned his efforts in accomplishing his inimitible creative works and building up the Indian Society of Oriental Arts. Samarendranath, another brother of his, was also to a great extent responsible for the success of Abanindranath's mission by taking upon himself the onerous duties in connection with the management of his huge paternal estate. This orientation in the life of Abanindranath has effected what the Renaissaince did for Europe. Abanindranath's works created an awakening to a new understanding of Art reflecting itself in all branches of national progress; in sculpture, architecture and literature as well. Abanindranath's wide popularity in Europe accelerated the fame of Rabindranath later on. It was the friends of Abanindranath, like Mr. E. B. Havell, Lord Carmichael, Sir William Rothenstein, Mr. H. P. Muller of Sweden, the late N. Blount, Sir John G. Woodroffe and the late W. W. Pearson who accomplished a quicker recognition of the Poet by associating with the publication of the *Gitanjali*. It would be an impossible task to give details of the achievements of Abanindranath in the field of painting a large number of which may be compared with the best productions of the most famous masters of Europe. His 'Bharat Mata' 'Passing of Shah Jehan', 'Asoka's Queen' (painted for Her Majesty the Queen Empress), 'Shah Jehan's Dream of Building the Taj,' 'Budha and Sujata,' 'Siddhas of the Upper Air,' 'Avisarika,' 'Kacha and Devajani,' 'Aurengzeb Examining Head of Dara,' the 'Illustrated Rubiyat of Omar Khayyiam,' and his wonderfull illustrations of the Arabian Nights, innumerable 'landscapes,' series of 'Birds and Animals', 'Moonlit Music Party,' 'Pujarini,' 'Temple Dancer,' 'Banished Yaksha': these are only a few among the many pictures that have evoked unstinted praise at home and abroad. His famous picture, "Alamgir" is a sublime masterpiece. A few other important pictures are 'Kajri,' 'The Last Journey' and there are hundreds more. 'The Passing of Shah Jehan,' an execution of painting all on wood, looks like a Dutch miniature. Paintings and sculpture are but two of many attainments of Abanindranath's versatile genius. His manifold and valuable contributions to literature would rank him as one of the great literatures of his time. Juvenile literature has received special care and attention from him, and of these *Raj Kahini, Sakuntala, Khirer Putul, Bhutapatri, Nalaka, Chitrakhar, Nahusa*, a '*jatra*' play, besides his monumental works on the 'Ramayana' and the 'Mahabharata' re-edited for the benefit of his young friends, are of outstanding merit. Architecture, too, has been considerably enriched by his contributions, *viz., Alpana, Bharat Silpa, Artistic Anatomy*, and the Journals of the Indian Society of Oriental Art. There are quite a number of his other original contributions that appeared in various Journals and Periodicals which are well worth preservation in a book form. The gifted pen of Abanindranath has not given us many poems. But the simple ease and spontaneous flow in his ballads, descriptive and narrative, are seldom met in present-day literature. The University of Calcutta made a move in the right direction by appointing him a few years ago as the Bageswari Professor of Fine Arts. The series of lectures he delivered in that connection will for all time be regarded as a masterpiece of art literature. His artistic mind shows itself not only in the field of painting, but it finds expression in diverse ways. He has interest in music and can play beautifully on the *veena*, violin, reedpipe, *sitar* and *esraj*. He takes a particular interest in gardening. He did a few bas-reliefs on common marble slabs, and numerous portraits in plasters, oil and wall frescoes. He excels in stage decorating and himself is an actor of great merit. Many of Rabindranath's famous plays have attained success due mainly to the artistic setting designed by the imaginative Abanindranath. He has a great fund of humour and his rendering of comic parts is inimitable. A special mention must be made of his postcard sketches which he is in the habit of sending to his pupils, little sketches carrying joy and glory to the fortunate recepients. Of warm and affectionate disposition, he has always looked to the welfare of his pupils and besides giving necessary training and encouragement, he has always given financial help in hours of need but for which any careers would otherwise have come to an untimely end. Abanindranath is still among us. His powerful mind is still creative. His work has been of immense value in the regeneration of national culture in India. But have we accorded this Master proper homage? Bengal has certainly *not* done enough. It will not be out of place to suggest a fitting scheme for perpetuating the honour of this savant of Indian Art. It is a simple thing I have to suggest; —let the University and the Corporation of Calcutta collaborate in establishing a National Museum where the varied works of Abanindranath and his own unique and wonderful collection of art-treasures (which by themselves will be a marvellous unit of which any country will be proud) will be on view, so that they might serve as a beacon light to art lovers of all times.

MODERN MOVEMENT OF INDIAN ART

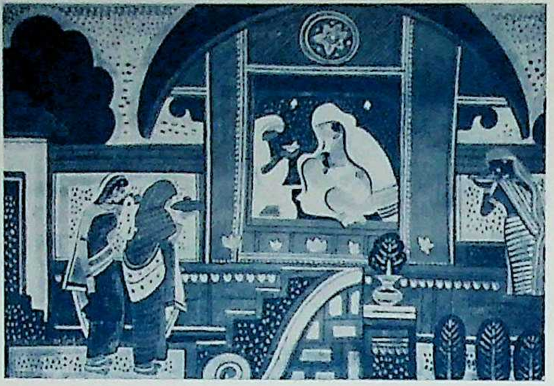
Continued from page 62

and character of Indian Art: *to pay particular attention to realism in spirit.*"

There were in all 181 exhibits of different descriptions. Some of them, specially those of Vola Chatterjee and a few of L. M. Sen and one by a German Orientalist from Munich Academy, were wonderfully executed works of new developments and continual progress. Indeed, highly impressive works came to be exhibited in the walls of a tent for the first time.

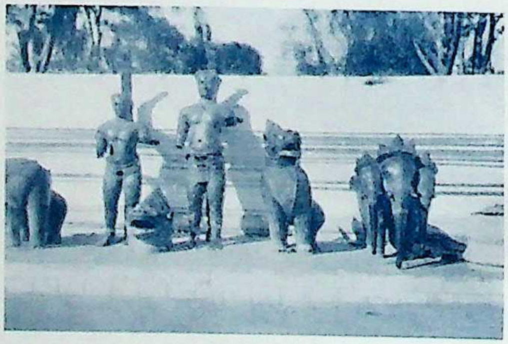
Modern movement of Indian Art, therefore, if there has been anything as such, goes back officially to the 20th April of 1933.

BIRTH OF CHAITANYA
BY
NANDA LAL BOSE

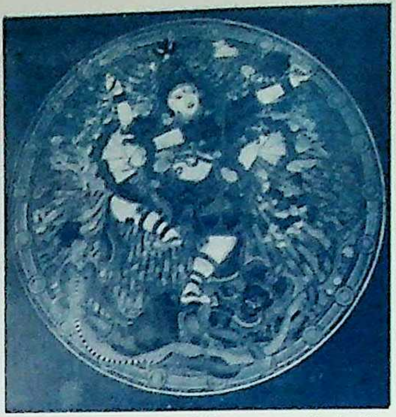


INTERIOR : SOUTH INDIAN TEMPLE

A SOUTH INDIAN MUSICIAN

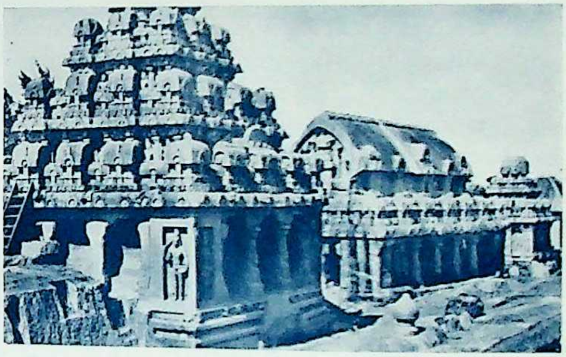


A STREET IN MANDALAY

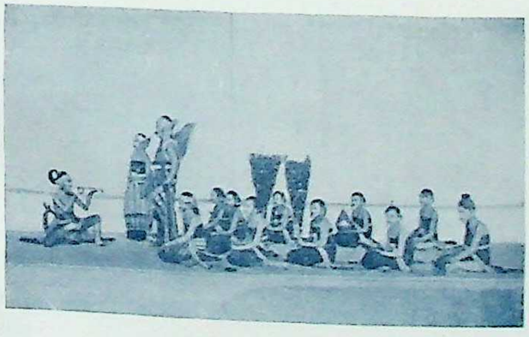


By kind permission of Travancore State Museum

A REMARKABLE ENGRAVING ON A MARBLE SLAB OF THE FIGURE OF NATARAJ



A SOUTH INDIAN TEMPLE



PRINCELY ACTORS IN THE KRATON

A SOUTH INDIAN COIFFURE

SRI AUROBINDO'S YOGA

A Yoga of the Art of Life

NALINI KANTA GUPTA

I

WHEN Sri Aurobindo said, "Our Yoga is not for ourselves but for humanity," many heaved a sigh of relief and thought that the great soul was, after all, not entirely lost to the world, his was not one more name added to the long list of Sannyasins that India has been producing age after age without much profit either to herself or to the human society (or even perhaps to their own selves). People understood his Yoga to be a modern one, dedicated to the service of humanity. If service to humanity was not the very sum and substance of his spirituality, it was, at least, the fruitful end and consummation. His Yoga was a sort of art to explore and harness certain unseen powers that can better and ameliorate human life in a more successful way than mere rational scientific methods can hope to do.

Sri Aurobindo saw that the very core of his teaching was being missed by this common interpretation of his saying. So he changed his words and said, "Our Yoga is not for humanity but for the Divine." But I am afraid this change of front—this *volte face*, as it seemed—was not welcomed in many quarters; for thereby all hope of having him back for the work of the country or the world appeared to be totally lost and he came to be again looked upon as an irrevocable "metaphysical" dreamer, aloof from physical things and barren, even like the Immutable Brahman.

II

In order to get a nearer approach to the ideal for which Sri Aurobindo is labouring, we may combine with advantage the two mottoes he has given us and say that his mission is to find and express the Divine in humanity. This is the service he means to render to humanity, *viz.*, to manifest and embody in it the Divine: his goal is not merely an amelioration, but a total change and transformation, the divinisation of human life.

Here also one must guard against certain misconceptions that are likely to occur. The transformation of human life does not necessarily mean that the entire humanity will be changed into a race of gods or divine beings, it means the evolution or appearance on earth of a superior type of humanity, even as man evolved out of animality as a superior type of animality, not that the entire animal kingdom was changed into humanity.

As regards the possibility of such a consummation,—Sri Aurobindo says, it is not a possibility, but an inevitability—one must remember that the force that will bring about the result and is already at work is not any individual human power, however great it may be, but the Divine himself, it is Divine's own *Shakti* that is labouring for the destined end.

Here is the very heart of the mystery, the master-key to the problem. The advent of a superhuman or divine race, however stupendous or miraculous the phenomenon may appear to be, has become a thing of practical politics, precisely because it is no human agency that has undertaken it, but the Divine Himself in his supreme potency and wisdom and love. The descent of the Divine into the ordinary human nature in order to purify and transform it and be lodged there is the whole secret of the *sadhana* in Sri Aurobindo's Yoga. The *sadhaka* has only to be quiet and silent, calmly aspiring, open and acquiescent and receptive; he need not and should not try to do things, but let the things be done for him by the Divine Master and Guide. All other Yogas or spiritual disciplines in the past envisaged an ascent of the consciousness, its sublimation into the consciousness of the Spirit and its fusion and dissolution there in the end. The descent of the Divine Consciousness to prepare its definitive home in the dynamic and pragmatic human nature, if considered at all, was not the main theme of the past efforts and achievements. Furthermore, the descent spoken of here, is the descent, not of *a* divine consciousness—for there are many varieties of it—but of the Divine's own consciousness, in its Truth-Force, of the Divine Himself with his supreme *Shakti*. For it is that, that is directly working out this evolutionary transformation of the age.

It is not my purpose here to enter into details as to the exact meaning of the descent, how it happens and what are its lines of activity and the results brought about. For it is indeed an actual descent that happens: the Divine Light leans down first into the mind and begins its purificatory work there—although it is always the inner heart which first recognises the Divine Presence and gives its ascent to the Divine action; for the mind, —the higher mind, that is to say,—is the summit of the ordinary human consciousness and catches more easily and readily the Radiances that descend. From the Mind the Light filters into the denser regions of the emotions and desires, of life activity and vital dynamism; finally, it gets into brute matter itself, the hard and obscure rock of the physical body, for that too has to be illumined and made the very form and figure of the Light supernal. The Divine in his descending Grace is the Master Architect who is building slowly and surely the many-chambered and many-storyed edifice that is human nature and human life into the mould of the Divine Truth in its perfect play and supreme expression. But this is a matter which can be closely considered when one is already well within the mystery of the path and has acquired the elementary essentials of an initiate.

Another question that troubles and perplexes the ordinary human mind is as to the time when the thing will be done. Is it now or a millennium hence or at some far astronomical distance in the future, like the cooling of the sun, as someone has suggested for an analogy? In view of the magnitude of the work one might, with reason, say that the whole eternity is there before us, and a century or even a millennium should not be grudged to such a labour—for it is nothing less than an undoing of untold millenniums in the past and the rebuilding of a far-flung futurity. However, as we have said, since it is the Divine's own work and since Yoga means a concentrated and involved process of action, effectuating in a minute what would perhaps take years to accomplish in the natural course, one can expect the work to be done sooner rather than later. Indeed, the ideal is one of *here* and *now*—here upon this earth of material existence and now in this life, in this very body—not hereafter or elsewhere. How long will that exactly mean depends on many factors, but a few decades on this side or the other does not very much matter.

As to the extent of the realisation, we say again that that is not a matter of primary consideration. It is not the quantity but the substance that counts. Even if it were a small nucleus it would be sufficient, at least for the beginning, provided it is the real, the genuine thing—

swalpamapyasya dharmasya trayate mahato bhayat

Now, if it is asked what is the proof of it all, how can one be sure that one is not running after a mirage, a chimæra ? We can only answer in the Biblical phrase that the proof of the pudding is in the eating thereof.

III

I have a word to add finally in justification for the inclusion of these lines in a work ostensibly dedicated to the Arts. For, how can spirituality be considered as one of the Arts or given an honourable place in their domain ?

From a certain point of view, from the point of view of essentials and inner realities, it would appear that spirituality is, at least, the basis of the Arts, if not the highest Art. If art is meant to express the soul of things and since the true soul of things is the divine element in them, then certainly spirituality, the discipline to come in conscious contact with the Spirit, the Divine, must be accorded the regal seat in the hierarchy of the arts. Also, spirituality is the greatest, and the most difficult as well of the arts ; for it is the art of life. To make of life a perfect work of beauty, pure in its lines, faultless in its rhythm, replete with strength, iridescent with light, vibrant with delight—an embodiment of the Divine, in a word—is the highest ideal of spirituality ; viewed as such, spirituality—the spirituality that Sri Aurobindo practises—is the *nec plus ultra* of artistic creation.

SHRIMATI BALA SARASWATI, THE YOUNG EXPONENT OF HINDU DANCING. HER STRIKING EXPOSITION OF SOUTH INDIAN DANCES HAS WON ALL-INDIA REPUTATION, AND IS SAID TO BE FROM 'BHARATA-NATYA'

KERALA KALA-MANDALAM, IN COCHIN STATE, WHERE TRAINING IN 'KATHAKALI' ART IS GIVEN UNDER POET VALLATHOL

PEACOCK DANCE BY MYA THAN KYI

THE CLASSICAL MUSIC
OF
BENGAL

DILIP KUMAR ROY

BENGAL has a definite contribution to make to the heritage of music in the world's pantheon. But in order that this heritage may be worth the name, it must learn to look at its inspiration from the loftiest point of view and the broadest angle. In other words, its Helicon should be of the highest possible altitude.

The Helicon of Indian music should be "the Classical." By the term "Classical" I want to characterise the Raga-music, whose summit-glory lies in the scope it affords for improvisation, plasticity and variety wedded to a remarkable efflorescence of structural beauty. I regret I cannot expatiate on even the salient features of this structural idea behind our Raga-music in this article but it will suffice to say, that in Raga-music there are scales or modes which determine the Raga partially. About this technical point something must be touched upon by way of explanation, for it is of the essence of what I denominate "Classicism" in Bengali music—or the Indian, to be more precise.

In the West, our Raga is defined by the hopelessly inadequate word "melody." But the Raga eludes such a definition. True, it is a melody, in that it *is* exquisitely melodious. But it has a peculiar structural design co-existing with this melody. This is called the "thâta." In ancient Greece they had the modes like the Dorian, the Ionian, the Phrygian, the Lydian, etc. A "thâta" may be said distantly to resemble such a mode, with the proviso that the Indian scales do not correspond to those of any other music under the sun. But this, too, cannot be tackled within a short compass. So to resume.

A Raga may be defined (very roughly and inadequately) as a melody in some such "thâta" or mode where no note outside the prescribed notes in the gamut may be used ; where there is a plan behind the melody, inviolable for the melody in question ; where not less than five notes to the octave can make a Raga proper ; and lastly, where some notes are used in a special way. To be more precise, the Raga Kafi, for example, corresponds roughly to the Dorian mode. On the Diatonic scale of the piano or organ this is from D to D an octave higher ; that is, taking the C as the tonic : C D E (flat) F G A B (flat). There may be thousands of songs in the Raga Kafi, but in none may be used any other notes even in all the incredibly subtle and often staggeringly difficult improvisations. Similarly, there is a Raga called "Malkosh" where the mode is Phrygian with two notes omitted : C E (flat) F A (flat) B (flat). It is a marvellous Raga, and a Classical singer can often go on improvising on it for an hour at a stretch without its ever palling on a musically-cultivated audience, and yet never even by mistake does he stumble more than the five notes indicated. It is this scope of variety within limits of a fixed cadre that invests the Raga-music with its unique distiction, but the point about its uniqueness and the ineffable delectation that the Raga improvisations afford, cannot be fully appreciated without an adequate training in Raga-music. By the term "Classical" I shall always have in view the exhilarating and characteristic freedom for improvisation in our richest heritage in music—the Hindustani music. Where did Bengal come in here?

In poetry. That is, in words. What do I mean by that? I will try to explain.

In Hindustani music of the truly Classical type there were scarcely any *songs* worth the name. That is, the songs were not poetical in savour or *Rasa*. I am not talking of the *Bhajans* (devotional songs) now as they, though sometimes highly poetical, cannot come under the category of the "Classical" music. The reason is that these were sung in a simple manner, comparatively speaking, with practically no improvisations. It is here that the Bengali poet-composer stepped in and made what is acclaimed by all our music-lovers as the unique contribution of Bengal to Indian music. Now, what did he do? The concrete achievement?

It is that of having lifted the Classical music of Hindustan from the banality of limp, pale, often meaningless words and wedding it to real, vivid first-class poetry. In other words, that of harmonising vivid music with real songs. Particularly in Bengal such a movement was long overdue if the Classical music was to be saved. Because however fond one may be of the outlook on music of the Classical Hindustani composers, one cannot but hail with all one's heart this poetic movement of the Bengali composers of to-day as an evolution of our Classical music in the right direction. For the undeciduous shade of the banality of the songs in the Classical Hindustani cannot but make one somewhat thirsty for the sunshine of true poetry in appealing, colourful songs. Just an illustration in point:

I learned in Lucknow a well-known song composed by the famous composer Kadar Piya (in Raga Kalangra):

> Piyâ, âbataka mori sijiyâ nahi âye,
> Kaho to guyiân—aba kâ kiyâ jâye?

Which rendered into English doggerel would be:

My cot, alas, has not come yet, O Love!
Suggest what must be done, O Gods above!

I must state that it is not a comic song. It is sung in the Classical vein *with all seriousness*. In Classical music the words used to be completely ignored, the focus of the audience's loving attention being the aureole of melody woven round the song, its melodic and rhythmic improvisations, the ever-new ways of its treatment, the delectable ramifications of the musician's exploration for self-discovery in the domain of sound, oblivious of words. Catch a Classical connoisseur wasting his time on the words exploited in the songs! It is all one to him whether you regale him with:

"I have come to know Thee Mother mine,
  Never more shall I let Thee part:
"Now is gone for ever the burden of the earth
  and shadowing affliction's dart"

Or:

O sister-in-law, do tell me how thy lips
Are made vermilion by those betel-chips ?

But to the Bengali this state of things was intolerable. He spotted in the Purist Classicist's apathy to words only his utter lack of poetic tradition. Bengal, however, has nothing if not such a tradition. So its denizen could not possibly luxuriate in such an atmosphere of often vulgar, even grotesque words.

There is a famous Classical song in the Raga Paraj somewhat to the following effect:

> The rugs are stolen, O Master,
> So the blizzards will cause disaster.

Tagore once remarked laughing that if such a catastrophe ever befell a Bengali householder he would move heaven and earth in the neighbourhood, but compose a song thereon?—never!

And he was right. The Bengali is nothing if not poetical: he could not for the life of him marry a gorgeous or beautiful tune to a string of lack-lustre words. It is significant to note, apropos, that Bengal has evolved the most magnificent dramatic music called *Kirtan* and that in the realm of devotion and adoration. Almost every phase of the devotee's love for the Divine has found utterance in this most sublime devotional music of India. To a race born to such a tradition such a poor skeleton as served the Hindustanis could hardly be acceptable. To the Bengali, that is, "the song must seem an echo to the tune," to put Pope's dictum a little differently. So even when importing the Classical outlook into Bengali music—as was incumbent on any true lover of music—he had perforce to bring in the moonlight, the cascade, the sighings, the cooings and all the mellifluous nonsense that has made the poet a kinsman of the famous lunatic the world over.

This trend began first in *Jâtras* (folk-dramas) and *Kathakatâs* (gatherings where rustic poet-composers related the mythological lore interspersed with songs). Later it was ushered in *Baithaki* music (soirées à la Hindustani) by Nidhu Babu, Dashu Roy, Gopal Ure and their troop in a sort of Bengali *Tappâ* more or less in imitation of the Punjabi Classical model. It was successful inasmuch as *Tappâ* was light and sweet and its type of variations not alien to the Bengali temperament. But *Tappâ,* when all was said, was in the light, erotic vein and, often ribald, lacked dignity and repose. Besides, only a few Ragas could be sung in this class of music. So it was deficient in girth too, to say nothing of musical architecture. To make up leeway, attempts were made in the 'nineties to incorporate the majestic *Dhrupad* into Bengali music. But the Brahmo-Samajists who led the vanguard of this movement laboured under a grave handicap, in that they were not musically well-equipped, and mere poetical equipment could not of course tackle the problem which was at least as much a musical one as it was poetical. Consequently, the Bengali *Dhrupad* remained like a stone, waiting for the touch of a Pygmalion to come to life. It still does—*Dhrupad,* I mean.

But the Muse acts often in a way which to the outward eye seems a little capricious. For while *Dhrupad* drooped in Bengal, *Kheyal* (the dignified but varied music which had of late all but dethroned *Dhrupad* in the Classical Hindustani music) suddenly came to life. Two great musicians helped most as composers and innovators of the *Kheyal* style in Bengali: the late Rai Bahadur Surendranath Majumder, perhaps the greatest *Kheyal*-singer of Bengal of the present century, and Dwijendralal Roy, unquestionably the greatest composer so far of the most beautiful songs in the *Kheyal* style. Unfortunately, however, we have not as yet waked up sufficiently to the function of composition in music: we are too deficient by temperament in the sense of historical perspective. So the contribution of these two great musicians in the realm of Classical music has not been widely recognised even to-day. But it is sure to be—in the not too distant future. But it is recognised by those who can see, and these few realise, that their contribution has indeed taken root in the soil of Bengal, insomuch that Bengali songs with improvisations in the Classical vein are already beginning to be enjoyed, nay, even desired, while even a few decades ago they used to be designated as mere *ostadi* (musical acrobatics). All honour to them, though not *only* to them, but to a number of other singers and composers of lesser eminence. A war is won as much by the unknown warriors as by the generalissimos.

Dwijendralal derived a lot of his inspiration from his intimate friend and *guru*, Surendranath, from the technical point of view. For Surendranath, though he was a great singer, was not a composer strictly speaking, except in the Classical sense, for a Classical singer in India *is* a composer too in his marvellous improvisations from day to day. But to compose songs was not in his line. And here it was that his complement Dwijendralal came in. I must pause a little here to dwell briefly on the rôle he played in Classical composition. I wish I could dwell as much on that of his colleague Surendranath, but the space at my disposal being limited I must forego such a grateful task.

What Dwijendralal achieved was to bring in the authentic style of *Kheyal* into Bengali music, not in a slipshod amateurish way, nor in that of a dilettante—but in the way of a true master who knows his métier: he created something incredible with an amazing ease. That is why his *Kheylal* songs have failed to attract the attention they deserved, the critical spirit in music being still in but a nascent inchoate condition in India—especially vis-à-vis original composition and the function of a musical composer in the Classical vein. Consequently, though a handful of alert musical critics—there are too few of them!—have been able to appraise his contribution with some real insight, the majority of even his admirers could not seize properly what I mean by the originality of his Classical compositions. For most music-lovers in Bengal confound, unconsciously, the poetical element in music with the musical; others apotheosize any catchy or superficially attractive tune-fabrication which they place above first-rate and finished musical achievement in their patriotic zeal to exhibit it; while yet others think that any bodily grafting of a Classical Raga into a Bengali song may well be dubbed a masterpiece of "original composition." So they cannot easily be brought to appreciate how spontaneously Dwijendralal welded, as it were, the plasticity and savour of the kernel of *Kheyal* into the very fibre of Bengali songs. They have admired his poetry—granted; but they did *not* fully appreciate what was more to the point, *viz.*, his harmonisation of poetry and Classical melody into an organic whole, nor the masterly restraint which he imported into his style steering clear of spurious stunts and artifices of rhythm and vocal acrobatics of the Classical music. He could achieve all this with the ease he did, because he was singularly cut out for the task, and not only his native genius but his early environments too had effectively equipped him for the work he was subsequently to accomplish. For his father, Dewan Kartikeya Chandra Roy, was one of the greatest *Kheyal*-singers of the time and was one of the pioneer composers of Bengali songs in *Kheyal*. Unfortunately, he was not gifted poetically, so the songs he had published could not live. But he had indeed paved the way for his great son of such versatile gifts.

Now I must pass on to the great composer Atulprasad who died last year, the last of the Classicists. I fear the Classical style will not find its true orientation till the provincial popular music that obtains to-day in Bengal shall have receded to the background. But sooner or later, it is sure to, and then, the contribution of Atulprasad shall be gratefully recognised by all true lovers of music.

Yes, the time will be ripe *then*, not *now*, for paying him our homage of love. For Atulprasad was a Classicist who worthily stood to his guns (in his best songs I mean) when the bulk of popular taste inclined to the non-Classical type of Bengali music. He it was who introduced into Bengali music the best style of the modern *Thumri* just as Dwijendralal introduced the best style of *Kheyal*. The beautiful subtleties, the lovely trills, the exquisite *mindhs* (the legate cadences), the varied richness, and last, though not least, the deep reticence of true melodic opulence—all this he was the first to introduce. *Thumri* had been long waiting for just such a poet-composer, thoroughly versed in its rich lore, to be reborn as it were into the lyricism of Bengal. For it *was* a new birth as Dwijendralal's *Kheyal* too had been: no true revival but has its reorientation in a renaissance. So the Bengali *Thumri* was not an imitation—not a replica of the Hindustani model, but a new creation with the true inspiration.

Yes, it is here that Bengal has a contribution to make, and although the antagonists of this neo-Classicism in music *are* numerous, and formidable, a great style like this in music or in any other art cannot be stifled by the mediocre styles. What our Indian music has stood for so long cannot surely be undermined by ultra-modernism, especially when there has just begun the long-awaited synthesis of first-class music with first-class poetry. The marvel and ecstasy and originality of such a welding-together are unquestionably too precious to be thrown away.

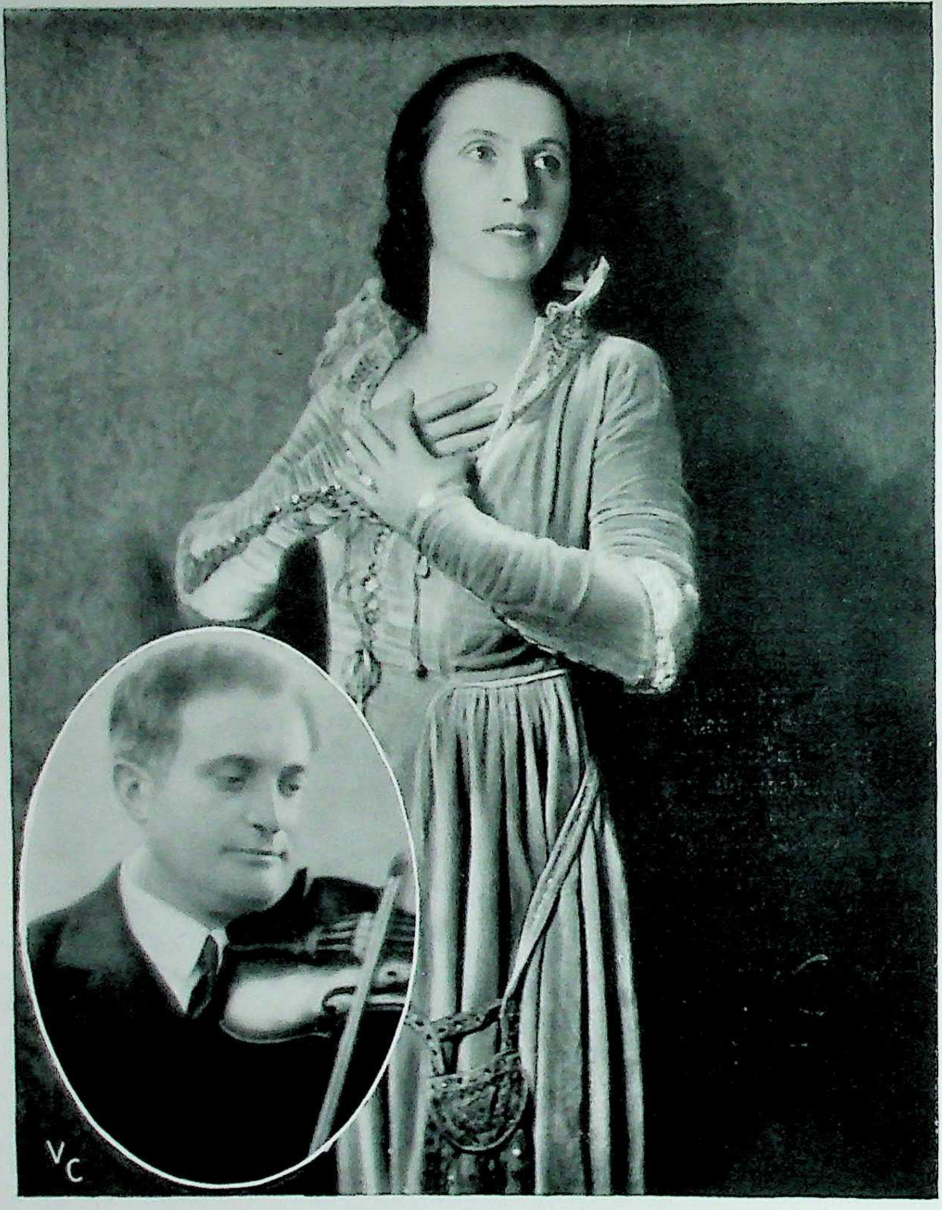
By "originality" I mean, briefly, this, that the melody of a Bengali song of the Classical type derives as much inspiration from its poetry as the poetry does from its music with all its multifarious subtle improvisations. I have again and again felt and seen all these years how melody and poetry can be vividly inter-dependent in a mutual co-operation of loving give-and-take. And I have been overjoyed to experience repeatedly how through such a synthesis a song-melody can gain in longevity by precluding a swift over-familiarisation. It is well known among musicians the world over that the more profound the music, the less it lends itself to this contempt-breeding familiarity, though the converse is not always equally true. The greatness of the Classical music is doubtless many-sided and cannot be exhausted in a piecemeal enumeration of such merits; but nevertheless, it is doubtless one of its most precious assets, *viz.*, that where a song composed in the Classical vein can continue to afford ever-new thrills, a popular-æsthetic drawing-room song gives but a passing titillation when heard even a few times.

There are some popular critics, however, who will indulge in attacks on the Classicism.

There is another school, however, whose arguments against the Classical in music need not be so ignored but considered as a sort of misunderstanding. These want to make the musical composer's composition sacrosanct, that is, they would have the Indian singer too a mere executant, who is at best but a faithful reproducer of what has been put down on paper by another. But this would be the death of the marvellous power of improvisation, the emasculation of the impromtu creative power of the Indian virtuoso which, in fact, elevates him to the status of a composer in every song he sings. What music-lover, for instance, who has had the good fortune of hearing the great Surendranath sing his Bengali *Kheyals* (each more than a hundred times and every time sung in a new way!) would dream of constraining him to sing like the Western singer? Our singer has been born free and a free artist he must remain if he is to preserve his genius, imagination and integrity. Besides, the parallel of the Western outlook on a singer's function cannot stand a moment's scrutiny. The Western composers' insistence on the inviolability of their creations has been born chiefly of the needs of their harmonic accompaniment, which it is that prevents their solos from palling on the audience. But our music has no such compensation, as it is without harmony. Thus we may graft the Western outlook on music into our soil only at our own peril. Japan had risked this with the result that her native music has yielded place to mushroom pastiches of the Western music which can never enrich the Western of course. But the technique of an art, as every connoisseur knows, is inseparable from its æsthesis, its peculiar line of evolution, its structural tradition,—in short, from its characteristic genius. Inspiration no doubt: but no amount of inspiration can translate itself into the inevitable expression without technical mastery.

It is, however, precisely because of its technical difficulty that our Classical outlook on melodies is not sufficiently appreciated nor its greatness adequately appraised. That is why it is not sufficiently realised by most that a superficial attractiveness, however ensnaring at first, cannot make for the abiding element in artistic creations, or that the surface glamour is in its nature ephemeral. And because the surface pleasures are easier to relish they have a far greater number of protagonists who desire their wider appeal.

But the mere immediacy of the appeal of the so-called popular arts is essentially irrelevant. For these are born from day to day. Nor can a truly great art afford to bid adieu to its summit-vision because few can mount to that altitude and thrill to the lofty panorama. Indian music, if it is to survive, must realise this before it is too late. And this realisation must crystallise in practice into a sturdy refusal to allow itself to be divorced from its native source of inspiration—for popularity. Such can never be its true life-sap which, for the best Indian music, must ever remain the Classical. That is why I so ardently wish that more and more of our composers would wake up to this fact, as Dwijendralal and Atulprasad did. I do not, of course, mean that there should not be other types of music in Bengal or elsewhere. I only mean that the sense of perspective must not be lost so that the inferior be awarded the homage that is due only to altar of the superior. Besides, the cheaper types of music (or of any other art for that matter) must co-exist with the rarer if only to serve as foils to the latter. I know that few can be real Classical singers, but I only submit that those who have the stuff in them should hold up Classical music before their eyes as the highest ideal. The native genius of our melody should soar up to the highest range that has so far been scaled by our musical composers, and this range can be vistaed only on the heights of the Classical, since no other olympus will quicken or fulfil our soul's loftiest aspiration in the domain of Melody.



LEO CHERNIAVSKY, THE FAMOUS
DRAMATIC VIOLINIST OF
THE CENTURY

MADAM GALLI CURCI

THE CRISIS
IN
BENGALI CULTURE

DHURJATI MUKHERJI

A STUDY of minor artists is probably more interesting than a study of major ones to a student of Sociology. The representative men, or heroes in Fine Arts are so deeply engaged in the pursuit of their own bent that they are apt to miss connexion with the life of those whom they lead or represent. The task of representing a movement for too long a period tends to separate its representatives from the movement itself. Most so, in a country like India, where the absence of support from an average of sufficiently high quality isolates the extraordinary, and where the faint stirrings of departure or of reaction are usually muffled in the quickly woven winding sheet of fixed behaviour patterns. In this article, generalisations are deduced from the actions and the inarticulate aspirations of the humbler ones, the rank and file of Fine Arts. In the words of Tagore, the stream that has lost itself in sand is not irretrievably lost.

It has been said, and with as much justice as can be secured by impressions, that the chief characteristic of modern movements is their imitative nature: in literature, the imitation of Tagore and Sarat Chandra Chatterjee is the order of the day; in music, of Tagore and Atul Prosad Sen; and in painting, of Abanindranath, Gaganendra, and Nandalal. In sculpture and architecture, little work beyond the advertisement of old forms is being done. In commercial arts and crafts, the repetition of old motifs tires the eye before it detects signs of anything novel. The output is not very small, however, but it bears no relation to quality. Yet, this is nothing strange. Minor artists will always imitate, and a good deal of assimilation, which precedes creation, is imitation. Besides, imitation ensures a certain amount of continuity in tradition. But features other than imitation are more important for the purpose in view.

There is an increase in the emphasis on social content in prose and poetry. The scope of the subject for novels, stories and poems has been enlarged considerably. Usually, the contents are conflicting situations. Various problems are discussed, of sexual maladjustment between the husband and the wife taking the shape of the eternal triangle, of social misfit between the individual with his new values of personal welfare and the society with its ancient code of static morality, of unemployment among middle class youths, and of urban encroachment upon the social economy of village life. These problems have made fiction *didactic*, with a consequent sacrifice of the story and of humour. Political questions are, for well-known reasons, seldom tackled, nor are the religious ones, as interest in religion has decayed. In a word, *social conflict* is the burden of most of our novels and stories. The way in which it is sought to be resolved throws light on our discussion. In the majority of cases, the hero and the heroine submit to the social code, though with a heavy heart. The heaviness is supposed to be the mark of tragedy, while, in reality, the ultimate submission is the more tragic of the two. This misplaced seriousness has made all minor artists incorrigible romantics, including the realists among them.

A significant portion of the growing literature consists of travel-diaries and free translations. The former are outspoken essays, describing the vigorous qualities of Western life, chiefly its freedom of manners and pressing the need for imbiding them and making out society more elastic and varied. The novels and stories which are translated betray the secret desires of our society to get rid of our numerous complexes by facing them, elsewhere. The translations (even of poems) are a fulfilment of our collective wish to be natural. The consequences of this invasion of a mass of translation and of alien problems into our literature have been the creation of a stilted style and a dissociation of the public into coteries with their special interests. The appeal of most of our readable fiction is limited to sophisticated readers. There has been little serious endeavour undertaken to interpret modern social problems in the light of old, traditional, and comparative values. There is no parallel as yet to the Catholic interpretation of events.

The mythologies have found shelter on the stage and the screen. With the exception of one or two, there is no orientation of old values in any new drama. The dramatic arts are in a sad plight, and no drama is worth writing about from any point of view. The work of the older artists and of the major ones among them is outside the scope of this essay.

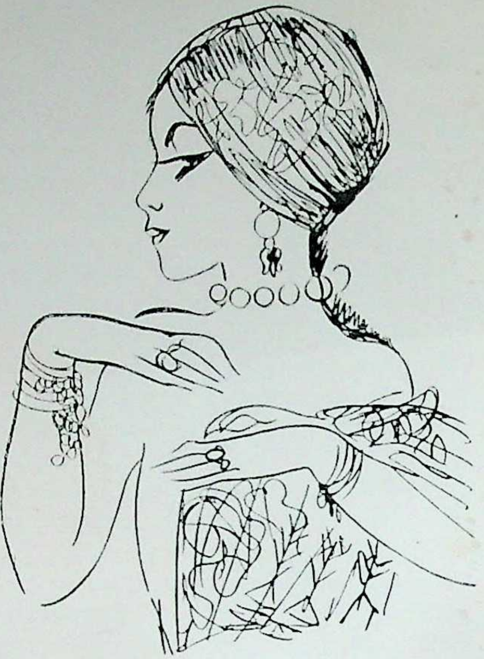
Poems are naturally more remote from social contact than novels and short stories. The tradition of the recent past is to keep Poetry safe from problems. Yet, on close analysis, the note of despair and frustration yields the same result: misfit of the individual with his society. Even the poems of the humble and the lowly, of the rebel and the wastrel are songs in praise of departure from the social norm. There are passages, full of sound and fury, but loudness does not make revolution, in technique or in substance. There is the amorphous desire to rebel, but there is no revolutionary temper in recent poetry. In other words, the sense of direction is lacking, and constructive efforts are not conceived. New attempts in versification and innovations in poetic speech are more academic experiments than inevitable expressions of our hopes and fears. The romantic nostalgia of the ruralist and the isolation of the purist within his ivory-palace are creating a literature of escape which seeks to solve the conflicts by flight or by shutting one's eyes to them. The telescope on the defunct eye is expected to abolish the enemy.

In such a situation, criticism cannot flourish. The meaningless gibberish about art for art's sake floods our magazines. Old masters have not been appraised, because there is no definite point of view to judge them from. Our criticism is either an expression of uneducated opinion, or a reflection of prejudices, personal and national. There is hardly any minor critic who has either a sense of fact or a sense of values. Abstract æsthetic speculations are wildly indulged in. The abstract is very often a shelter from the disturbing concrete. It is not related to actual workmanship and its difficulties. The unity it evokes is spurious.

Music, as such, is most remote from the rough and tumble of living. Particularly so in our culture. Its forms had been set in the seclusion of courts and its practice confined to families of technicians. But indications of maladjustment are nowhere more apparent than in our recent music. The pristine purity of classical music, preoccupied with its own self, could not be revived as it failed to comprehend the modern temper with its insistence on the rights of the individual's moods. The major composers, Tagore and Atul Prosad (removed from our midst only yesterday), had introduced folk music and *Thumri*, respectively, to express their personal moods. Apart from technique, which, in the case of Tagore, is novel without being new, the mere fact that the particular melody could be made to express the moods of the composer was a sufficiently revolutionary move. Dwijendralal had gone a little further and sought to combine the Western melodies with Hindusthani *Râginis* to communicate collective sentiments, humorous and national. They are the major composers, the minor ones are permuting and combining the old themes. The impossible, the improbable and the incompatible notes and melodies are all thrown together. The blend is seldom happy, yet the attempt at blending shows dissatisfaction with the old scheme. *Dhrupad* has now become a musical curio. Recently there has been a revival of interest in *Kheyal* and *Thumri*, but this interest, probably, is not pure. Good classical pieces are often learnt only to be *set* to modern compositions.

In painting, the claim of the major artists was that the essence or the rhythm of movement, and not the shift on the surface was to be communicated. It was perfectly consonant with our traditions. Abanindranath, Gogonendranath, and Nandalal, made good their claim. They had a host of imitators whose appeal to subjectivism was a retreat from the schooling of drawing and composition. Now it appears that this period of imitation is just over, though the period of creation has not definitely set in. What goes on by the name of Western technique is now being increasingly adopted. Mythological subjects still persist, but in their treatment the representational element is coming to the fore. The subjects, after becoming human, have learnt to der and new colours, new designs and new perspectives. Portraiture is now becoming a fashion. The representation is not yet interpretative of the character of the subject. There are many artists who still follow the lead of the Tagores, but they are not the sure ones. The knockings of new attitudes at the gates of their mind have perplexed them and shaken their hands.

The present review seeks to bring out one thing in particular. There is a serious maladjustment between the individual and the society to which he is born. This is responsible for the uncertainty of our cultural movements. A sense of social conflict is ever present in the mind of the artist, but the conflict is hardly resolved. In other countries, such a source of energy is exploited and harnessed. Here, there is no immediate prospect of any artistic solution of the conflict, firstly, because the artists do not themselves know the reasons of their misfit—why society has failed and what they expect of it, secondly, because the artists do not utilise the forces of disruption for their benefit, being secure in their doctrines of pure Art, of subjectivism, and of romanticism and in their ignorance of the "market place," and thirdly, because the artists do not and dare not envisage society in which their maladjustments will disappear in a synthesis. In other words, the thought-content of our artistic creations has to be increased along with their social content. This thought-content, needless to say, is not academic scholarship, but it is certainly knowledge. A knowledge of the historical process of the transformation of our society, its integration and disintegration is essential for the minor artists. Otherwise, discontent, experiments, the increase of social content and the quantity of output, all remain merely as certain symptoms of the crisis in our culture, but uncertain indicators of the future course of our cultural activities.



NYOTA INYOKA AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF A WESTERN ARTIST

A PORTRAITURE BY KUMAR ROBIN ROY OF SANTOSH

A GROUP FORMATION OF DANCERS FROM BALI

SRI AUROBINDO

By Special Permission — *Sri Aurobindo Asram, Pondicherry*

EAST AND WEST
THE CLASH OF CULTURES

LECTURE DELIVERED AT THE FELLOWSHIP OF FAITHS, BOMBAY

SOPHIA WADIA

Friends,

YOUR Fellowship is engaged in the noble task of composing differences of views and opinions, by disregarding the progeny of intolerance and dogmatism, it tries to bring to birth amity and friendship between peoples of differing beliefs, it tries to create a platform of common humanity. Therefore it naturally becomes one of your tasks to recognize the clash of cultures which surrounds us here in India. An intelligent, just and correct recognition of this clash will enable us all to broaden our sympathies while it will deepen our visions. That is the reason why I have selected this subject. It is not necessary for me to explain that I have not come here with a fine and final solution to our problem. I merely wish to provoke thought—not argumentation but ideation, and with that end in view, without any preliminary remarks, I will plunge into my subject.

The fact that we are surrounded by and suffer from a clash of two civilizations needs neither proof nor demonstration. It is patent. We have only to look at our city, its buildings and streets, and the costumes of the people in those streets, contrast the luxury of space enjoyed by the dwellers in the bungalows on Malabar Hill with the dinginess in which the hamal, the mali, and the cook live, then turn to the West and look at the rooms of the mistress and the maid, say in New York, or even in Hampstead in London, or in Passy and Auteuil in Paris. It would be amusing and even instructive to paint the picture of Bombay, made weak and ugly by this clash. A hybrid or a mongrel influence is certainly upon us.

But Bombay is not India. Numerous though the signs are in this city, and I dare say in other cities, caused by the clash of cultures this vast peninsula of hundreds and thousands of villages has not yet begun to suffer from hybridization. And our problem arises—need India as a whole experience the effects of the clash, especially as men and women in Indian cities are recognizing two important facts? What are they? First, all intelligent, discerning and thoughtful men and women, in East and West alike, recognize and acknowledge that that particular mode of progress which made the Western civilization has proved a failure. The West to-day is looking out, in a hundred different directions, for a new and different mode of life and progress, and some of the Western thinkers even look to the East and to India. And so rightly many Indians who are *au courant* with the latest developments in the West become firm in their conviction that it will not do for them to build their New India after the Western pattern. That is the first fact—the failure of the Western civilization.

Secondly, what is called Western civilization is mainly the social structure built by politicians, economists and financiers, to whom scientific discoverers and inventors have sold their services and in some measure by theologians who have erected churches. That civilization—structure is not created by poets and philosophers, though indirectly they have influenced the building. The Englishman of the street, and even of the club, does not "speak the tounge that Shakespeare spake;" he speaks the King's English, *i.e.*, business English, commercial and political language and the vocabulary of sports. My own beloved France is not the France of her poets and idealists, of a Lamartine or a Romain Rolland. Do you recall those striking lines of Lamartine? Let me quote them to you:

> Et pourquoi nous haïr et mettre entre les races
> Ces bornes ou ces eaux qu'abhorre l'oeil de Dieu !
> De frontières au ciel voyes-vous quelques traces ?
> Sa voûte a-t-elle un mur, une borne, un milieu ?
> Nations, mot pompeux pour dire barbarie
> L'amour s'arrête-t-il oû a'arrêtent vos pas ?
> Déchirez ces drapeaux, une autre voix vous crie,
> L'égoisme et la haine ont seuls une patrie,
> La Fraternité n'en a pas !

Is that the France of to-day? No, alas not; turn to Germany. Who built Germany—Goethe or Bismarck? Who prevails in Germany—Einstein, Hauptmann? No. The politician, the financier. Thus, what is called Western civilization is mainly economic and political. It must not be called Christian; for, in recent times the only Christian known to fame was Tolstoy. Was it not Bernard Shaw who said the Christian religion has as yet never been tried as a civilizing force? So we must distinguish; draw a line of demarcation between Western idealism and Western civilization. The culture of the Western masses is *not* idealistic—not yet. And so the thoughtful Indian of to-day is face to face with the question—I submit that it is our chief problem here in India—whether the India of to-morrow should be the child of financier, industrialist, economist and politician? Shall we embrace that which the West is fast abandoning?

To restate the two points: One, the failure of Western civilization. Two, Western civilization represents the culture of commerce and applied science, and that civilization is face to face with a death-crisis.

And so India's problem may be formulated as a question, and we, who are India's sons and daughters, must seek for an answer: what is that question? What steps shall India take, not to be caught up in the death-dealing storm which has already overtaken the West?

Here, most naturally, we must consider an important point of view. As you must know, there is a school of thinkers which is convinced that for India there is nothing else to do but go through the gamut of Western industrialism and vicissitudes. You will remember that G. Lowes Dickinson, whose recent death all men of culture must mourn, submitted in his report to the Albert Kahn Travelling Fellowships as far back as 1913 this particular view. He expected India to follow the West whether it liked it or not; follow the West into all the excesses, and go right through on its way to, what he termed, a higher phase of civilization. We must however remember that this was before the War, and the War has changed many things, but it still is a fact that many hold to the view that India will have to go through industrialization, must experience the terror of the machine age, must pass through the crisis of blank and bleak materialism.

This view, in my estimation, though held by such thinkers as Dickinson, is *not* right. Human individuals can and do learn from other peoples' experiences and examples. And nations are but a collectivity of individuals. It seems very necessary that the builders of future India answer this conundrum. It is one of the problems your Fellowship should discuss and help us all to solve. I will leave it at that, only stating that I am one of those who firmly believe that it is *not* essential for India to live through the horrors which the West has been and is now going through.

That brings us to the consideration of another vital problem; if we need *not* go through the industrialism and materialism of the West, what about accepting and incorporating the good that is in the West—and all must admit that there *is* good. In trying not to inflict ourselves with the barbarism of the age of machine and of plenty shall we also abandon the tongue of Shakespeare, the philosophy of Goethe, the idealism of the galaxy of the Celtic moralists and poets?

Let me read to you a pronouncement on the subject by the Poet Tagore, with which I find myself in hearty agreement:

> "Let me state clearly that I have no distrust of any culture because of its foreign character. On the contrary, I believe that the shock of such forces is necessary for the vitality of our intellectual nature. Though our assimilation of the European culture is imperfect and the consequent aberrations numerous, still it is rousing our intellectual life from its inertia of formal habits into glowing consciousness by the very contradiction it offers to our own mental traditions.
>
> "What I object to is the artificial arrangement by which this foreign education tends to occupy all the space of our national mind and thus kills or hampers the great opportunity for the creation of a new thought power by a new combination of truths. It is this which makes me urge that all the elements in our own culture have to be strengthened, not to resist the Western culture, but truly to accept and assimilate it, and use it for our food and not as our burden; to get mastery over this culture, and not to live at the outskirts as the hewers of texts and drawers of book learning."

In this we not only get a refutation of the deterministic view of the Dickinson school of thought, we also find that it answers that other school of ultra-orthodox Indians whose motto may be said to be "Back to the Vedas." A dead past, because it is distant, lends enchantment, and however glorious that past, we must not forget that it is the past. Equally the words of the Poet may be made applicable: we have to accept and assimilate from every era—that of the Moghuls and the Mahrattas, that of the Buddhists and the Aryans, that of the Dravidians and their unknown and unrecognized forbears. A living and vital civilization naturally grows on the soil of the past, and as clever gardeners, our task is to stir intensively the soil, to manure it with suitable fertilizers—please note—suitable to the soil itself from Greek, European and American cultures and water it equally suitably with diligence and punctuality. Our Indian Tree of Life grows on a venerable and ancient soil, and verily like Mother Earth herself, layer after layer of our native culture and native civilization is touched as our intelligent labour digs into that soil. The Tree must naturally show forth the influence of every layer of the soil of civilization, and if the Hindus try to trim the Tree so that Muslim influence will not show itself, or *vice versa*, then they will kill the Tree. *En passant*, let me point out that here is another important and very fascinating subject of study for your Fellowship. So we must let every layer of the soil of civilization yield its very best for the growth of the Tree of India. And we must seek, intelligently and with discernment, such fertilizers as Europe and America have to offer. Let us not make the soil so replete with foreign fertilizers that it loses its natural native hue and properties ; that is what is happening to a great extent in Turkey and to a limited degree in Persia. Besides the soil and the fertilizers, there is the question of the gardeners and the labourers—the leaders and guides, and the masses they lead and guide.

Your Fellowship can and should help to produce gardeners, *i.e.*, leaders, who will wisely note the nature and character of our native civilization and equally wisely select the type of aid India really needs from the Western hemisphere.

And that naturally brings me to the practical problems which are but aspects of the main problem.

First, India has already been grafting on its own life, things from the West. We ourselves have allowed ourselves to be hypnotized by the phrase "backward country." The country is not backward—fundamentally it is ancient. Understand and interpret its so-called backwardness in terms of its ancient lineage as well as its ancient heritage. It is backward—in what ? In industrialization—yes ; in materialising disbelief—yes ; in the power to read and write—yes ; but the effects, please note, of industrialization, materialization, even of universal education in Western countries are being deplored by the most advanced thinkers of these countries. As a "backward country," under that hypnotic influence we have borrowed things from the West which have greatly corrupted us. For example, men have taken to using Western costumes. This is unsuitable, unhygienic, and ugly, compared to their own native fabrics and patterns. Smoking as a habit and cigarette-making as an industry, have grown out of the desire to adopt Western modes of life. There are a hundred undesirable things Indians have taken to from the West, which in the West itself are going out of fashion. Here I see advertisements of cinema films which were shown seasons ago in the West. This is but symptomatic. Indians have allowed themselves to be exploited not only commercially and politically, but, chiefly and fundamentally, morally and spiritually. Hear the gramophone records used in many homes —records of Western music and song ; they are not only poorly made for cheap selling in Indian markets, they also show poor taste, and once again are unsuited to our life. In ancient India, people got up early to welcome Ushas, the beautiful dawn maiden ; to-day Indians go to bed late, having wasted their evening listening to second-rate songs and sounds of Western damsels. Then they get up late and copying the Westerners, begin with tea and their newspaper reading. I could multiply examples, and I am not forgetting that there are exceptions, but it is in the small things of daily life where the clash of cultures becomes most apparent. Our gardeners, *i.e.*, our leaders, many of them, are themselves suffering from this malady, and your Fellowship should endeavour to cure this particular ailment. Cheap and ugly things of the West, and things which are being discarded by the more intelligent and refined in the West, are bought and adopted by Indian cities, and if we don't watch, the ever active 'bus will take them to our poor, yet still beautiful, Indian villages.

I stressed the fact that Western civilization, which is looked upon as a failure, is founded upon political and economic culture, to which applied science and theology have lent their services. Nowadays there is a clamour for an idealistic programme. "Man is not made for the machine, but the machine for the man;" "a great leisure is coming upon us, what shall our masses do with it;"—these and such other themes are subjects of constant discussion. "We must have an idealistic civilization, our poets and philosophers must guide the destiny of the nation, they will disarm humanity where economists and politicians have failed," so say a large body of thinkers and writers in the West.

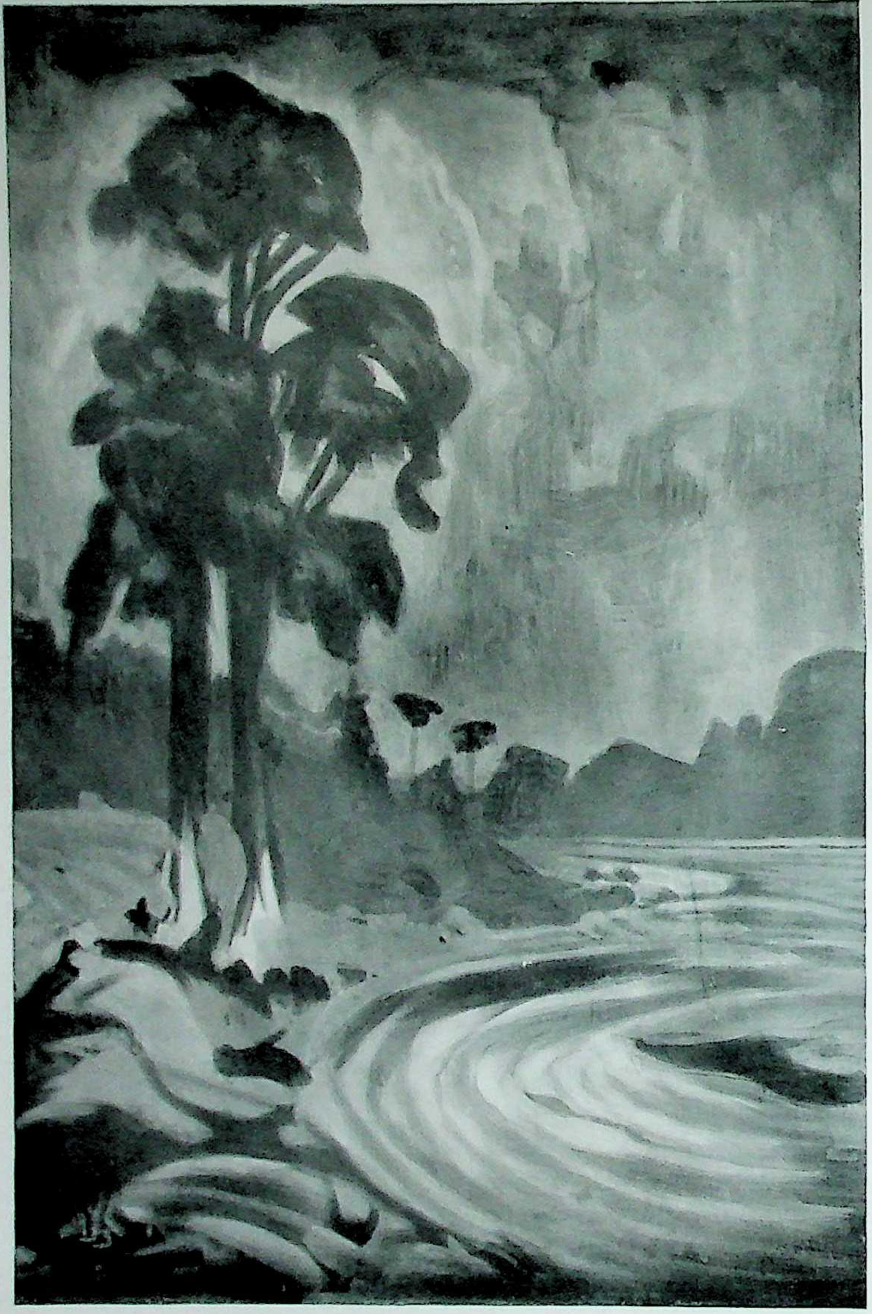
Now, it seems to me, that in India we have ready at hand, as very basis, that Idealism; Idealism, rooted in the religious sense, is more natural to our masses than to those of the West. Educating our masses in idealism is going to be a less difficult task, even may be named an easy task, compared to the efforts our Western friends and colleagues will have to put forth. But in devising our programme of mass education we once again face the grim facts of economics. It is no use denying the importance of bread—it *is* true that man does not live by bread alone, but it is equally true that without bread he cannot live at all. The philosophy which doctors the body alone is wrong; that which looks after the soul alone is equally wrong; so that in the idealism on which we desire to rear our civilization we must take account of both body and soul. And the starting point must be the soul. If we begin with the body, we will have the species of plenty of food and of goods with men and women starving—the problem of over-production and of glut. No, we must begin with the soul, and give the body, that is politics and economics, a subordinate place.

A very admirable and well-thought out scheme for redressing unemployment and poverty was put forward a couple of months ago by so able a creator and so balanced a patriot as Sir M. Visweswarayya. While there are numerous admirable items to which none can object, the whole scheme seemed to me to take hardly any account of the soul, and if one tries to visualize the outcome of the actual working of that scheme, one sees increase of production begetting the very problems which Europe and America are burdened with. But I am no economist nor politician, and that scheme ought to be studied and discussed once again by the future statesmen of India. Then there are more than one scheme for the development of what are called cottage industries, and there is the great idea of electrifying the Indian village. But I will never tire of repeating, let the light for the body follow the kindling of the light of the soul.

And with a word about that I must close.

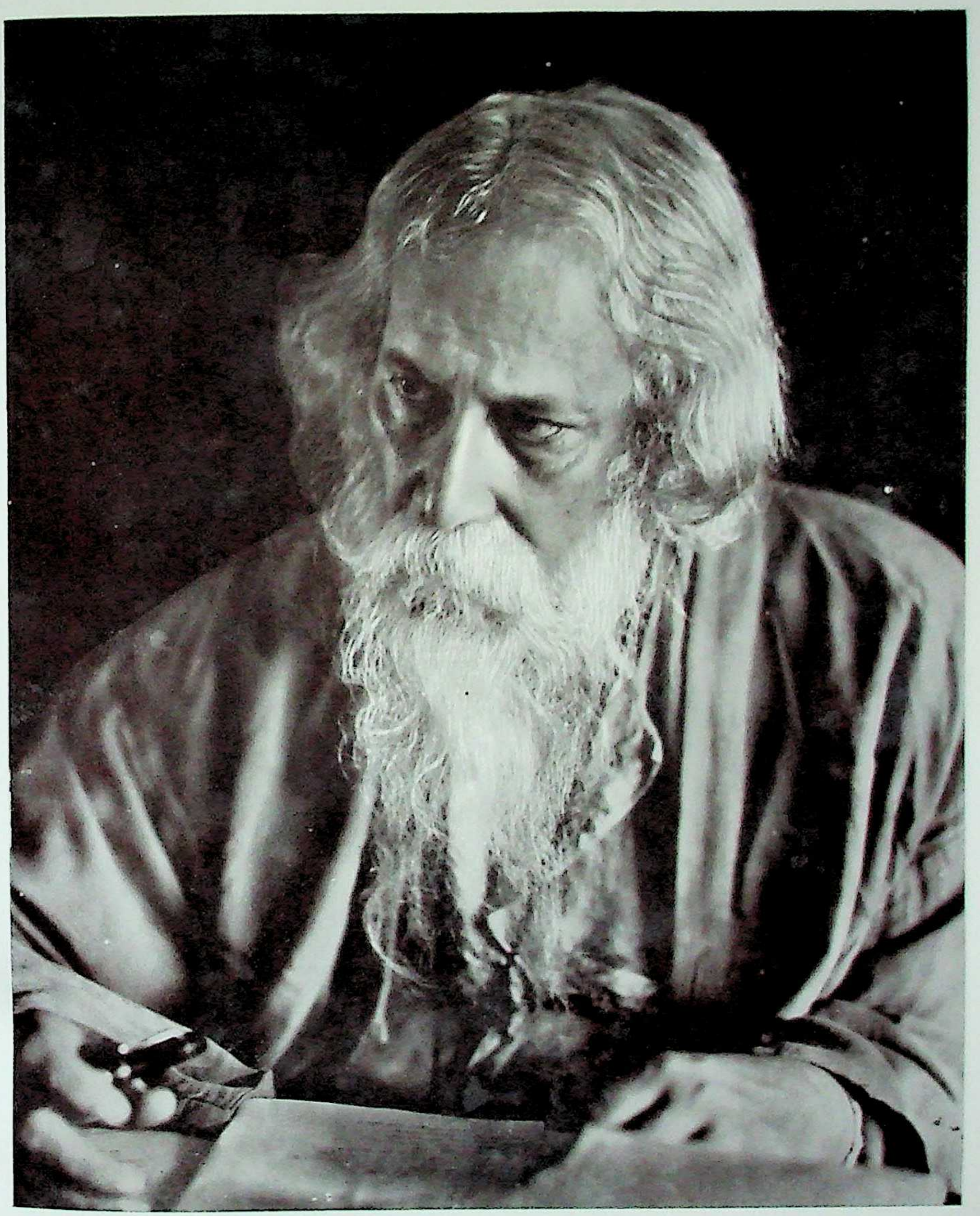
More than once I have pictured our city of Bombay and compared it with Alexandria of the second century of the Christian era. The *Pax Romana* brought into contact men of diverse races and faiths, and religious doubt as well as religious dogmatism prevailed. There was a great clash of beliefs. And arose in Alexandria, Ammonius Saccas—the teacher of Plotinus and the founder of the Neo-Platonic school. The school of Ammonius, who was called God-taught, Theo-didaktos, promulgated a particular scheme of human betterment. First and foremost, to inculcate certain great moral truths; and secondly, to reconcile all sects, religions and communities under a common system of ethics, based on eternal verities. Ammonius reconciled every system of religion by demonstrating their identical origin and then tried to establish one universal creed based on ethics. Thanks to the comparative study of religions, the religious arrogance of every creed has received a death-blow. To-day only an ignorant person talks of his own religion as best

Continued on page 110



AFTER RAIN AND STORM

By permission of "Art Rebel Centre," Calcutta *By Vola Chatterjee*



RABINDRANATH TAGORE

By Kind Permission of Messrs. Bourne and Shepherd *A. Musselwhite*

THE REVIVAL
OF
INDIAN ARTS AND CRAFTS

VISVA-BHARATI SCHOOL OF ARTS AND CRAFTS

SHISHIR COOMAR MITRA

IT cannot be said that the time is yet ripe for making a proper estimate of the varied contributions Rabindranath Tagore has made to the world of art and culture, not only because the poet is still as mentally active as ever before, full of enough energy for sustained intellectual work, but also because his world-famous institution, Visva-Bharati, through which he works out his unique ideas about education and art, is always growing in scope and usefulness, making gradually but steadily its way to the achievement of great and yet greater possibilities. There is therefore the difficulty of forming any definite opinion on any of the various activities of that institution. But a short description of the work so far done by it towards the revival of the arts and crafts may not be quite unjustifiable, considering that the work of such a nature can be demonstrated by the actual practical progress made in each of the various branches without any direct reference to their theoretical basis which might provide the common factor in the general scheme of things.

In the present economic condition of India, the need is being increasingly felt by all those who have the country's welfare at heart that village life must immediately be restored to its proper function in the life of the nation ; and one of the most effective ways of achieving that end is to revive the arts and crafts, for which the Poet founded over a decade ago his Institute of Rural Reconstruction—a department of Visva-Bharati—with the express object of bringing life in its completeness into the villages. He also did perfectly realise that the essential condition of such a consummation must be, as it has always been in the past when the villages were the vital centre of our national greatness, that the simple industries which reflected the refined artistic powers of rural artisans should be brought into a state of livingness, and their social and economic values re-established in all the spheres of village life.

It was a significant coincidence that the year in which the Poet founded Sriniketan—for that is the name of the Institute of Rural Reconstruction—should also find the group of artists who were then working at Santiniketan with Dr. Abanindranath Tagore as their leader, seriously contemplating to resort to the practice of crafts by which they thought they would be able to give a new expression to their artistic talents as well as to get some pecuniary relief which they badly needed, as their art was not always rewarded by patronage in the form of substantial commissions. They also were not blind to the economic possibilities of a step like that : but it was mainly lack of active public interest in their art which compelled them to think of such a move. They had long been waiting in vain for response from interested lovers of art ; but whatever of it they received was too meagre to be counted upon. And it was their unfortunate experience that good taste for art, real sympathy for the artists and sound financial condition did not go together. The other reason of public apathy towards their art might be traced to the degeneration of the outlook of their countrymen caused by various exotic influences. There was therefore no other alternative for them than to be serious about the problem, with the result that they had at last to decide to take up the study and practice of the crafts. They drew up a plan of work, submitted it for the consideration of the Poet, who was highly delighted and accorded his hearty support to it, providing all possible facilities for their work in that direction.

Out of such humble beginnings grew definite and systematic attempts at resuscitating the arts and crafts of India, until to-day Visva-Bharati is in a position to deserve the credit of being a great centre, where not only systematic training is available in the crafts, but also articles are being produced on a commercial basis with the help of the artisans of the surrounding villages.

Before we start to give a short account of the crafts as evolved in Visva-Bharati, it will, we think, be necessary to take a brief notice of the present stage of the school of painting that has been evolved there with its aims and characteristics clearly defined in the works of its sponsors. Dr. Abanindranath Tagore founded the new Indian School of Painting. He gathered round him a group of gifted artists, one of whom was Shilpacharyya Nandalal Basu, who is now the master and soul of the Visva-Bharati School of Painting which owed its descent to Dr. Tagore, but has continued for a long time to its present stage in which signs are unmistakable of distinctive achievements that are wholly its own. The obsession of antiquated standards and conventions is gone, giving place to a bold and courageous attitude on the part of the artist, who draws his inspiration mainly through his contact with the events of daily life, and through his commonplace experiences. He begins therefore to discover the hidden meaning in the life, character and nature of everything in the midst of which he may happen to live and move, keeping the doors of his mind open for new ideas from outside to come in, the ideas that he assimilates and makes part of his own being. This transformation of the mental make-up of the artist from its regional to human and therefore, universal character is slowly effected mainly by the Poet's personal and artistic influence, and by the dynamic quality of the creative ideal of Visva-Bharati, which is the living embodiment of his earnest endeavours towards the cause of international fellowship, broad-based on the inner cultural oneness of the human race ; as well as by intimate appreciation of the mind and ideas, which the artists here are privileged to have, of renowned savants and artists and kindred persons from distant countries who come and stay here for study and similar pursuits. Technique in art is important in that it helps the art-form to produce its desired effect ; and without the proper exercise of the power of observation a true technique cannot be mastered. The artist of Santiniketan realised this and started doing his work on that line. He also believes that the true artist has also to make a disciplined use of his imaginative and intuitive faculties, so that he may penetrate beyond the outer vesture and get deeper into the very spirit of the object or idea he wants to reproduce in terms of his art. The 'phenomenon' has meaning for him so long as he observes it to understand its extrinsic implications, but the 'noumenon' must be revealed to him, so that he might vivify the form of his art with the necessary suffusion of æsthetic idealism. The Visva-Bharati School has been evolved under these principles, adhering to no established technique, but to the deeper spirit of the efforts for artistic creation of the devoted band of artists, whose contributions to the world of art are invaluable.

With this school of painting as nucleus began to develop the arts and crafts which have invariably received their glow and character from the masters whose paintings have won them the best of praise from eminent art-critics all over the world. The association of these artists with crafts helped to remove the wrong notion entertained by many that crafts could possibly have no value other than the utilitarian. Any good work of art, never mind what purpose it serves, must be admired. As Dr. Abanindranath Tagore once said, "a fine Damascus blade may be as beautiful as a statue of Venus." The forms of crafts which they first tried at Santiniketan were litho-printing, wood-cut, decorating of earthen pots, embroidery, lacquer work and jewellery. These crafts have since been developed in lines of their high possibilities, and now attract artists of different temperaments who devote exclusive attention to their respective subject, each making it his only aim to work for its improvement both in its artistic and economic values. In course of time new ideas came to the artists and also new suggestions, of which they readily availed themselves much to the success of their new venture.

In a seat of culture, which Visva-Bharati undoubtedly is, it is only in the fitness of things that the good effect of fine paintings should be made available to a wider circle of spectators, by decorating the walls with suitable pictorial representations, whose educative value cannot be over-estimated. So the artists started drawing pictures on the walls of the various buildings of the institution, first with gum and starch as the medium, then eggs, but none of these ensured the desired permanency for the pictures, though the egg tempera was more successful than the gum and starch and the rice-water medium, the latter also being tried in certain cases.

Mrs. Pratima Tagore in the course of her travels in Europe was impressed by the *fresco buno* method of painting then practised in France, and acquired a thorough knowledge of it. She introduced this technique at Santiniketan, which was adopted by the artists there, who worked at a group of paintings quite successfully by that process, which is very simple. The pictures are to be drawn on the wall, which is to be plastered with sand, marble dust and lime, using as little quantity of water as possible. The artist must be careful to finish the work before the plaster begins to dry. But the most difficult of fresco works that have been tried with success at Santiniketan has been by the adoption of Indian technique with the help of some artists of Jaipur, in which the essential factor is the polishing of the wall after the colour-plastering is made, to ensure a shining surface. Many hundreds of square feet of wall area of the different buildings of the Ashrama have been decorated by these different varieties of mural paintings at very moderate cost. These decorations are, most of them, designed by Shilpacharyya Nandalal Basu ; hence their excellence need not be emphasised.

Clay-modelling, which began to be practised almost with the art of painting, did not attract serious students until its sculptural value was realised. Interest in it is however growing now and its possibilities are being gradually recognised by the students of art as well as by the public. *Terra-cotta* was once a flourishing art of the district of Birbhum. Abundant relics are available there of this popular form of architectural decoration. Systematic courses of training in it have been arranged here ; and of the expert students of this craft, some are working here, and some have moved out to different places where they have opened studios for continuing work on this craft. Wood-carving, to some extent allied to clay-modelling, is also practised here, though not so widely. Wood-cut and lino-cuts appeal to the students very much. The artists find in them enough freedom to represent plain facts of life and nature unencumbered by the gaudy and somewhat excessive ornamentations in which mythological events require to be expressed. The Visva-Bharati School of Painting, as we have said before, shows its marked difference from its contemporary schools through its freedom and boldness of style. Wood-cut appealed to the artists here, as it offers enough scope for true and vigorous expression. A very sharp and clear effect is secured by the display in black and white of common scenes and events in a very simple decorative scheme. A significant and remarkable improvement has recently been made on this craft by Mr. Visvarup Basu, son of Shilpacharyya Nandalal Basu, who had his full course of training in Japan in the Japanese process of wood-cut block making and colour printing in which the most striking feature is that pictures when printed in that process will lose very little of their original beauty; and even the glossy tone of half-tone pictures is not visible in them. A gifted artist, Mr. Basu has mastered this art thoroughly, and his work in Japan was highly appreciated by distinguished art-connoisseurs. His work at Santiniketan on this craft is full of promise. Mr. Basu has also devised a very cheap and easy method of preparing paint-brushes in India. Etching is an interesting art in which Mr. Mukul Dey received training in England. He helped to develop this at Santiniketan where the studio is now equipped with an Etching Press. But interest in it does not seem to be so keen owing, perhaps, to want of patronage to its products. A reference may be made to the work so far done here with regard to the revival of Indian Architecture. Crafts cannot thrive if architecture, which is the synthesis of arts and crafts, is neglected. The Poet was fully conscious of it, and used often to discuss with the artists the need and possibilities of reviving the Indian constructional science, making it suitable to modern conditions. Encouraged by his illuminating suggestions, Mr. Surendranath Kar, the Assistant Director of the Kala-Bhavana of Visva-Bharati, took intensively to this art, with the result that he is to-day an expert in that line, honoured with huge commissions from many well-known wealthy persons and public institutions of India. His designs have won him praise from eminent art-critics. The Poet's house at Santiniketan is an exquisite work of architecture—a creation of his.

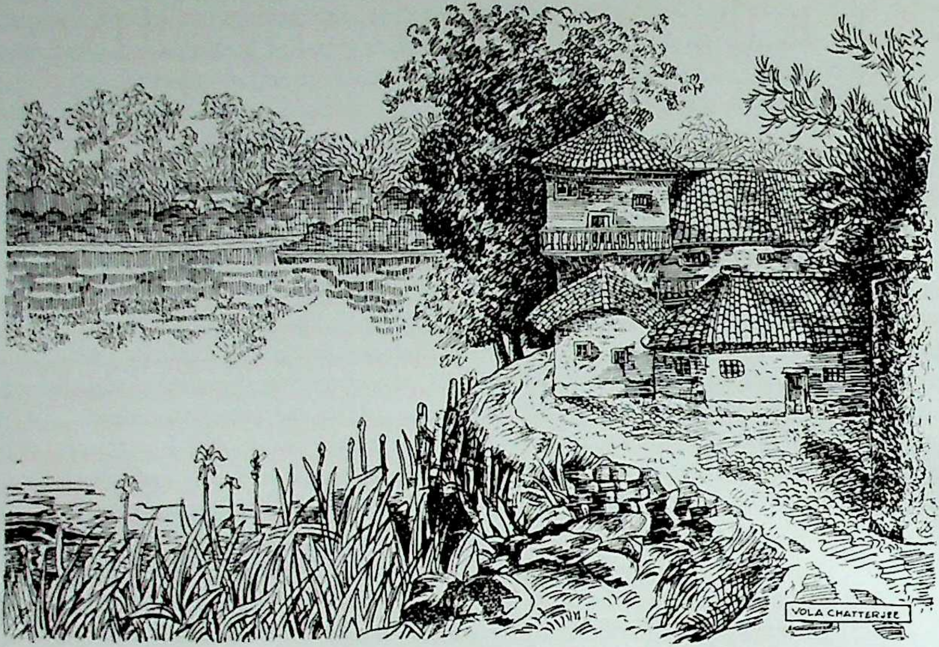
The forms of crafts such as Leather work, Batik, Lacquer work, Spray work, etc., were originally started at Santiniketan, but were subsquently transferred to Sriniketan where extensive work on these crafts is being done in industrial scale with the help of rural artisans. Leather craft is an important and useful branch of applied arts which has been practised with great success at Santiniketan for the last six years, and its possibilities have been widely recognised. While in England in 1928 recouping his health, Mr. Rathindranath Tagore chanced to get to this craft as a pastime, and soon mastered it with great enthusiasm. Returning home the same year, he introduced it at Santiniketan, and himself gave instructions to a number of students from different parts of India. It is interesting that leather craft, as developed at Santiniketan, has acquired a distinct character mainly through its decorative aspect. Students of Santiniketan are at present doing splendid work as teachers of this craft in Art Schools of Calcutta, Madras, Bomaby and Lucknow, etc. Varieties of useful articles are being manufactured on commercial basis. It may be mentioned that country-tanned leather is used for this work, and that the simple tools are also manufactured here according to requirements. Book-binding in leather is also tried in improving style with the help of this craft.

Batik is a craft which impressed the Poet very much when he was in Java. Mr. Surendranath Kar who was with the Poet there learnt its technique, and on his return, introduced it at Santiniketan. Beautiful designs are done on the cotton or silk texture with the help of liquefied gas; and for each colour, the cloth is to be dipped into the dye-vat after waxing. Fine crackling gives the whole thing a soft effect which no mechanical process can secure. Indigenous colours, which are fairly fast, are used; and the appliances are very simple. Embroidery is a rural handicraft which has been widely revived. Village women show much interest in it. Attractive designs have invested it with a new value. Birbhum was famous for her silk industry, which is yet alive, though much deteriorated. It has been reclaimed and the village weavers are active once again. *Durry*, a very useful form of weaving industry, is also practised. Here also the design and the strong texture make the products very attractive.

Lacquer work is a local industry which originated in Birbhum, and was about to die when a new life was given to it. The services of the old village craftsmen were requisitioned, and it is now restored to its commercial possibilities. Jewellery work in filigree, enamelling and all varieties of goldsmithy craft are done with gold and silver as the base metals. Carpentry and metal work are there doing their share, the former towards the construction of furniture, and the latter, of simple articles of household use.

Thus, a new life has been installed into the old industries of the village: and fresh energy does again pulsate in the life of the artisans who feel encouraged at being employed after many years to serve for the revival of their caste crafts. The weaver is again seen cheerfully at his loom; the cobbler turns a new leaf in the leather craft; the goldsmith is amazed by the designs that are brought to him; the lacquer worker finds delightful job in the new venture; the carpenter most gladly adopts the truly Indian style in his work; and the village women are busy again with their needle. But providing of employment is not the aim of the organisation at Sriniketan. Attempts are regularly made to help these village artisans to improve and develop their crafts, and many of them are working independently.

It will be evident from the foregoing résumé of the activities of Visva-Bharati towards the recovery of the glorious traditions of India's arts and crafts that the Poet was fully alive to the real need in the rural life of India, and did the right thing in the right direction, to the abiding enrichment of the myriad of his contributions to the uplift of his motherland, though in his own way, a poet that he is.


VOLA CHATTERJEE

OUTSKIRTS OF CALCUTTA

By Vola Chatterjee

MOTION PICTURE ACADEMY

BINOY DUTTA AND ROBY GHOSE

THE film has become for good or for evil a powerful force in the national life which should be used constructively in the interests of education in its widest sense. The constructive use of the cinema is a form of national planning from which the finest intelligences in the country should no longer hold aloof."

We, in India, have but dimly realised films as a force. That it fetches money is well known. But as yet nothing has been done to make this nascent power yield its quota to national welfare. No up-to-date data are available for judging the position of motion picture industry in India. We learn from the Indian Cinematograph Committee's (1928) Report that in 1928 there were about 300 permanent cinema houses, one to about a million of the population. They catered chiefly to the European and Westernised Indians. The vast rural population of India was left practically untouched by the influence of this new industry. But now, so far as the rural areas are concerned, the position is changing. We have now 1,236 travelling cinemas, as against 100 in 1928. This confronts us with a new vital problem. Up till now we were mainly concerned with urban people, who had taste of this industrial civilization with its attendant evils. Foreign films were our only problem then. These are generally technically fine films, morally and culturally never falling below a standard set up by the producing country. We had only to see whether we wanted a more rigid set of moral code for our cinema-going public and whether the effect of this culture-contact was in any way harmful. But now films, defective in every respect, are being produced and exhibited to the semi-educated and uneducated, most of whom hail from the villages. These are really more dangerous than the so-called vulgar films, for these saturate an uncritical audience with a false conception of the standards and values of ordinary life. To men, who have not emotionally come of age, they may act like poison. As to what the actual harm comes to we cannot tell. We have no figures on movie attendance, nor have we any analysis of the contents of Indian films recently released. Dr. Dale has shown that 37% of America's weekly audience of 47 millions are children and adolescents. And 82% of 1,500 movies analysed deal with crime, sex and love. What would be our figures ?

Again, researches by Dr. Ruckmiek have demonstrated that the children are not capable of 'adult discount' in watching the more highly coloured episodes and that they are frequently the victims of *emotional possession*. Will it be far from truth, if we assert that the Indian rural populations are similarly placed ?

It is high time that we wake up and take in hand this most efficient method of propaganda in some form, appealing, as it does, both to eyes and ears and use it in nation-building. This would be a wonderful apparatus for the liquidation of adult illiteracy. To do this we must establish forthwith a Motion Picture Academy. We give here some of its important functions.

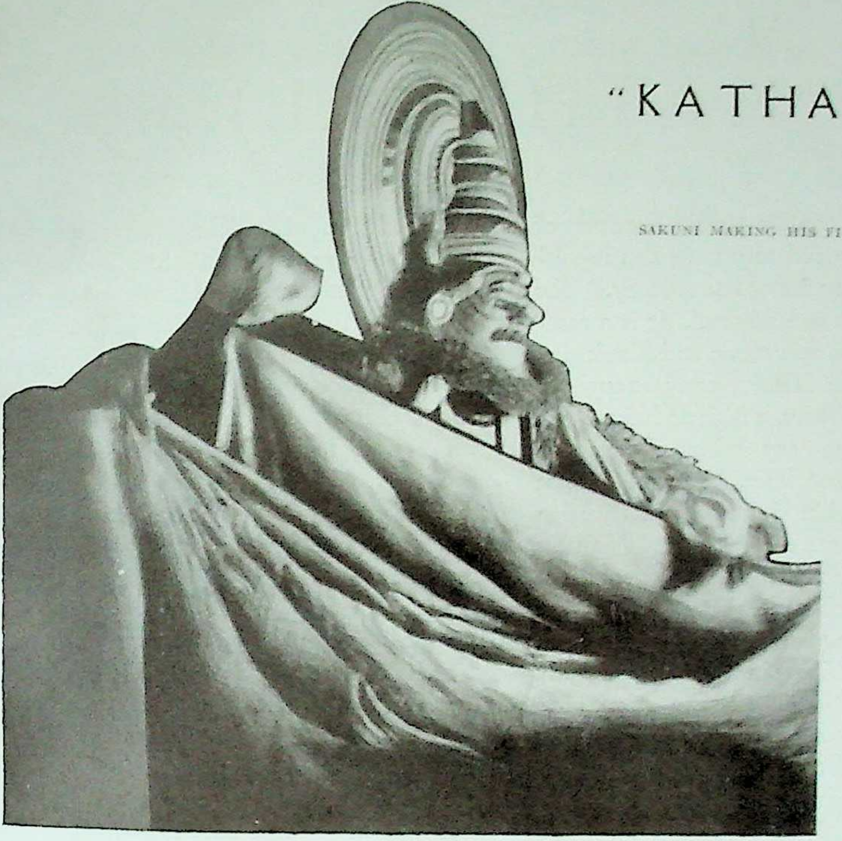
The Academy will act as a Clearing House for information on all matters affecting the production and distribution of films. To insure the high level of films, technically, morally, and culturally, it is absolutely necessary that the Academy should guide the distributors in their choice of films and advise the producers on all matters regarding production. In time, it should establish an Arbitration Board to reduce the causes of friction between the employer and the employed in order to increase the efficiency of the industry; a Casting Corporation to regulate the employment of film actors and extras should follow in due course.

Another important matter to which they must give all their attention is the creation of public demand for films, which, as entertainment, are really good of their kind and have more than entertainment value. Effective propaganda has to be made among the cinema-going public. It is advisable that the Academy should issue its own bulletins, hold periodical lectures, etc.

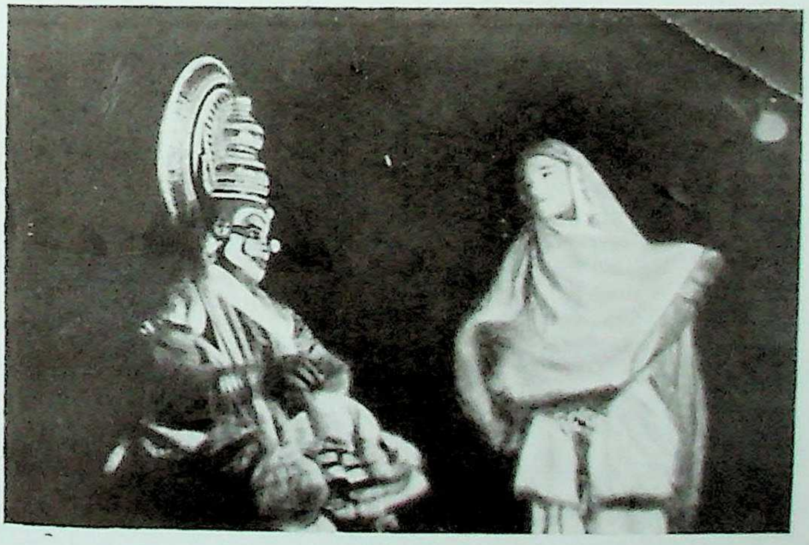
We must again refer to the lack of systematic research work in this line. Of course, like technical researches it may not bring its own fruits, but then researches on the lines followed by Dr. Dale and others would make easier the application of this new force. This may not bring monetary reward, but it would enable us to face the problems arising out of this industry with more confidence and give us the data required for the constructive use of cinema for national welfare. Co-operation from University men would be vital. It would not be possible to produce proper educational films, unless the school teachers and the producers work hand in hand. The work of the Academy would be to bring them together.

There are lots of work which the Academy must do to begin with, and there are also lots it can take up in the near future. But before it can begin its existence, it must have a well-equipped cinema library. The need of such a library is obvious. There is at present no library in Calcutta where one can consult a representative collection of the film literature which is increasing every day. Public libraries are hopelessly back-date in this matter. Other big institutions are not in any way better-placed. Before any propaganda can be carried out, before any substantial work can be done, we must have some access to books dealing with such problems in other lands. With the library as the nucleus, the Motion Picture Academy can be easily started and its work successfully carried on. The immediate aim of the Academy would be, as we have suggested, to give facilities for the constructive use of cinema. And when it has established itself, it can demand of Government the establishment of a National Film Institute with plenary powers over the control of cinema industry. Not until the people have taken the initial step, not until there is an effective public opinion to appreciate and demand films that have more than entertainment value, not till the data are shifted and reshuffled by another commission, is it advisable to ask for the establishment of a National Film Institute. Indian public must be made conscious of what they actually want, and only when they can articulate their demand for better things, should the Government come forward and give them what they want. Otherwise, there would be always a suggestion of imposition, which is not desirable. The spade-work for the present can be done by the Academy functioning through the Cinema Library.

"KATHAKALI"



SAKUNI MAKING HIS FIRST APPEARANCE



RAVANA
AND
RAMBHA

KATHAKALI

VALLATHOL NARAYANA MENON

SEVEN years ago the Kerala Academy of Arts was founded to restore and rejuvenate the dying art of our country. The chief of these arts is Kathakali. It is a composite art of dance and music and histrionics. Very early in our history, early enough to mean a great antiquity, a high technique was developed in the expression of æsthetic emotion along these lines. I consider these last years of my life well spent in devotion to this, to me, a sacred cause. It is difficult to say when exactly the technique of the Kathakali was perfected. I can only say that at least for 1,000 years there is testimony to the existence of this art in more or less highly developed form. Students of Eastern art have expressed a definite opinion that some kinds of dramatic arts now in existence in the far-off islands of Java and Bali are derived wholly from the Kathakali.

It will be inadequate to attempt a description in words of a Kathakali presentation and get-up and costume of the Kathakali actors, before an audience who have not seen the play. However, I shall mention one or two points.

The Kathakali troupe ordinarily consists of about 30 persons—actors, get-up men, musicians, drummers and others. The actors' faces are painted with minerals and their contours outlined with relief lines made out of a composition of rice powdered and chunamb. There are several other details which I pass over. Every troupe contains experts who prepare the actor for the stage. On a ground of delicate green there are patches of white and red. There is an elaborate code of rules which governs this get-up. These experts that I mention have to undergo years of training before they can acquire the requisite skill and lightness of fingers. The actor himself is clothed down to the waist in a tight-fitting jacket. Below the waist he wears a costume made up of a large number of broad ribbons. This costume bulges out into spheres and fans when he wheels round in his dance. The actors do not speak. The story of the play is sung by the attending musician to the accompaniment of hand-played drum and cymbals in a succession of songs. As each song is sung, the actor expresses the ideas in a triple harmony of facial and eye expression and Mudras, which are movements of the hand and dance. These three are co-ordinated in such a fashion that perfect continuity is secured. I should mention in passing that the great actor has to have a knowledge of five to eight hundred combinations of Mudras of "Hands." He has to have a knowledge of Sanskrit and Malayalam poetry and the best of them supplement the literary text with improvised poetry of his own which he interprets in Mudras and Abhinayam. The appreciative audience will rate him by his skill at this harmony and at this improvisation. We have authentic testimony to the supreme skill of our great actors of Kathakali. Years ago one of them was acting a number of verses in a Ramayana play. He was doing the part of the ten-headed and twenty-eyed Ravana wooing Sita. The verse begins with words meaning that he was drinking her beauty with his eyes. In the audience were a number of unlettered men who could not follow the details of the exhibition, for the text was in Sanskrit. After the play one of them remarked to his companion, "What a great actor, he was drinking water with his eyes."

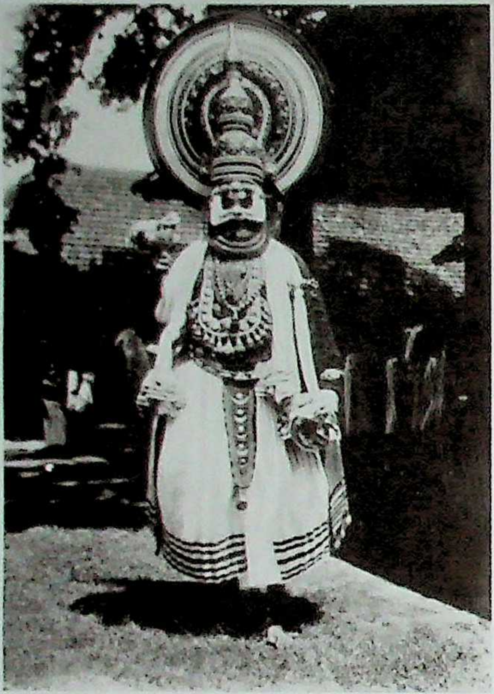
Before proceeding to illustrate to you the technical Mudras I should like to deal with a certain doctrine of naturalness in dramatic representations. It used to be the fashion until a few years ago for people who had received modern education to shake their head and sneer at the highly improbable mode of get-up and costume in the Kathakali. My answer to these criticisms is that wherever an art has been developed to a high degree of perfection, it cannot be said to be natural in the sense in which these critics use the word. Music, as we have it from the great musicians, music as an art, is not copied from nature. It has been evolved by man from out of his own mind. So is poetry. In the course of centuries of culture an art develops conventions which in some cases are highly symbolical and for that reason suited to the expression of æsthetic emotion. Coming to details I may point out that it has been admitted by Western critics of our art that the green ground of the facial get-up is calculated in an extraordinary degree to bring about and throw into emphatic relief, the slightest movements of the facial muscles. The costume, again, which to the unappreciative may look unnatural, I must say, is very like the dance costumes seen on many modern stages. The tight-fitting jacket and the ribbon costume, gracefully bulging out, reduce to a minimum, all impediments to the ease and grace of swift evolutions and mazes. In our own country I have seen modern theatrical performances in which the forest maiden, Sakuntala, watering the plants out of an earthen jar, is clothed in all the pomp of Benares silk and lace. This, I submit, is neither natural nor symbolical, in other words, inartistic. It is not known how the characters mentioned in our ancient epic stories clothed themselves. All we can do is to establish a significant convention which would serve the ends of art with adequacy.

It will be a mistake to think that the result of these conventions is to conventionalise sentiment and emotion. The glory of art is to attain the central core of a high naturalness through, it may be, a highly developed conventional code. The end of art is to please the cultured mind and, if conventions are conducive to attain this end, they need no other defence.

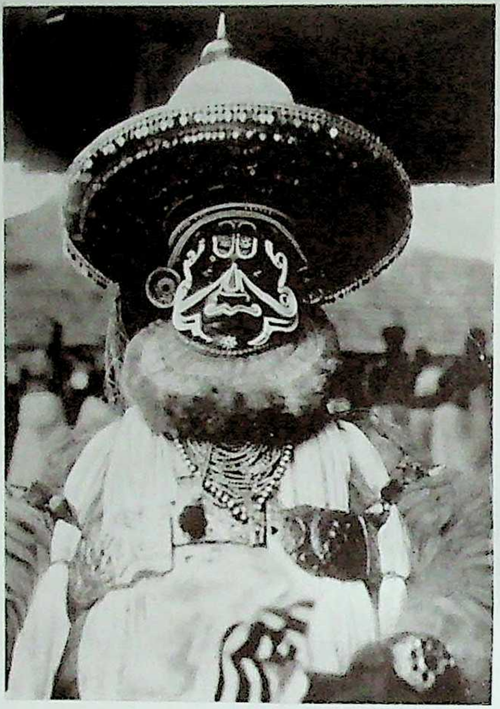
The themes of our Kathakali are mostly drawn from the Ramayana and the Mahabharata. These two epics are, as it were, the two vital nerves of India's spiritual life. There is not a language in India in which these epics have not been translated or rewritten. There is no ordinary audience in India that does not know these ancient tales, that come home to them and inspire them, shaping their ideals and conduct. To the masses in Kerala, the Kathakali serves the great purpose of artistic interpretation of these stories. If the day comes when these epics fail in their appeal to the minds of the Indians, we shall perish and the ashes of our land may be strewn over the waters of our rivers.

Kathakali texts form an important section of our literature. There are at least a score of Kathakali texts which by their beauty of expression and wealth of emotion and imagery form a noble body of literature. These texts are the delight not only to connoisseurs and students of literature : they are also an endless joy to the man in our streets. I may tell you that until recently the average Malabar audience had a surprisingly extensive knowledge of the various Mudras. It used to be one of the literary pastimes of scholar and street man to spend half an hour in the Mudras. A large number among us used to be able to follow with accuracy and appreciate the Mudras of Kathakali. One of the commonest of racy idioms in our language is the word "Kathakali-madness" and this madness is still spoken of with admiration.

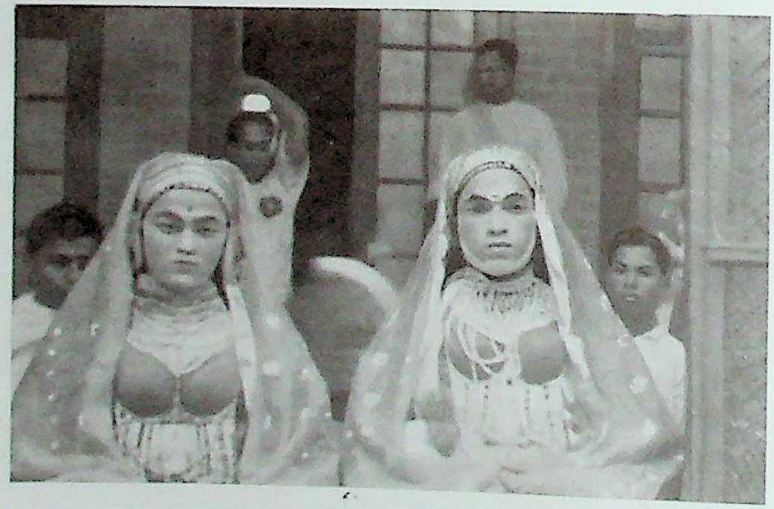
"KATHAKALI"



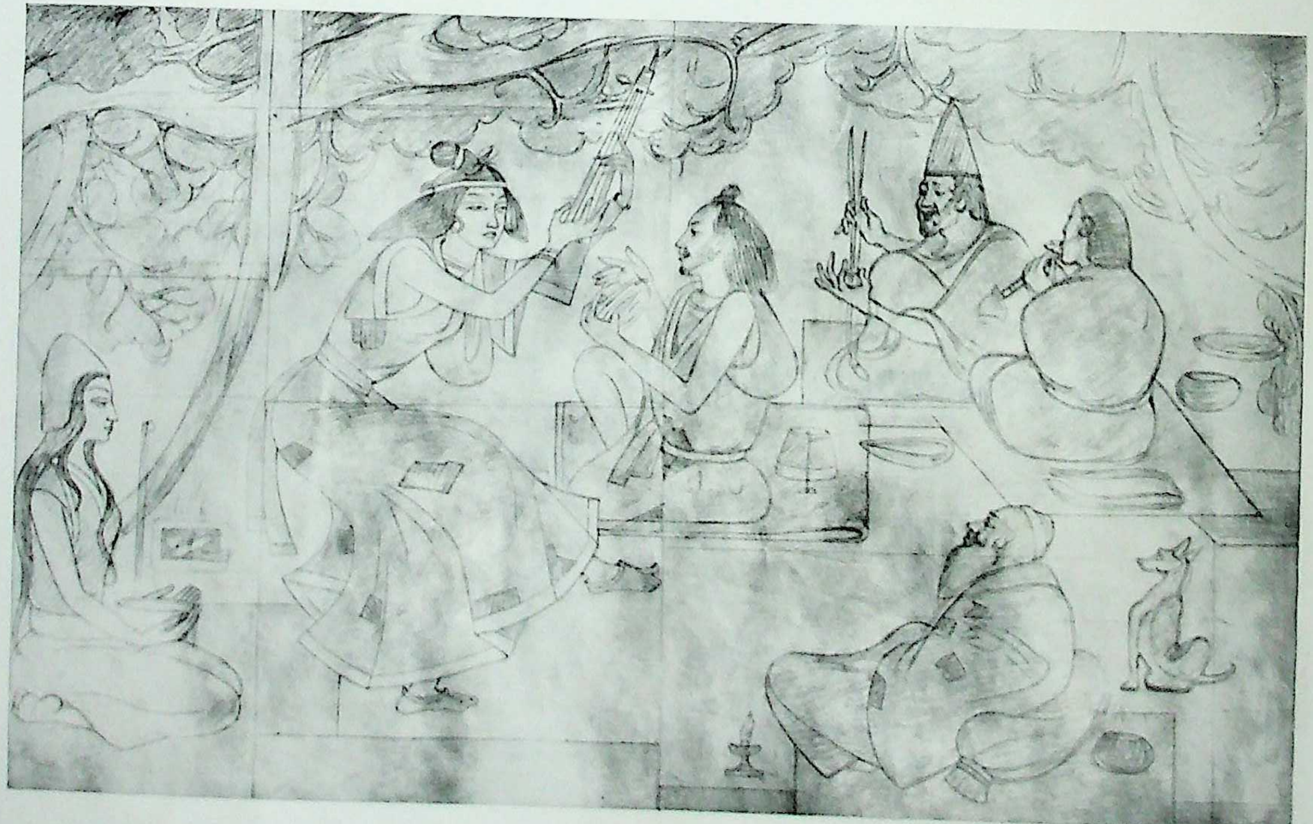
DUSSASANA



HANUMAN



FEMALE CHARACTERS IN "KATHAKALI"



BAUL–DANCE

Scenein the Jaydev Mela

Nandalal Bose

THE BENGALI SCENE

1934

P. GUHA THAKURTA

THE position of a dramatic critic in Bengal is a bit peculiar. He must be either a fanatical admirer of somebody who, for the moment, dominates the Bengali stage and a certain type of drama popular at the moment or assume the rôle of a prophet. Being a prophet is taking the line of least resistance, and that is the rôle that would admirably suit the critic on the present occasion. He should forget the catch-penny productions on the old style, with a veneer of modernism, like Anurupa Devi's *Ma* and Jogesh Chowdhury's *Banglar Meye* or such plays as are hurriedly brought into requisition to synchronise with a religious festival, and get on to the task of trying to disentangle the confused mass, which is to-day the Bengali stage.

When Sisir Bhaduri was the talk of men, critics had much to say and much to ponder about. They could take a full range view of the Bengali stage through the right end of the telescope ; they could talk about the future of the Bengali theatre and the wonders of the Bhaduri cult. But he would be a bold man to-day who could say that Bhaduri has staged a 'come-back' with *Biraj Bau*, or any other producer or actor-manager has something up his sleeves.

A fluid art like the art of the theatre can only survive through continuity ; Bhaduri has had contemporaries, but does not look like being fortunate to have successors to his tradition. They all whisper that Bhaduri has had his day. True, but only to a partial extent ; he can still have another innings, if you like, because he is not yet 'played out.' A theatre artist like Bhaduri can stand up to any amount of 'leg-bowling,' provided he has a chance to look in. Then, why talk disparagingly of a man who knows more about what theatre is and what the Bengali theatre needs than all of the Cornwallis Street *dilettanti* and loud-speakers and their blind admirers put together? I will back Sisir Bhaduri as a certain winner on the wettest turf, because he is made of the stuff of that brave and sprightly animal. This is not an apologia of the Bhaduri cult but only an attempt to polish the rusty mind of the average theatre-goer who forgets big things so quickly and remembers small things down to their grave.

No, the Bengali stage is not without a future, though in these days of terrible mental and monetary depression, nobody seems to have the guts to own it up. Bhaduri or no Bhaduri, the young drama of Bengal must survive—in spite of the ill-tempered, amateurish outbursts of ill-informed dramatic historians who practise law by day and retail gossip at night, about men who have dedicated their lives to a proper understanding and appreciation of the Bengali drama! To write books or splenetic articles in the popular press is not so difficult as cultivating a taste for things dramatic and affairs that belong to the stage in its proper setting. It would also be easy enough to talk about the latest developments in stage-lighting or stage-architecture and quote a list of foreign authorities in support of an unassimilated idea, a second-hand information or a momentary fad, but it would not be so easy to suggest what improvements the Bengali stage really needs.

In a period of experimentation with imported models, the sense of values disappears. That is exactly what has happened to Bengal's popular theatre to-day. In glancing over the Bengali scene of 1934, one is puzzled, beyond measure, at the sight of the dramatic excrescences and, particularly, at the tendency to popularise, at any cost, any old stock-in-trade of the so-called professional producer who knows not the "A, B, C" of modern stage-architecture, and yet he must pass off stage-concoctions as the genuine stuff, or as they themselves put it, as the last word in the latest stage-craft.

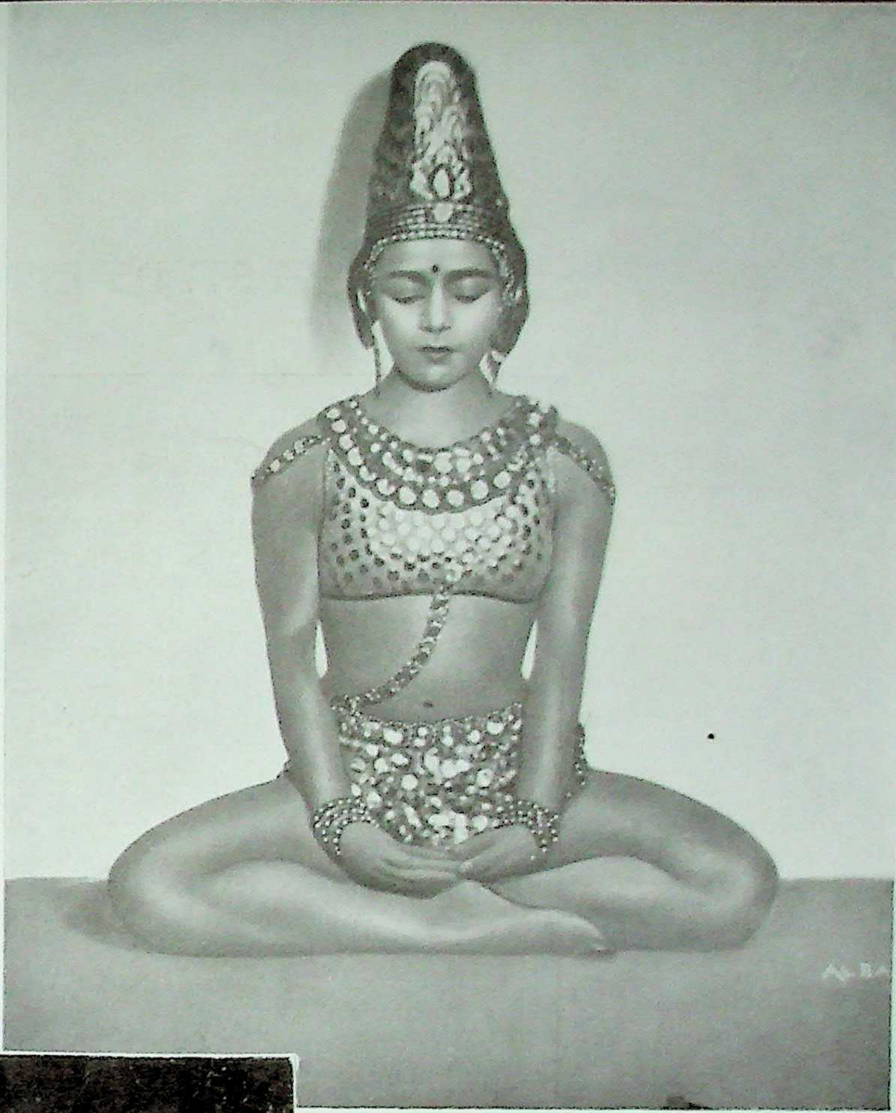
The average Bengali play-goer is content with so little that provided the songs are there, he does not complain. He has got used to this sort of thing and still says: "Bravo, So-and-So! Long live the Bengali stage!" The remedy is that he must ask for a better type of entertainment before he can get it. One may ask: "Why does he not ask for the best?" He is too lazy to think; he does not bother so long as the actors don't misbehave. He will forgive them even forgetting their words, but he simply won't ask why he hasn't learnt to speak his words properly. The producer says: "Give him the songs. Give him a bit of the Occidental hash. Dazzle his eyes, but don't soothe his nerves. Give him no time to criticise, to judge for himself. Keep him at an emotional pitch. Make him weep. Make him say 'encores' and make money." All this has been put rather informally, without any embellishment but it goes to the root of the matter. The Bengali scene of 1934 might have been just as well a scene of 1834, *minus* the concoctions, *minus* the Bhaduri-imitations and *minus* the modern advertising stunt.

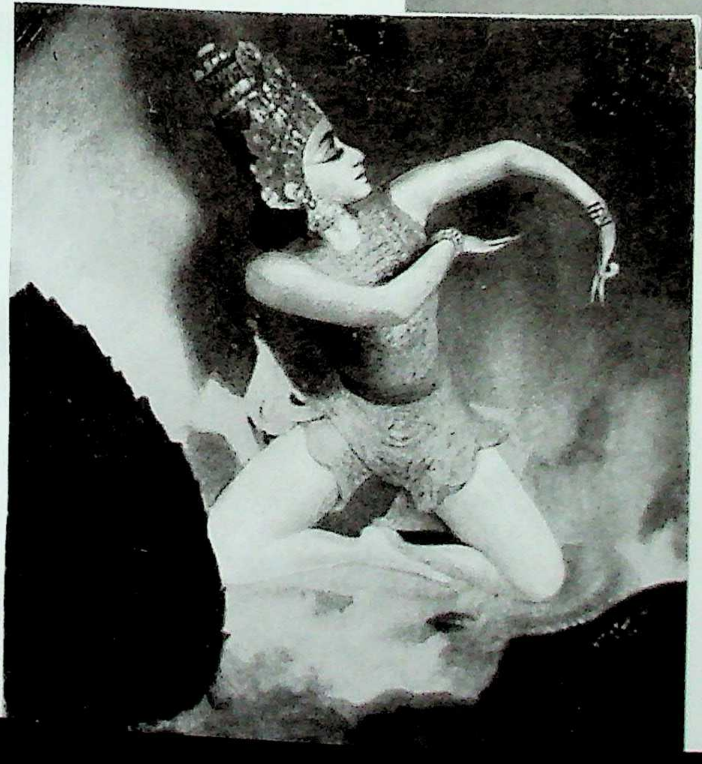
EAST AND WEST—THE CLASH OF CULTURES

Continued from page 91

and superior. But something more needs to be done, we must endeavour and achieve the object which the disciples of Ammonius attained. Origen, Longinus and Plotinus, who were the immediate disciples of Ammonius, succeeded in establishing what is known as the Eclectic School. Will you, Mr. President and your Fellowship, make a bid for creating a vehicle in which Hindus and Muslims, Jews and Christians, Sikhs and Jains, Parsis and atheists, all may join—forgetting their narrowness, showing forth their true Religion of *give more than take*, of sacrifice which is full of power, of compassion and contentment surcharged with peace? I know that the first step is to cease intolerance, to respect the religious belief of others, nay, sincerely to appreciate the faiths of all men, but India will never rise to the glory she deserves till a Universal Religion energizes not the blood but the mind of all Indians. Distant may be the day for that glorious consummation, but a beginning is due and it is for such organizations as yours to give the lead.

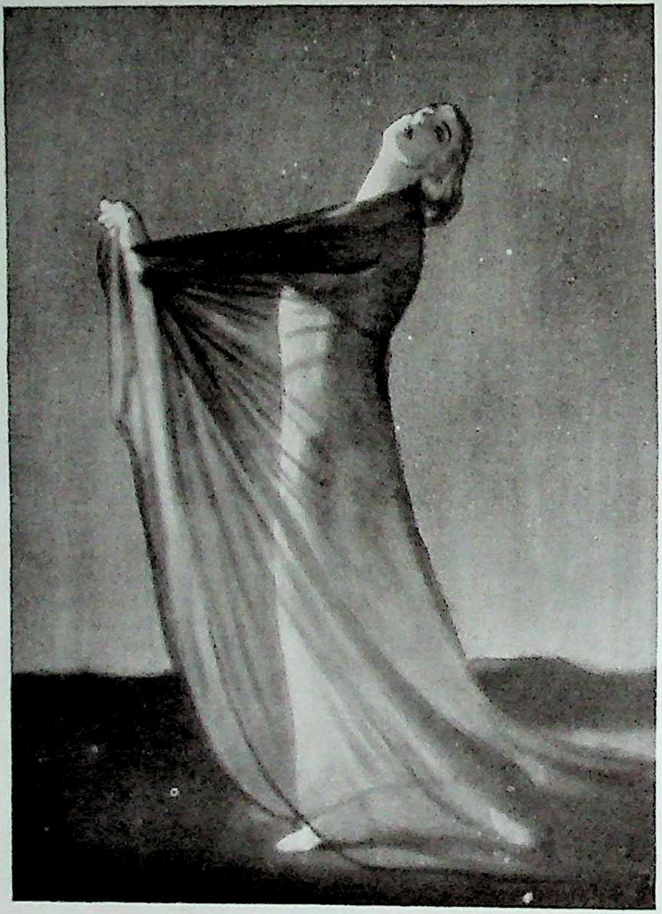
NYOTA INYOKA
THE WELL-KNOWN DANCER
OF THE WEST





TELLS HER MESSAGE UNDER
THE SPIRIT OF HINDU DANCE

RUTH ST. DENIS



DANCER POETESS

By courtesy of Houghton-Miffin Co

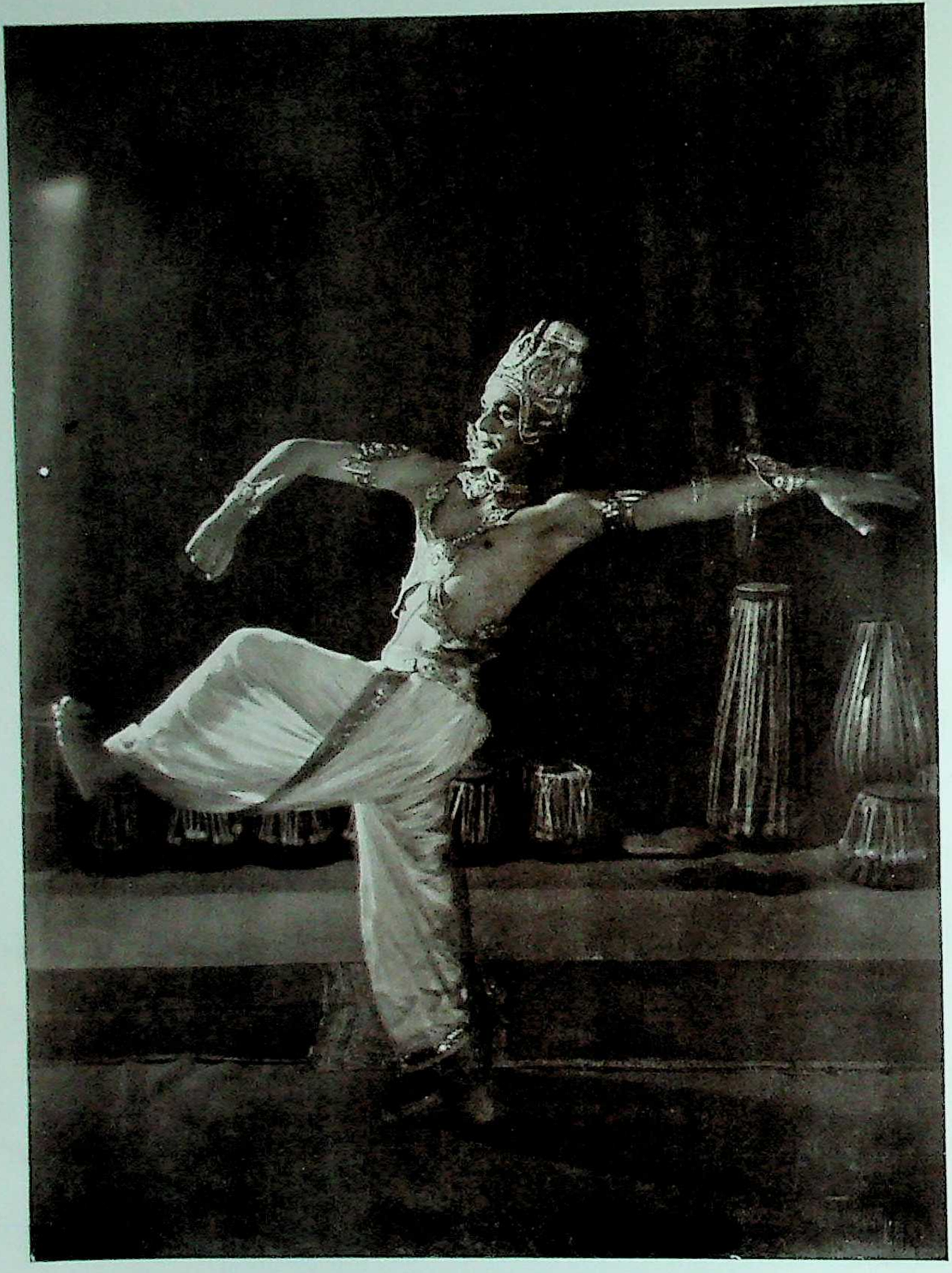
MYA THAN KYI, THE CELEBRATED BURMESE DANCER

IN HER REAL FORMS OF PWE DANCE

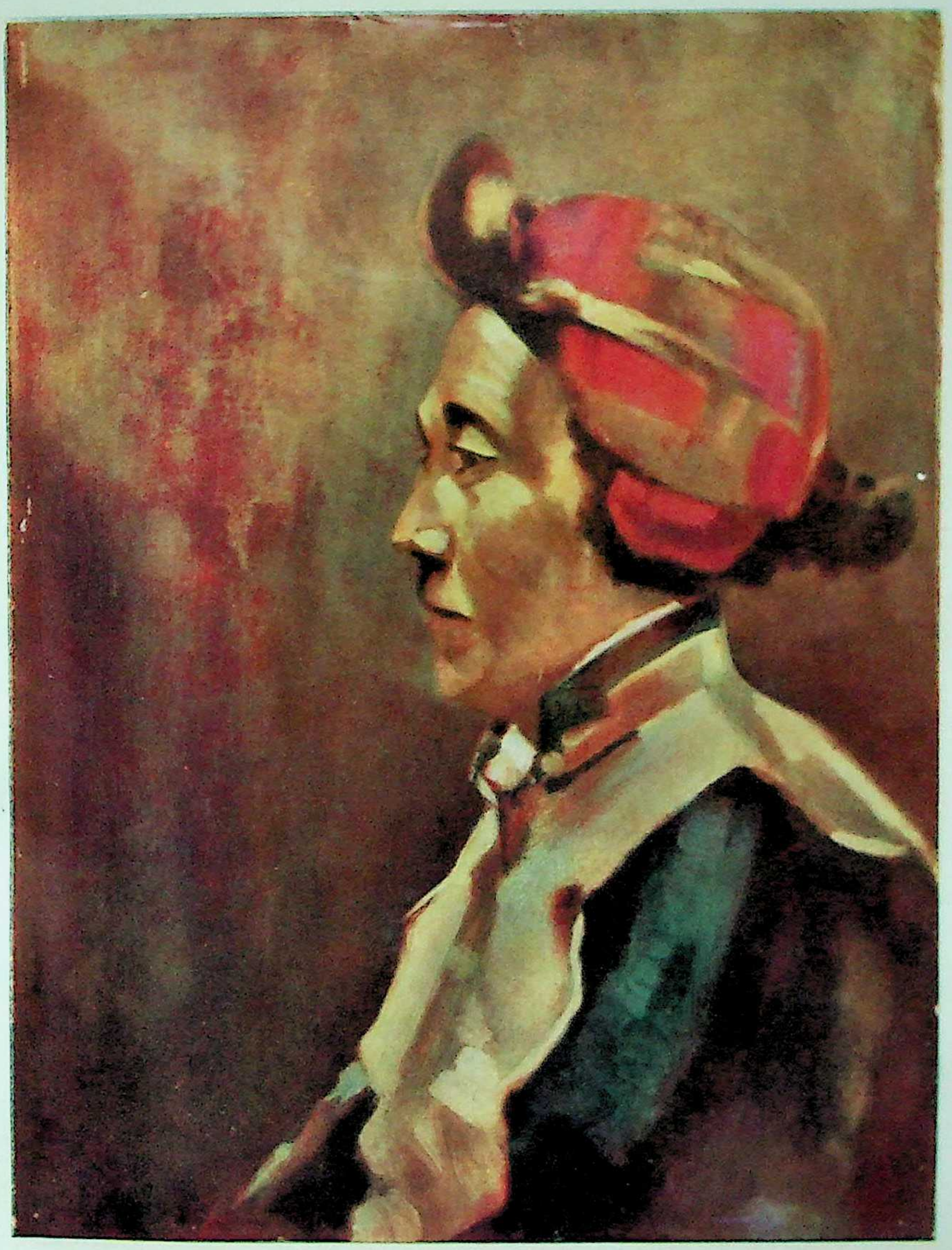
MENAKA u. NILKANTA

MENAKA AND HER PARTNER

NILKANTA, THE HINDU DANCERS



UDAY SHANKAR AS KARTIKEYA



STUDY

By Kind Permission of the Artist *Alex Taylor*

NYOTA INYOKA, WHO HAS SUCCUMBED TO THE SPELL OF THE ORIENT

FOUR SELECTED POSES OF BENSON MAGITO

THE THEATRE IN JAPAN

R. N. ROY

INSPITE of Japan's ultra-Westerisation, it is a remarkable fact, that the theatre in Japan remains much the same it was some couple of centuries ago. The reason for this is that in Japan, for all practical purposes, the stage has been identified with the Kabuki plays whose hold on popular imagination reaches back to two or three centuries of history.

The origin of the Kabuki plays explains, in a measure, the psychology behind the popular fascination for them. In the old days when they were first staged, the Samurai or the warrior class, lorded the little world of Japan. Under their militaristic regime, class distinctions played a prominent part. There was one rule for the warriors and another for the commons. If the Samurais patronised the "No" plays, the populace, in general, had their Kabuki plays to go to. And just because these plays were intended for the people in general, they strove for popularity by giving free expression to the peoples' dislike for the irksome restrictions of every-day life under the Samurais. In fact, it was the only uncensored mode of ventilating popular feeling on the subject.

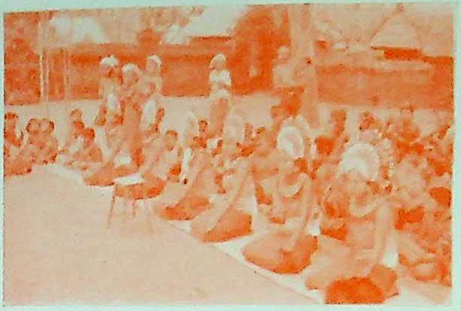
The first Kabuki play is supposed to have been staged by the actress Okurya as far back as 1558. She appeared before the public with a *troupe* of 2 or 3 women and men who sang and played while she danced. This public dancing was supposed to have had a disastrous effect on the morals of the public, for the Government of the day, promptly banned, by order, all Kabuki plays in which women took part, on the usual plea of morality. This minor State interference had a far-reaching effect on the future of the Kabuki plays and explains why on the Japanese stage actresses are so rare, even to this day. Owing to this prohibition order, male actors appeared in female parts as well, and for the last two or three hundred years excellence in Kabuki acting has, in the main, shaped towards impersonating the feminine characters to absolute perfection.

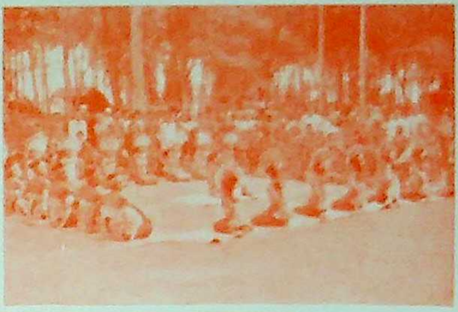
The Kabuki plays of to-day are an intermixture of musical opera, lyrical plays and realism, in which actors talk but do nothing. They are usually divided into (*a*) the first performance, (*b*) middle act and (c) second performance for a single day. In the first performance, the theme is historical. In the middle act, dancing is the main feature. The second performance is a play in which modern life is depicted. In the past there was no strictly logical sequence to the change of scenes. Each scene was made to excel in its colour sensation, bizarre effect and fascinating romanticism. The emphasis on individual scenic effect has been retained to this day. Another stage effect, which is peculiarly Japanese, is the "flower path" or the "Hana Michi." This is a fairly broad path-way from the stage, passing right through the spectators, and behind them. In the old days after the play was over, the flower path was used by representatives of the audience to step up to the stage for the purpose of offering "oral" bouquets to the actors. This practice has been long discarded, but the path-way remains, and along it, the actors move to and fro among the audience, creating an intimate

Continued on page 135

SOME GROUP COMPOSITIONS IN BALINESE DANCING

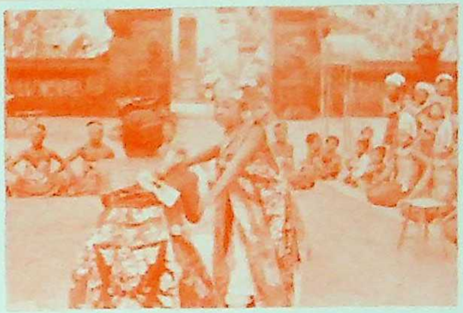
Note: These Balinese dancers only dance in temples during religious ceremonies.





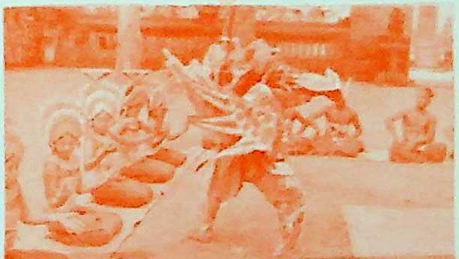
DANCERS OF BOTH SEXES SIT AROUND THE CHIEF PERFORMERS IN A SQUARE FORM—ATTIRED IN GORGEOUS COSTUMES

BY 'MUDRAS' AND STEPS AKIN ALMOST TO 'KATHAKALI' THE BALI PERFORMERS DEPICT ANCIENT MYTHOLOGICAL THEMES

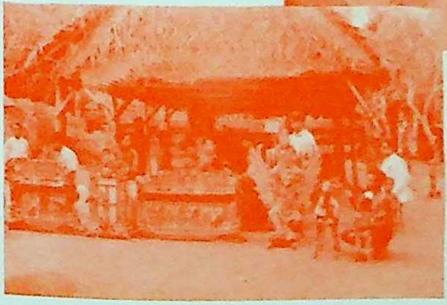


THE PERFORMERS SEATED MAINTAIN THE SPIRIT OF .. IN THE SQUARE ONLY TEMPO AND THE THE THEME

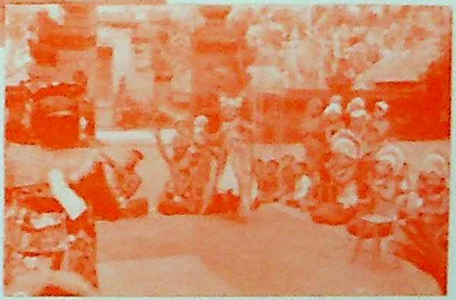
A BALI DANCER GUIDED BY THE TIMING AND TONE BY



'SUPERS' HELPING TO KEEP USING THEIR HEADS AND HANDS



THE ORCHESTRA—CHIEFLY KNOWN AS *GAMELONG*—ARE COMPOSED OF PECULIAR INSTRUMENTS RESEMBLING CERTAIN INDIAN ONES



BEYOND THE SQUARE OF THE 'TIME-KEEPERS' THE AUDIENCE SQUAT—AT A DISTANCE—ALSO IN A SQUARE FORMATION

OUR LADY-TEA

KRISHNA KRIPALANI

[*]RAM, tell me, is it far from Three ?
The wretched hour so lingers long.
It seems Time's gear is somewhere wrong :
And langour has crept over me.

This is an age when love is free !
We unashamed do here confess :
We all the joyous cult profess,
Of our thrice blessed Lady-Tea.

In this beloved century,
Ruled by the democratic rod,
This *Soma*, like the way to God,
No more a Brahmin monopoly.

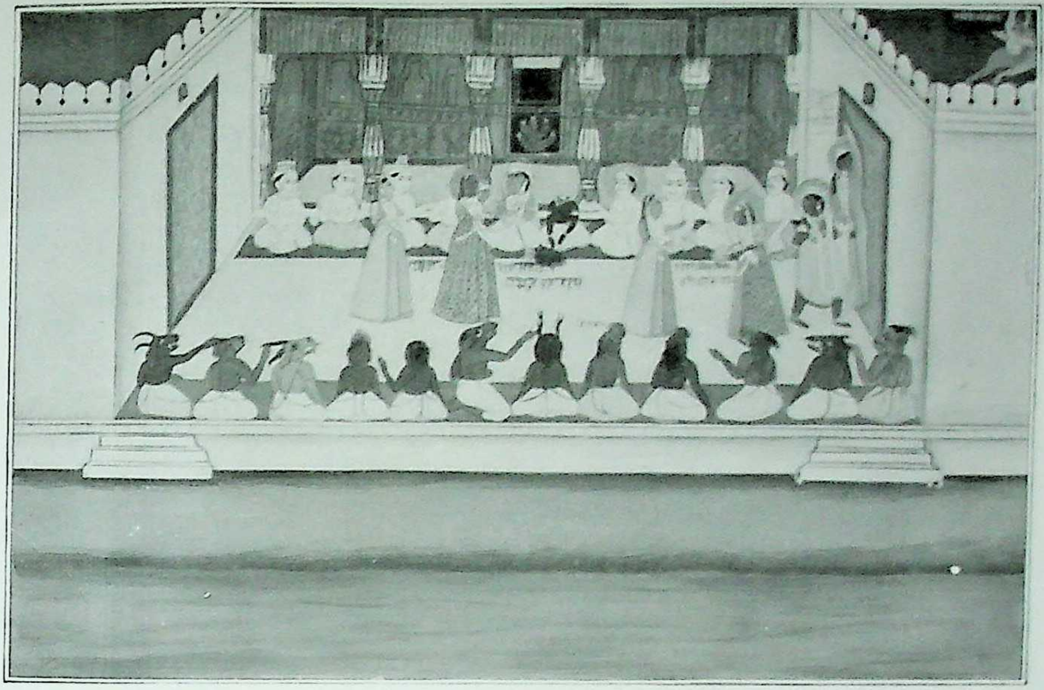
We hail this age of sweet *Soma* !
The poet to his sickly rose !
But for the proletarian nose,
The true, sense-soothing, aroma.

We love it hot like love's unrest ;
We love it cold like love's repose ;
We love it sweet like love that knows
No satiety's cruel test.

We love it ev'n as sugarless,
It's savageness by milk untamed,
Like Passion burning unashamed :
Let incense wrap its nakedness.

But best we love it as it comes,
Fresh from its temple's fiery flame :
It best fulfils the passion's claim,
And Vedic—ah ! but here it comes.

[*] A mate



KRISHNA IN THE GUISE OF 'MOHINI' DISTRIBUTING NECTAR TO GODS, DEPRIVING THE DEMONS

By Kind Permission: Nahar Collection

Old Master, Jaipur School of Painting

NEW IMPULSES IN ANDHRA ARTS AND LITERATURE

V. SUBBARAO

DURING recent years in the Andhra country we have been witnessing a wide-spread agitation in almost all fields of cultural activity, an impact of new impulses, an emergence of new *motifs* and modes of expression. This disturbance is, ultimately, the reflection of changes in the social life of the people—the disintegration of the joint family home, the ascendance of individualistic notions, and, latterly, the extensive unemployment among the educated classes. The more immediate nucleus of the upheaval, however, are stimuli derived from the activities of reformist bodies like the Brahmo Samaj, the example of advancing vernaculars like the Bengali, the dissemination of English scholarship, especially that of lyrical poetry, the modern drama and fiction.

As late as three decades ago, Andhra arts and literature were in a poor way, a state almost of somnolence. All poetry was imitative and hidebound by tradition ; there was no prose literature at all : vernacular dramas were unknown ; nothing worth the name of painting existed ; the theatre was an itinerant institution, catering to vulgar taste with the most boisterous kind of farce or stilted melodrama, and capitalising such occasions of popular congestion as festivals and fairs.

The first stirring of life in this condition of hibernation was due to the initiative of a Brahmo zealot, the late K. Veeresalingam, one of the most honoured names in recent Andhra history. A university lecturer in Telugu, his chosen field was vernacular prose. To him we are indebted for the popularisation of prose as the medium of social expression. His energy was colossal. He translated Sanskrit dramas, English dramas, novels and poems and actually created the vernacular comedy in his attempts to castigate Hindu society in a series of farces with a reformist purpose. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that this pioneer of Telugu prose is yet unexcelled in force, flexibility and fluency of expression. His lead was immediately followed by a group of vigorous writers of fiction and comedy. Their themes were threefold: social criticism and controversy, the heroic episodes of Indian history, and narratives from the Puranas. Literature had not yet become the intimate reflection of social consciousness. For one immortal work, however, reformism was indirectly responsible. The late Mr. G. Apparao wrote about this time the superb comedy, *Kanya Sulkam*, avowedly as a contribution to the crusade against the ill-treatment of widows and the nefarious practice of selling girls in the marriage market. The irony of this piece of work is that no reader, who goes through it for the first time, gets the faintest intimation of its didactic purpose. He is delectably lost in the amazing mass of human material, the inimitable humour of character and situation, and the fascination of pat phrase and brilliant repartee. The wonderful drama marks a turning point in one of the most crucial controversies in Andhra letters—that of classical *versus* spoken Telugu as the instrument of literary expression. *Kanya Sulkam* is written in that dialect of Telugu which is spoken in the Vizag district: and it is no mean tribute to the genius of the author to say, that like Chaucer, he has succeeded in imposing his dialect upon the literature of his language: for, wherever spoken Telugu is adopted as the vehicle of expression—especially in the comedy and the short story—it tends to approximate to the style of *Kanya Sulkam*. On the whole, in prose literature the spoken form of language is supplanting the classical form, while the citadel of poetry is still the stronghold of the latter variety.

Much of modern prose fiction in Telugu is inspired by Bengali models. Many of the scenes, in fact, are laid in Calcutta itself. Our detective stories too are mostly adaptations from Panchkari Dey. The purely social novel is still a rarity in Telugu. Probably the Andhras will never produce great novels. They seem to lack the architectonic ability, the sustained energy and expansive outlook that are indispensable for the longer forms of fiction. Their genius finds more congenial expression in spurts of enthusiasm through the short story. The short story is inundating the reading public through the innumerable weekly and monthly magazines that are springing up like mushrooms on every side. Mention must be made here of the work of a band of enthusiasts led by Mr. Venkatachellam, who are the protagonists of revolt both in literary methods and social ideology. They are iconoclasts, carrying fire and sword through the ranks of orthodoxy, especially in the field of sexual morals. They are bold experimentalists with the short story form, employing the epistle, the soliloquy, the dialogue and a host of other devices in novel and revolutionary manners. All of them use the spoken dialect. They are very powerful and bitter indeed in their attack upon the hypocrisies and pruderies of society. But their weak point is that they have no consistent or constructive ideals to offer.

The periodical essay does not seem to be a thriving form in Andhra letters. About a decade or so ago it came upon us like a veritable avalanche. A prominent writer from Pithapur, in his *Sakshi Papers*, modelled after *The Spectator*, used to delight and surprise the readers with weekly invectives against society, couched in the most pungent and stimulating style. He was the mouthpiece of orthodoxy raising the slogan of "Return to classicism and ancient culture" in a society in disaffection with the past and a literature in revolt against all tradition. His voice has quieted down now: his imitators are few and far between. In fact, the essay type itself seems to have become obsolescent. The personal essay after the fashion of Lamb and some of the modern English essayists has not found entry into our literature.

The new impulses in Andhra poetry are derived from Tagore and the English lyrical poets. There are innumerable schools of modern poetry in our literature, of which the most typical is the Sahiti Samiti. The chief characteristics of this school are subjectivism and metrical experiment. All classical Telugu poetry is objective, and even now the advocates of it are very powerful. The new lyrical element has not attracted much sympathy, because it has an inevitable ring of pose and insincerity. Again, the Telugu ear is so attuned to the melodies of classical metres that attempts at variation are scarcely likely to give æsthetic pleasure. The ultra-modern poets are treated with a mixture of antipathy and contempt, and generally dismissed as cranks and paraders of hollow emotionality. The orthodox poetry comes at least with the stamp of discipline and genuine scholarship, and as such still claims the respect of its readers.

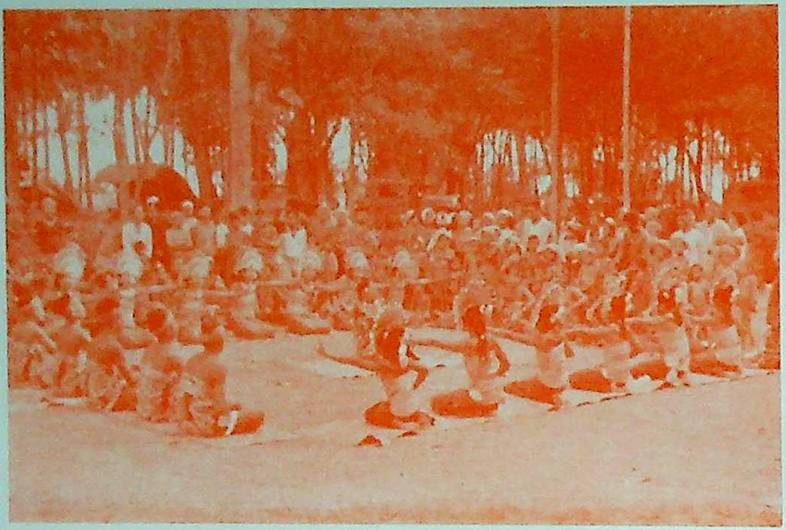
The Andhra drama is old-fashioned, melodramatic and music-ridden: for the drama lives upon the stage, and the stage upon the semi-educated middle classes and uneducated masses. There are, of course, a few prose dramas, but they are not great successes on the stage. Some admirers of Tagore are producing plays similar to those acted in the Santiniketan, but they will not be easily accepted by the vernacular stage. The drama in Telugu is scarcely the instrument of social diagnosis or psychological analysis that it has become on the Continent. It is the stage that is holding back the drama. Its incurable devotion to music offers but a narrow access to the more educated type of actor. Women, except of a particular sort, are still taboo on the stage. The themes that appeal to the play-goer are of the blatant blood and thunder variety. Raghavachari is probably the only man that has made an earnest attempt to bring naturalism into stage-acting; and even he is too full of sound and fury to satisfy the really cultured spectator.

The music of the South is generally very orthodox. The Andhras, being the most emotional and sensitive to new impressions among the people of the Madras Presidency, have allowed a few innovations into their classical music. In the first place, there is a liberal use of the Hindusthani style, the adaptations of which often greatly enhance the melody and produce very pleasing effects. Secondly, certain Western touches are introduced, in the most felicitous manner. The greatest master of this practice, indeed the most admired musician of the Andhra country, is the violinist Venkata Swamy Naidu. There is another kind of music that is becoming popular in the country—theatre music. The characteristics of this *Nataka-Sangeet*, as it is called, are the application of the *Raga* to the verse in such a manner as to emphasise the various nuances of meaning and emotion, the employment of all the features or *kalas* of the *Raga* within the scope of a single verse, a chiselled finish and an avoidance of all extravagant flourish. This type of music is very commonly met with in the gramophone records popular in the province.

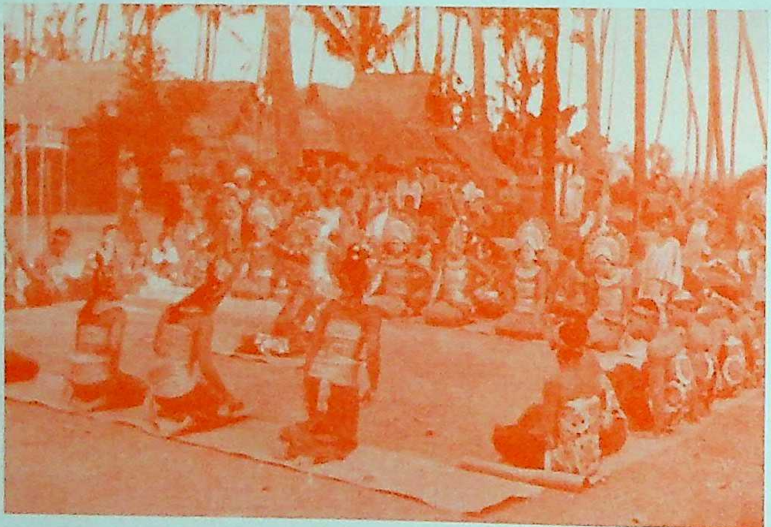
Painting is perhaps the youngest child of the Andhra renaissance. Unhappily it is not a very lovable child. From inefficient imitation of Western models it was converted to a scarcely more efficient imitation of Bengali ones by Promode Kumar Chattopadhyaya. The only names worth mentioning in this connection are the Mohan brothers of Masulipatam, whose work is of a fairly high order. The subjects of these artists and their followers are mostly from the scriptures of Hinduism and the ancient history of India. The technique is purely that of the Bengali school. In the case of the hordes of followers, at least, the defects of immaturity, inaccurate anatomical knowledge, incorrect perspective and faulty draftsmanship are painfully prominent. The new stimulus has had the curious repercussion of making painting a very common accomplishment. Only the practitioners are carrying the advice couched in Browning's lines, "Paint the soul, never mind the arms and legs" to the bitter end. Here, reference must be made to a painter who has the distinction of being almost the only exponent of what has been called the 'Andhra School of Painting'—the late Mr. D. Ramarao. His style is a mixture of the Western and Bengali modes, his themes embrace both ancient history and contemporary life, and he is perhaps the only landscape painter in the Andhra country.

Continued on page 142

TYPES OF TEMPLE DANCING AT BALI



NOTE: THE CHANGE OF POSTURE INDICATED BY THE SQUATTING GROUP, INDICATING PASSING CHANGES IN *MOODS* OF THE THEME



ANOTHER CHARACTERISTIC GROUP FORMATION

FILMS IN INDIA: ITS FUTURE

AMRITA MUKERJI

THE cinema is rapidly becoming the chosen and effective medium of this century for the expression and synthesis of art and science. Its use for entertainment purposes will continue and develop, but it is now seen to be a potent medium for the enrichment of life for education in many aspects and widest ranges. In several countries far-sighted men and women in various departments of social, intellectual and religious life are endeavouring to co-operate in many ways to promote the use of the cinema for those higher purposes.

The film is an essential modern expression and one of the best contemporary instruments for the dissemination of ideas by virtue of its popular appeal. But it is dependent for its future on the way in which those ideas turned out, and upon the will and direction of those who command it. The cinema is a formative agent of modern civilization, in the results of which its future is contained. In India, like many other importation from the West, films were introduced and in course of years, the film industry grew up on a commercial basis. Though of recent growth and still in its infancy, the cinema has come to stay, and its development is being keenly watched by lovers of art in this land.

FILMS AND THE INDIAN PUBLIC

The film audience of India were so long and are still being fed with Hollywood pictures, and Hollywood has successfully created a taste among the Indians, as it has done throughout the world. If we look into any of the box offices of any local cinema house, we find the pictures that rule the box offices are those of adventure and sex. Adventure includes crime and war and must mean their glorification (how many of us went to see *All Quiet on the Western Front* for its intellectual or emotional appeal?). Gangster films, football films, and Cowboy films appeal to our youngmen, because they imply action. And sex, the other great theme, is there all the time and everybody shouts about its presence so noisily that it is unnecessary to show how enormously it appeals to the audience. The great mass of India's middle-class cinema-goers (it is mainly the English-knowing middle-class that forms the bulk of them) like to look at pictures of rich foreigners with nothing to do and they get some vicarious satisfaction from them. America has been shrewd enough to realise this and produce pictures pleasing to their foreign cliental. Then there is the American national propaganda to sell us badly presented English Propaganda-films, triumphantly telling the world, how funny the English find the religious beliefs of the inhabitants of India, China, and other non-Christian countries.

In a land full of trouble and difficulties, with poverty, famine and flood and unemployment on a scale never before encountered, Hollywood hands us sickly romances in settings, bearing no relations to the common life of the great mass of the people. Nowhere such an appalling spectacle of a nation, discontented to the root of life being kept in a state of perpetual intellectual stupor, been ever presented. This phenomenon raises important questions.

REVOLT AGAINST HOLLYWOOD

Signs are not wanting that considerable section of the film-going public in other countries have realised the extent of the deplorable moral and intellectual degradation that this popular sex-stuff has caused to kill the adults and children.

The æsthetic, cultural and scientific side of film-work has long been neglected by the commercial exploiters of the cinema, who have debauched public taste to an extent almost beyond remedy. To create an audience for artistic and intelligent films, the world to-day needs a few more Pabsts, Eisenstiens, and Pudovkins to undo the wrong done by the popular producers. The success of Pabst's *Kameradschaft*, or the *Madchen in Uniform*, films which we could not see in India, marked the end of supremacy of American productions in Europe. In *Kameradschaft*, Pabst has individulised his characters whilst keeping them impersonal. The film is full of symbolism and requires intelligence to follow it throughout. *Madchen in Uniform* is the first film of the first German woman director of importance, Leontine Sagan. There is no man in this film, no real love story, nor anything intriguing. It is a film dealing with something negative, and by its unique direction and novel acting it held the winning number of votes in Germany. Thus we see the birth of a new school of thought in Europe demanding artistic and intelligent films, at the same time bearing relations to the actual life of a people.

WHERE DO WE STAND IN INDIA

Many of the pictures shown in our cinemas during these years have not only failed to be entertaining, which is the primary function of a film, but have been definitely boring. The films produced from our studios in India have failed to justify their existence as a medium of expression fit for the Twentieth century, both from the view of taste and technique. When the world is looking for an answer to its demand for a soul even from its amusements, we in India are content with pictures based on stories from mythology. Has it anything to touch reality ? Do we find in any of these films the practical urgencies which are throbbing in every heart ? Do we not want to see on the screen the men and women who have been with us through one of the most vital periods in the history of India ? Who will make a drama out of the work of millions of men and women engaged in different types and classes in our growing industrial cities, or in villages ? Where are those men and women who live on cut-wages or no-wages at all, thinking of how to meet rent and taxes, how to feed their starving children, and how to pull through bad times with courage ? Where are those peasants in villages that would make films of sweat and mud drawn from the daily life of the Indian people ?

Excepting a few gallant attempts, like that of the Arya-Films, few Indian films have been made round any idea, but based on some mythological story, which is as old as India's mountains. The production of this kind of film will never make a great industry, we shall never be able to compete with any foreign film until we produce using ideas and not narratives. We have got to get away from the chronicled affairs of a handful of little people and look for film material in the wider issues of national life. Ideas and not the stories are the material of film-making and the country with the best ideas and greatest courage in expressing them will always command the screens of the world.

INDIA WANTS PRODUCERS

A brief inspection of Indian films will show what state of ignorance prevails in the minds of producers. Some of them have not even the most rudimentary technical knowledge. They lack the genius of the European producers. There is no speed in the movements of their productions. They have not even that dynamic gusto, which we can see about the most ordinary American films. They have neither richness nor recklessness: in one word, they are lifeless. The players are made up as dolls devoid of vitality, not even an artificial sweetness. They do not act, they do not express, they do not feel and do not live. The man behind the picture, the hand of the producers is nowhere to be found in our films. The producer elsewhere, who is in command of his material, uses every inch of the film to express the ideas in his mind, whereas we look out in vain for the stamp of his personality in our pictures.

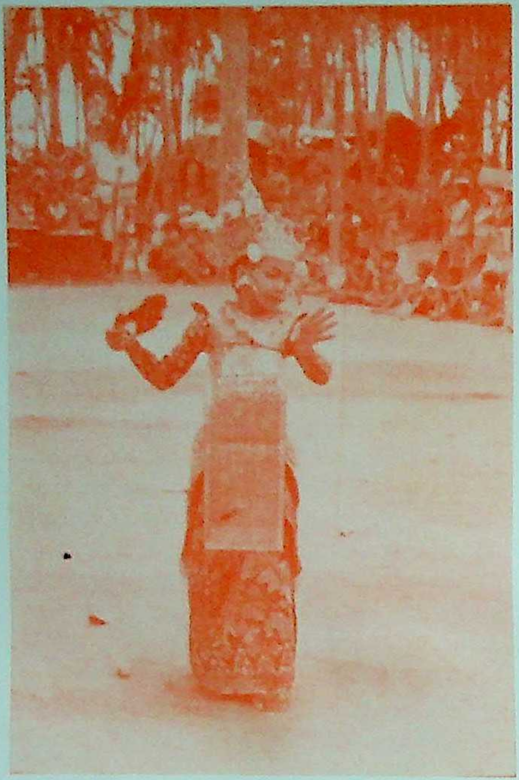
To create a public for good and intelligent pictures in India will be the task of the film directors, but our cinemas can do much by intelligent selection of new films from abroad. Do we know how many films never reach our screens? And how many of the films we see in our cinemas can be accepted as real, as having meaning and purpose?

The Murder of Karamazov, Kameradaschaft, Madchen in Uniform, The Last Laugh, The No Man's Land, The Street Scene, Down Our Street, Potemkins, Alone, The Dead House, Road to Life, unfortunately cannot reach the Indian public, which would have made our people think—think socially and not individually. We cannot see the pictures and, in fact, we would not hesitate to say that out of two hundred films which we have seen during the past three or four years, we can only name ten or twelve which have at all impressed by their sincerity or technical quality. Among them films like *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Big Parade, Congress Dance, Cavalcade, All Quiet on the Western Front, City Lights, Journey's End, Rome Express, Metropolis* (though spoilt by the censorship), *Grand Hotel, Don Quixote* may be mentioned. The name of *Rasputin* has purposely been left out, because we were given the inferior production of it instead of the wonderful German one in which Conrad Veidt acted the part of Rasputin. Heaven knows why that film did not reach India.

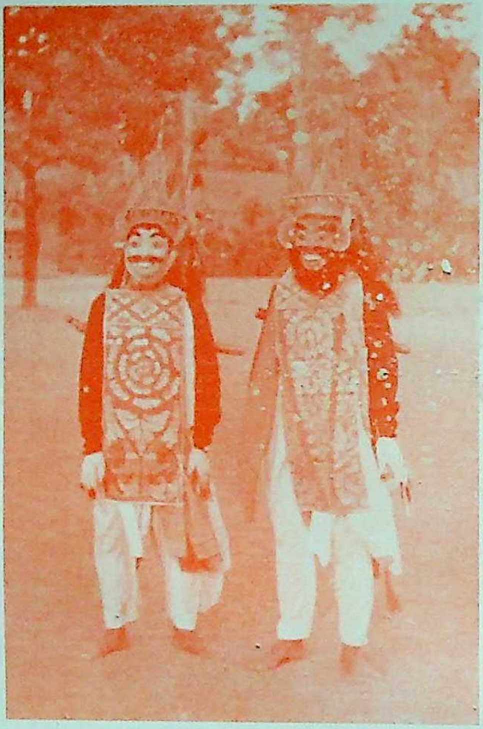
The future of the cinema in India has unique prospects, but it depends on its development upon what section of society and what ideas will have control of it. That can only be achieved by producers and film directors. Instead of looking towards America for her 100 per cent. talking and dancing rot and monotonously continuous showing of American eroticism, luxury and even exaggerated adventure, let our cinemas show the outstanding excellence of photography, technique and direction of the Germans, Italians or the Russians.

There is no reason why we should not make films like the Europeans, no reason but scarcity of real producers among our midst. We must have a propaganda to create an intelligently sympathetic public, so that our infant cinema may achieve its majority and adequate expression. Why should other nations have a monopoly of all the glory and why should we be gasping for other peoples' romances, while there are all the possibilities of seeing every vital aspect of our national life on the screen.

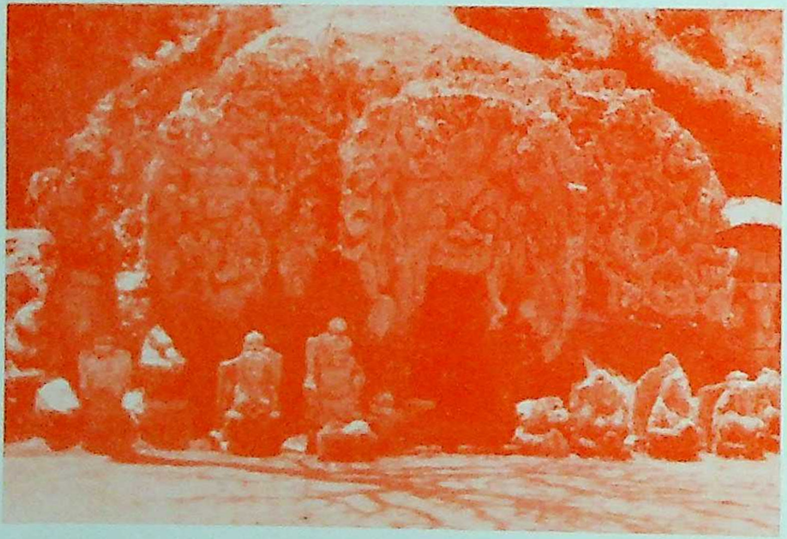
TALES FROM BALI



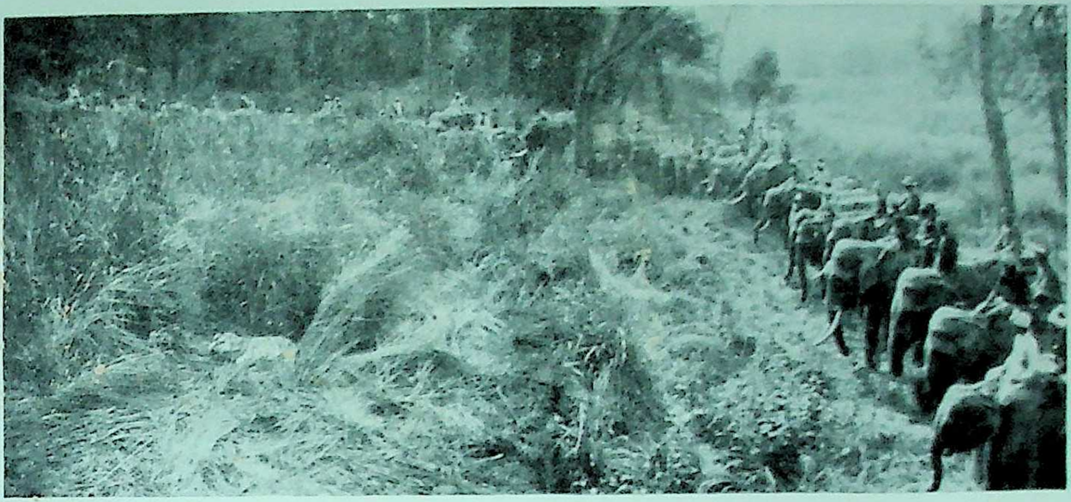
THIS ARTIST OPENS WITH THE 'PROLOGUE'



TYPICAL 'MAKE UP' AND COSTUME OF BALI DANCERS



A CAVE, AT BALI, OF WONDERFUL ARCHITECTURAL BEAUTY



A GAME

AN ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN IN THE NEPAL TERAI, OF A TIGER SURROUNDED BY A RING OF OVER 200 ELEPHANTS. THE TIGER WAS EVENTUALLY SHOT BY HIS HIGHNESS THE MAHARAJA.

By Kind Permission of Messrs. Bourne and Shepherd *A. Musselwhite*

THE NEW GERMAN DANCE

MARY WIGMAN

If a dancer should size up his own works or observe them from a critical point of view, he would find himself in a difficult position. For, what the dance really gives utterance to, cannot be said in words; and the dancer can never separate himself from his own work to such an extent as to become an objective observer. If this dance creation arises from an inner necessity, a predestination to create, then it will desire to be and will be able to be nothing more than a confession of life, brought into symbolic form; or, even better, an acceptance of, a "saying yes" to everything which is alive and will yield life.

When I perform my own dance compositions, at the moment of execution, the passionate desire arises in me to become one with these dances, to disappear in them, in other words, to live them. And I am filled with gratitude, when I am permitted to feel and experience that, through my earnest wish, through my struggle and devotion, these dances also speak to others. However, what they succeed in saying can never be expressed fully in a title or even be designated by some professional term. It will always be described only in connection with a general consciousness of life.

If now I am to speak of the new German dance, whose exponent I am considered, I do not wish to treat this theme from the viewpoint of my own dances and their influence. I wish rather to speak of the dance itself as I experience and perceive it and as I must represent it since I cannot dance in any other way.

I would like to point out one fact in advance: I acknowledge every type and form of dance, provided I feel and know that the dancer personally stands behind the formed dance creation with his whole, undivided self, that he actually and sincerely is what he dances.

In every artistic field it is always only the carriers of great works of art who determine the artistic worth and the cultural meaning of a creative current. The new German dance, therefore, should be judged not from the viewpoint of the many small talents, nor the honestly enthusiastic followers and hangers-on, but by the work of its few, truly great representatives.

Strong and convincing art has never arisen from theories. It has always grown organically. Its carriers and supporters have always been those few creative natures for whom a path of work has been determined by destiny. They had no choice between speedily changing questions of style and fancy. Their unerring feeling realized that To-day was the self-understood result of Yesterday. For them To-morrow will be just as natural a release from the Present.

When seen in this light, the new German dance is not the outcome of a preconceived programme. It received its stamp through those few creative personalities who gave it its unity of content and form by their relentless efforts. This battle was concerned with the essence of things, with the human being and fate, with the eternal and fleeting. The path to the sources, to the primary cause of existence, became free again. The tragic, the heroic, until then crowded out by too much playfulness, forced its way through and gave the dance new vision.

In the last analysis nothing more has happened than that the dancer re-discovered in himself the "dancing human being" and confessed his acceptance of this in the dance. It seems understandable that in so doing he renounced, yes, had to renounce, a part of those traditional dance forms valid until that moment. From then on the learnable form was no longer decisive for the dance as an art form, but the content itself wanted to become form and sought to create this for itself.

Since I am to speak here about the dance as I perceive, love and understand it, I do not wish to start with art and artistic interests; but I shall speak of him on whose account art exists in this world, of him who sustains art, who portrays or demands it: namely, of the human being.

The human being moves in that world of existence which he can control. He knows that he enters life only once, but not from whence he came. He knows of the singleness of his going, but not whither. He wanders in the path lying between birth and death under laws to which he submits consciously and unconsciously, the laws of existence.

Before this great law all humanity is equal, equal also under the law of kind, of species. Belonging to one species creates something in common, forces to common interests. Who can detach himself from this? The human being is born into the community of species, is communally bound and socially responsible.

In the instinctive and organic life, in the mental and spiritual life of man, characteristics require themselves felt, which demands communication. Man turns to man. Man needs man. Art is communication spoken of man and for humanity in a language raised above the every-day happening. What would be the sense of an art which robs itself of its communication and arrogantly believes that it can turn away from man?

Art lives out of the basic cause of existence; it draws its creative and constructive forces from there. From there it receives the strength to renew, rejuvenate, transform itself. And there only is it imperishable, eternal.

During the process of artistic creation, man descends into the primordial elements of life. He reverts to himself to become lost in something greater than himself; in the immediate, the invisible essence. Like a flash, perhaps only for a second, he is caught and galvanized by the wave of life's great current which extinguishes him in his single existence and endows him through this experience with the gift of participating in the All. This is the moment of Grace in which man becomes the vessel and is ready to absorb the energies flowing into him; this is the ecstatic state which substitutes the plane of experience for that of mere knowledge.

On this plane schisms and doubts do not exist, nor are there problems as yet. Here the painful is not yet to be separated from the joyful. They are one and release in man the feeling of happiness emanating from a heightened tension and intensification of his whole being. From here man, seized in his totality, strides forth on his way to the creative act.

The inner charge which man experiences requires expression. The climax of the flow of energies pulsating through him forces the action. Just as the rhythmic force conjures up the tonal structure in the musician and bans the visual inspiration of the poetically-gifted to the medium of the word, so it discharges itself in the dance-inspired personality as movement. The inner agitation and mobility embodies itself and becomes visible in its special and rhythmic movement-manifestations.

All forming of dance arises from the dance experience which the dancer is destined to incarnate, and which gives his creation its true character. This experience shapes the kernel, the basic accord of his dance existence, around which all else crystallizes. Each creative person carries within him his own characteristic theme, one might say his fundamental theme. It is waiting to be aroused through experience and completes itself during one whole creative cycle in manifold radiations, variations and transformations.

How the dance experience manifests itself to the individual may remain as his own secret. The artistic achievement alone is the valid testimony. The image which has assumed form gives evidence of the primary vision conceived through the inner experience. That creation will ever be in its effect the most pure and forceful in which the minutest detail speaks of the vibrating animated unity which called forth the idea. That shape of one's inner experience which is carried by the elements of existence and which has passed through the individual's total being will also have that unique power of transmission which makes it possible to draw into the magic circle of the creation other persons, the participating spectators.

In the last thirty years the dance in Germany, as in America, has undergone a rejuvenation. This is equivalent to a regained depth which had been lost in the course of time and has revived this artistic medium. That which marks this new dance, reveals its intrinsic expression, and differentiates it from other dance forms, is that it reaches back to the fundament of existence as the source of all artistic creation and form, like any true German art. It derives its constructive forces from the dance experience which becomes in its form and content the confession of man affected in his essential being.

THE THEATRE IN JAPAN

Continued from page 118

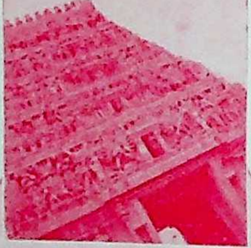
atmosphere. Literally 'kabuki' means 'funny' as an adjective, and 'to play' as a verb. It would be proper, therefore, to interpret the 'kabuki' as a play in which the spirit of playfulness is given full expression to.

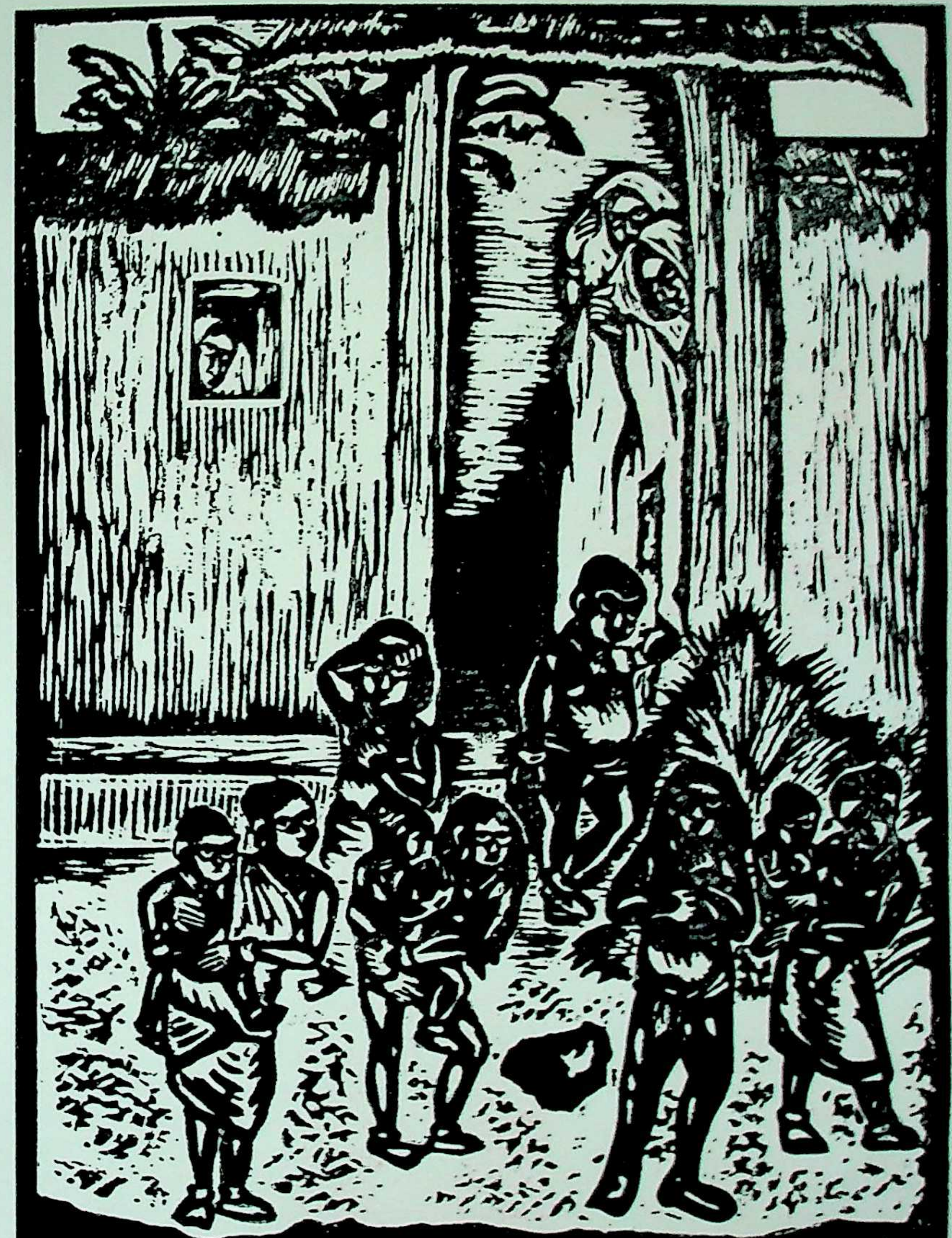
An account of the Japanese stage would remain incomplete if no mention were made of the attempts at modernising theatredom in Japan, by Sadanji Ichikawa and the late Professor Ozanai who started the Liberal Theatre in 1910. The untimely death of the Professor perhaps retarded the movement somewhat. Nevertheless, at the present moment, there are some important theatres professing to stage up-to-date dramas, on international standards. For example, the Left Wing Theatre and the New Tsukiji Theatre are under Communistic influence. On the other hand, the Toukiji-za and the Tokyo Dramatic Group are modern theatres in Japan, under the control of those who raise the slogan "art for art's sake." When all is said and done, it has to be admitted that the 'moderns' only attract a limited public.

The Kabuki still reigns in Japan. Its popularity is even reputed to be outgrowing the borders of its native soil. Recently, the Soviet Government invited as national guests Ichikawa and his *troupe* to give public performances of Kabuki at Moscow. One hears that the stage worlds of Germany and France are evincing desire for a greater familiarity with the Kabuki.

DEMONSTRATION OF *Kathakali* WITHOUT COSTUMES (KNOWN AS CHOLLIYATAM)

BY MR. NAMBOODIRY, ONE OF THE BEST EXPRESSIONISTS OF MALABAR





A VILLAGE SCENE

WOOD-CUT

Rani Devi

MOVIES IN INDIA

SUDHIRENDRA SANYAL

THE history of the growth and development of the Indian movies may be traced as far back as 1913, when a maiden attempt was made by Mr. D. G. Phalke, who has since been called the "Father of the Indian film industry," to produce motion pictures in India. The result was the Hindusthan Film Company, the first Indian film-concern, established in 1912, at Bombay by a band of energetic young men, including Mr. Apte, a piece-goods merchant, Mr. Mayasanker Thacker and Mr. Phalke, who principally functioned as the technical brain of the Company. The first successful film that came out from this concern was *Bhasmasoor* which was soon followed by the most successful picture *Kaliyamardan* based on the well-known stories from the Puranas and the Epics.

The pioneer effort in this direction was, therefore, achieved by the Hindusthan Film Co., and the impetus given by this concern was responsible for the general growth and development of various other concerns. Many came into existence and many died within a brief space of five years. At the start, these organizations were mostly amateurish and lacked business integrity and manipulation. But things began to change from 1918, when an honest attempt was made to place the industry, on a more stable and sound footing. Some of the earlier film-concerns, which came into existence and left behind appreciable record of good work, includes the Kohinoor Film Co. (founded in 1918) by Mr. D. D. Naraindas, Star Film Co., by Mr. Bhogilal Dave, Ardeshir M. Irani and Begum Fatima, the Majestic Film Co., and the Royal Arts Studio, which ultimately merged into the Imperial Film Co., of the present day. *Anarkali, Punjab Mail, Father India* and *Madhuri* are the notable silent pictures of this concern.

The Kohinoor Film Co., which did actually good work, changed hand and was converted into Kohinoor United Artists, which also acquired the studio of the Jagadish Film Co. One of the earlier film-producing concerns in India was the Sharda Film Co., established by Mr. Dave and Mr. Mayashankar, after the Star Film Co., was closed. All of these concerns have left behind good record of continuous production. Maharastra Film Co., of Kolhapur is one of the oldest film concerns of India founded by Mr. Babu Rao Painter. This concern had actually produced a number of highly artistic pictures including *Valley of the Immortals, Gopal Krishna, Kama Lanka* or *the land of lust, Midnight Girl*, etc.

Between 1924 and 1928, several new producing concerns were established at Bombay: prominent amongst them are: Imperial Film Co., founded by Abu Sett and Khan Bahadur Ardeshir M. Irani, Shree Krishna Film Co., founded by Manicklal B. Patel, and Sagar Film Co., founded by Dr. Patel, Chunilal Desai and Chimanlal Desai, Saroj Film Co., founded by Nanubhai Desai. Probhat Film Co., is another notable producing concern of India, which was established at Kolhapur in 1930 by some skilled workers of Mahrastra Film Co., who left the concern for monetary reasons. Their most notable silent picture is *Chandrasena*. They are Messrs. Fatelal, Damle, Dhaibar, Santaram and Balurao Pundharkar. Sree Ranjit Film Co., was founded between 1929-30 by Mr. Chandralal Shah at Bombay and is well-known in India as the producers of the largest number of quality pictures. The chief attraction of this concern is Miss Gohur, acknowledged to be the greatest emotional Star of the Indian screen.

PUNJAB AND MADRAS

During the silent days, the activities in film production in Punjab were not very convincing and satisfactory. The only concern that did some tangible work was the Punjab Film Co., of Mr. Hariram Sethi and others. The Great Eastern Corporation Ltd., which had their offices at Delhi was primarily a Punjab concern and produced two notable pictures, namely, *The Light of Asia* and *The Loves of Moghal Prince*. In Madras, very few concerns rose to prominence during the silent days. Mention may be made of the Associated Films Ltd., the General Pictures Corporation, Ltd. and the Surya Film Co., of Bangalore, founded by Mr. H. R. Desai and Purusattam Vithaldas. All of them have left behind an appreciable record of systematic productions. The G. P. Corporation, Ld., started regular production from 1929 with Mr. A. Narayanan as the Managing Director, who also directed their first picture *Dharma Patni*. Other best known silent pictures of this concern include *Garuda Garva Bangam* and *Viswamitra*. It, however, ceased to function from April, 1932. The Associated Films took up production in 1929 under the guidance of Rao Bahadur K. Venkatramier. Raja Sandow was one of their actor-directors. *Orphan Daughter* was their first picture. This concern also failed for lack of management and finance. The Surya Film Co., of Bangalore produced and released a number of talkies, including their first picture *Heart of a King*, *Radhe Shayam* and others.

The Madan Theatres Ltd., practically champions the cause of producing motion pictures in Bengal. Their first full-length film was produced in 1919 in Calcutta. Late Mr. Rustomji Dotivala, the son-in-law of late Mr. J. F. Madan, claims the distinction of being the pioneer film producer in Bengal. His first was *Nala Damayanti*, a mythological picture from the Mahabharat. Miss Patience Cooper was the first to greet the Bengal screen as a film actress and she practically featured in almost all of the earlier Madan productions. This was followed by the growth and development of various other concerns. The earliest amongst them are: The Indo-British Film Co., established and financed by late Mr. Surendra Nath Dutt of Messrs. P. N. Dutt & Co. Their first picture was *England Returned* written by Mr. Nitish Chandra Laharry and directed by Mr. Dhiren Ganguli, who were practically at the helm of the affairs. Next came the Aurora Cinema Co., founded in 1911 but actually started regular production from 1919. Tajmahal Film Co., Indian Kinema Arts and Eastern Films Syndicate. They were founded between 1919 and 1927. *Ratnakar*, *Bidyasundar*, *Krishna Sakha*, *Sadhu-ki-Saitan*, *Yoshoda Nandan*, *Andhare Alo*, *Man Bhanjan*, *Chandranath*, *Sankaracharyya*, *Incarnation and Devdas* are some of the earliest films produced by these concerns. Messrs. Dhiren Ganguli, Late Jyotish Sarkar, Suren Roy, Nitish Laharry, Devi Ghosh, Ahin Chowdhury, Anadi Bose, Naresh Mitra, Sisir Bhaduri, Kaliprosad Ghose, of the non-Madan concerns and Messrs. P. N. Ganguly, Jyotish Banerjee and J. J. Madan, of Madan Theatres Ltd., were more or less connected as the producer-directors of these films from the very earliest stages of the industry. Other important concerns that came into existence between 1929 and 1930, are the British Dominion Film Co., Graphic Arts (1929), Arya Films (1929) and the International Film Craft (1930). All of them were regular producing concerns and have left behind a good record of systematic productions. *Bigraha, Abhisekh, Burden, Flames of Flesh, Pancha Sar, Money Makes What Not, Aparadhi, Chore Kanta* and *Chasar Maye* are some of the most successful films produced by these concerns.

PERIOD OF DEVELOPMENT—ADVENT OF THE TALKIES.

Since the advent of talkies, India began to produce same seriously from 1931. The first Indian full-length talkie was produced by Khan Bahadur Ardeshir M. Irani of Bombay in 1931 and almost simultaneously a series of talkie shorts were produced and released in Madan Theatres, of Calcutta. So it may be noticed that the pioneer efforts in talking pictures as well, were mostly achieved in Bombay, which is still regarded as the foremost film-producing centre in India. About twenty-five fully equipped sound studios in different parts of India are continuously producing talking pictures in three or four principal Indian languages. Largest number of talkies is now being produced in Urdu and sometimes in a mixed language which we may call Hindusthani. Talkies produced in these two languages are largely in demand more or less in all the provinces in India. Mention may be made of the following concerns which maintain fully-equipped sound studios and a uniformly systematic record of production in talking pictures. In Bombay proper, we have:—Imperial Movietone, Shree Ranjit, Krishna Movietone, Sagar Movietone, Sharda, Ajanta, Saroj and Wadia. In Poona we have Probhat Film Co., and Saraswati Cinetone and in Kolahpur we have the Kolahpur Cinetone and Chhatrapati Cinetone.

Notable talking pictures produced since 1931 by these concerns include *Alam Ara, Daulat-ki-Nasha, Devi Devjani, Radha Ram, Temptress, King of Ayodhya, Madhuri, Shamsundar, Maya Machinder, Saubhagya Sundari, Street Angel, Lanka Dahan, Hatem Tai, Zarina, Akashwani,* and *Toofan Mail.*

In the Punjab and Madras, no tangible proof regarding the systematic production of talkies is yet available. Both Bombay and Calcutta have contributed a handful of Tamil and Telegu talkies for South Indian market but, in view of their persistent demand, their number is extremely small. The film industry of the Punjab and Madras is still ill-developed and unless some bold effort is made to improve the existing conditions, we do not foresee any glorious future for them.

Since 1931, Bengal seems to have taken up the production of talking pictures in right earnest. Though Madan Theatres, Ltd., claim the honour of producing the first talkie and a large number of other notable talkies, including *Shirifarhad* and *Lailamajnu* they could not maintain their position, due to internal struggle and mismanagement. At present, eight different sound studios in Bengal are producing talkies at regular speed. Of these The New Theatres, Ltd., is regarded as the biggest and best producing concern in Bengal, having maintained uniform standard in pictorial production. So far as sound, photography, processing and editing is concerned, their standard is far above the average. Besides the best known technicians, they have at present the best grouping of stars and directors. Their notable contribution included Bengali and Hindusthani talkies, namely, *Chandidas, Puran-Bhakat,* and *Yahoodi-ki-Larki.*

Next comes Kali Films of Mr. P. N. Ganguly, which is regarded as the luckiest film concern in Bengal. Their important talkies include *Sabitri*, *Bilwamangal* and *Tarum*.

The Radha Film Co., and The East India Film Co., are the next two important concerns which can claim to have maintained the services of a really good set of directors, technicians and stars. The notable pictures of the East India include *Aurat-ki-Pyar*, *Seeta*, *Sultana*, while *Sree-Gouranga*, *Char Darvesh* and *Daksha Yagna* are the best known contributions of the Radha.

Bharat Luxmi Pictures of Seth Babulal Choukhani is another popular concern and has produced several talkies including *Insaf-ki-Tope* and *Chandsadager*.

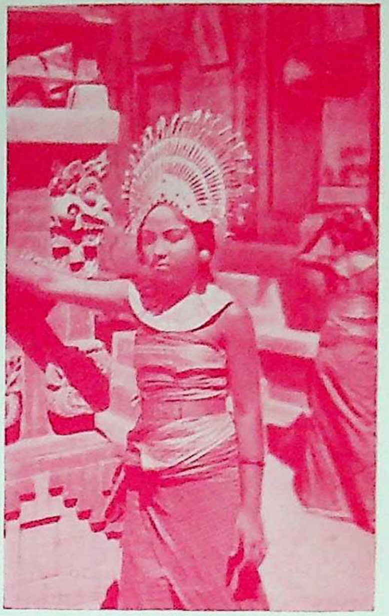
Pioneer Films and Keshari Films are the two latest additions, founded by Messrs. F. J. Madan and J. J. Madan respectively, the two sons of Late Mr. J. F. Madan. The Pioneer has lately produced a notable Bengali picture, while the latter has also produced and released an ordinary talkie. The Barua Studios of Calcutta is now running under the management of the Aurora Film Corporation. This studio is no longer functioning as an independent studio of any particular concern, but is working on hire basis. The Madan studios are now, however, running under the management and control of Rai Bahadur Suklal Karnani. They are mainly producing Hindusthani talkies, exploiting the well-known songstress, Miss Kajyan in most of their pictures. In one of their latest talkies, *Anokha Prem*, this lovely star has been introduced wearing an unusual 'sari' decorated with actual currency notes to the extent of one lakh of rupees, all over the body. Under the new management, they are producing films at regular speed.

NEW IMPULSES IN ANDHRA ARTS AND LITERATURE

Continued from page 125

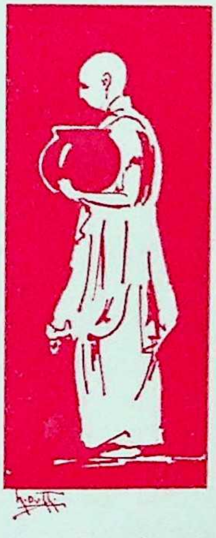
His figures are Greek crossed with Ajanta, his draughtsmanship is correct and some of his portraits and studies from life are excellent. His work is being carried on now by a forlorn hope of only a few inferior artists. In the Madras School of Arts, under Roy Chowdhury, some good work is being done in a mixed style. But it has not yet developed any very distinctive features or produced outstanding specimens of art. There is, of course, no artist in the province so sure of himself as to adventure upon any of the ultra-modern European styles of painting.

On the whole, summarising the ferment of modernism in Andhra culture, one may say that there is a great agitation but no corresponding achievement, more heat than light; but the germ of progress is there, a deep discontent with things as they are and a determination to shape them towards better ends; the future holds in its womb possibilities and hopes.

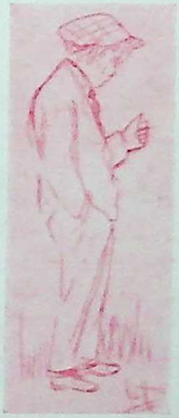


A BALINESE GIRL DANCER

A CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDE FROM BALINESE DANCE



A 'FUNGI'
By K. Dutt

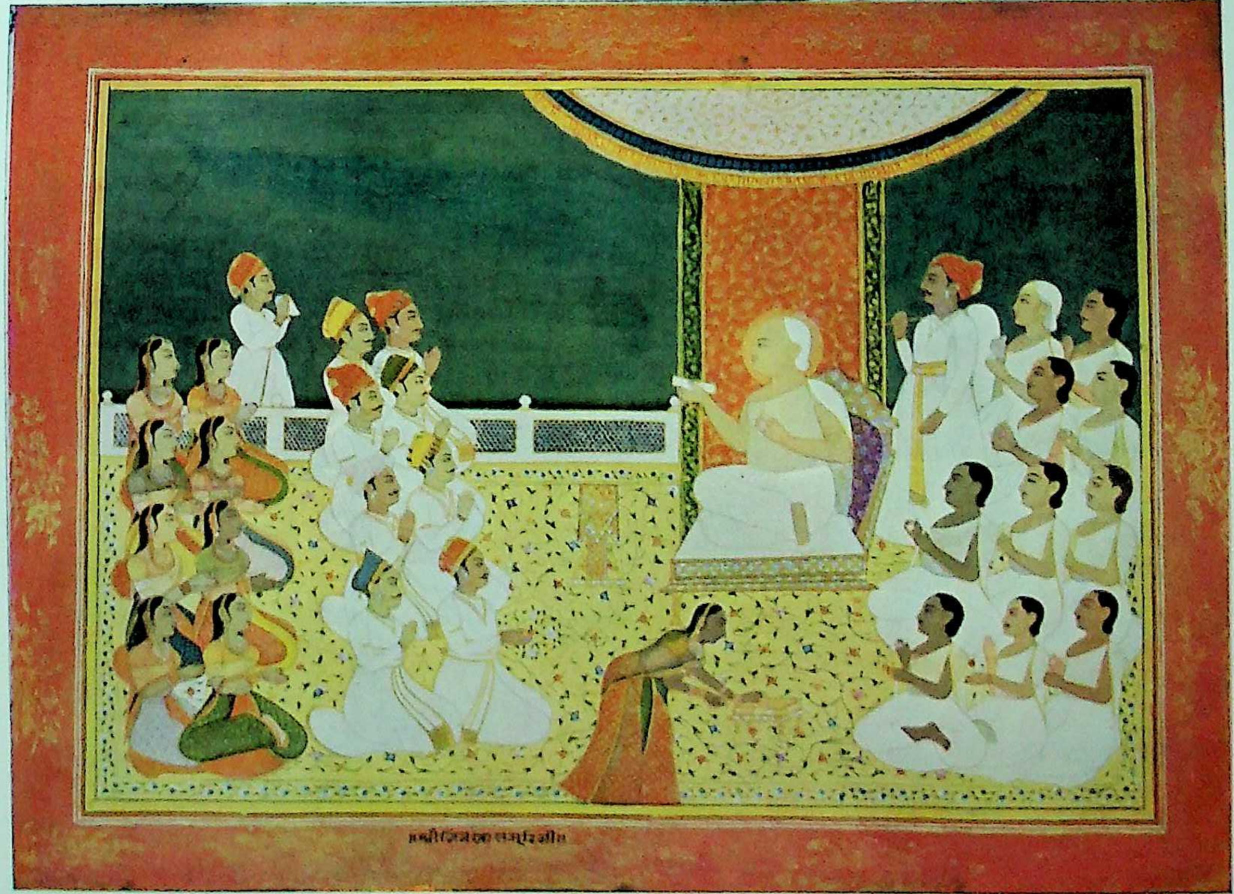


A STUDY
By K. Dutt

MAGITO

BENSON MAGITO

MENAKA IN A NEW POSE



SRI JINALABHA SURI

(PREACHING)

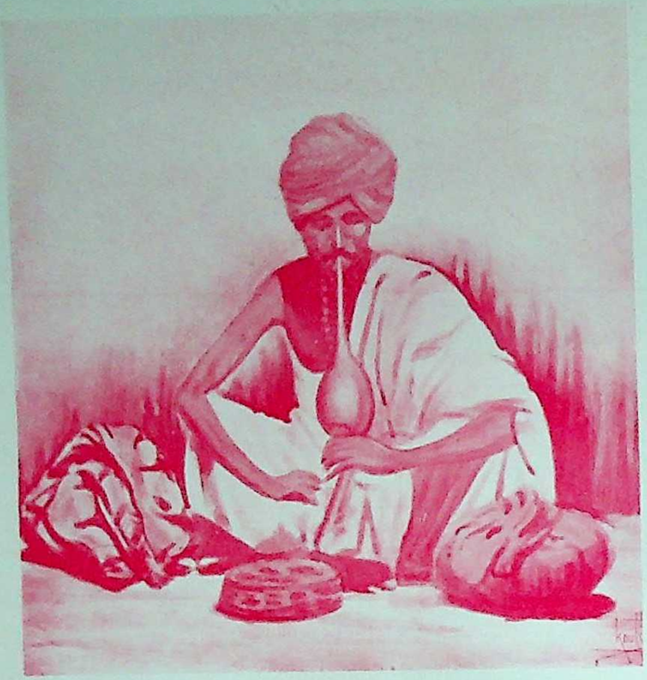
By Kind Permission : Nahar Collection

Old Master Jain School of Painting

GOD–SCULPTURE

AMAL KIRAN

NO man to immortal beauty woke
But by my music of stroke on stroke.
Should I disdain to hurt your deep
Rigidities of clay-bound sleep,
How would you bear a thrilled impress
Of my unshadowed loveliness?
Pain like a chisel I've brought to trace
The death of pain upon your face:
Each curve and line new-wrought shall be
A tangible God-ecstasy . . .
If earth's hard gloom I never broke
With the keen fire of shaping stroke,
Creation would forfeit its aim—
To house the paradisal flame
In no vague momentary mood
But kindle with infinitude
Rapture as of eternal stone!
Must not my love be hammer-willed
Its crowning masterpiece to build
From the dense quarry of body and bone.

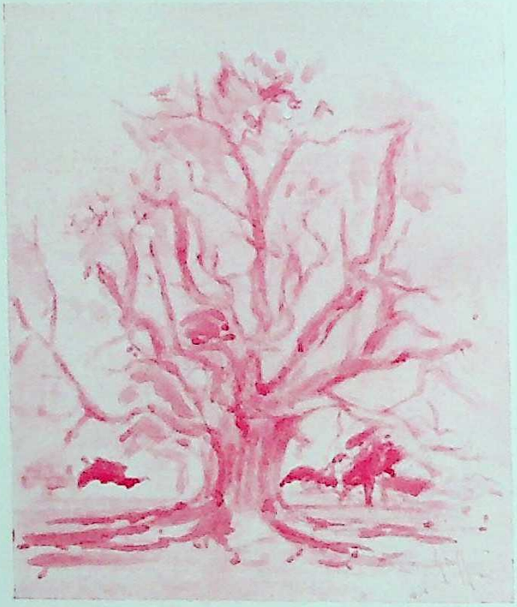


A SNAKE CHARMER

By K. Dutt, a young promising Artist

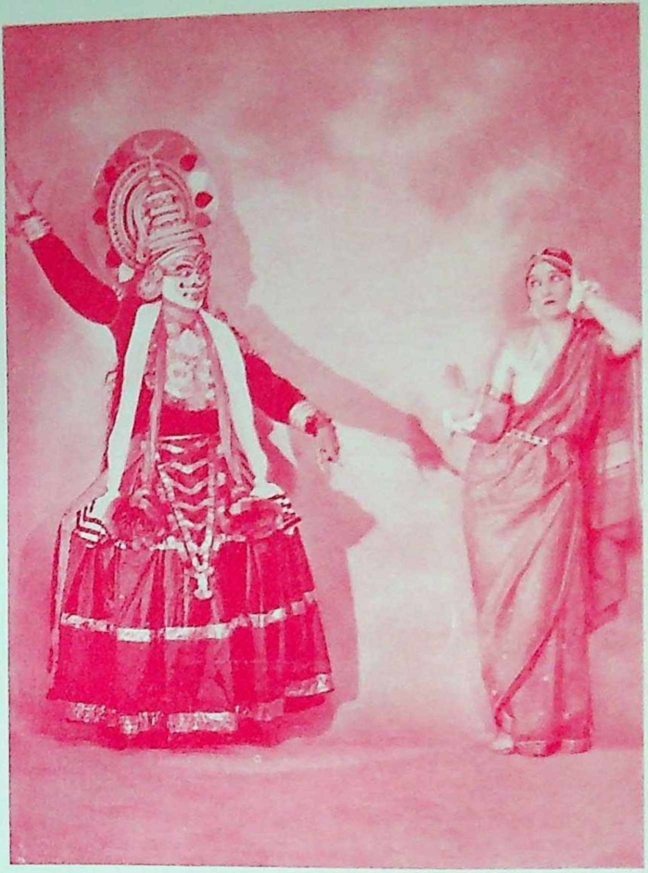
A DANCING PRINCESS

JAVA

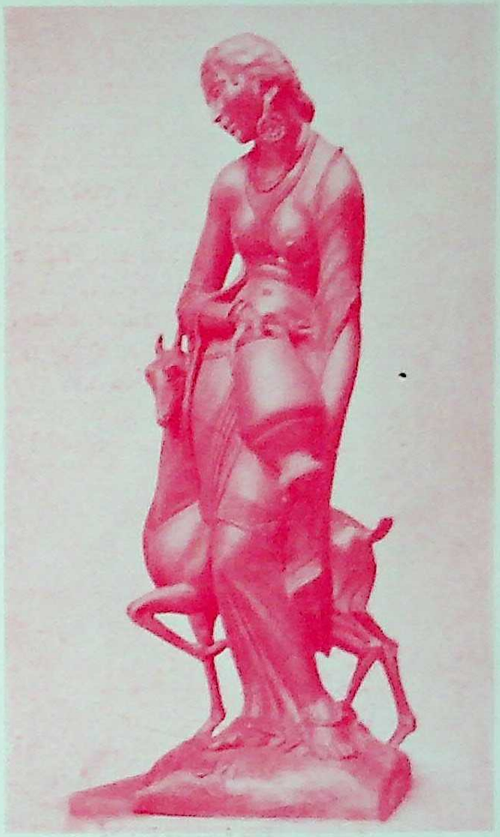


A STUDY

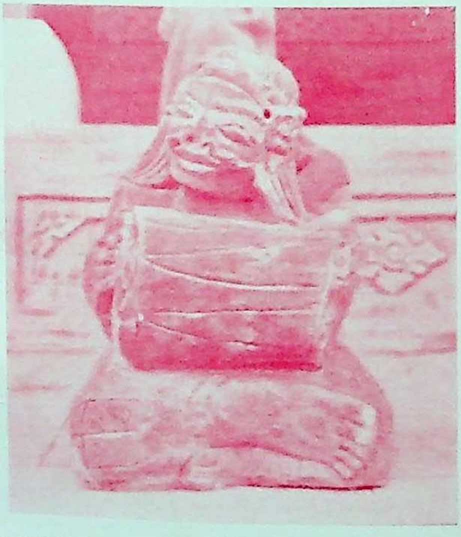
By K. Dutt



GOPINATH WITH RAGINI DEBI



SHAKUNTALA
BY KSHITISH CHANDRA ROY



A DRUM PLAYER CARVED IN STONE : BALI

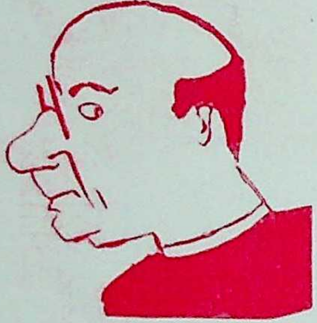
THE SIC

ABDUL GHA

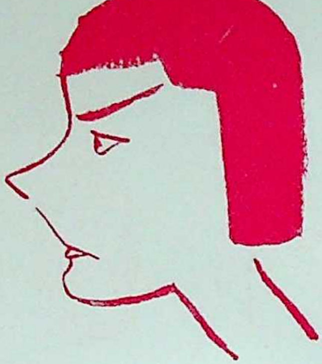
Illustrations

IT was in the year 1928 that the inhabitants in the Kabul river-valley in general, and my own dear orthodox relatives in particular, decided that they had had enough of my impertinent green eyes and upsetting ideas. They approached my father who after consulting an over-practical uncle decided to send me over to England. As a result, I sailed for London wearing an English suit for the first time and imagining all the eyes in the world focussed on me.

In London I was duly received by a cousin who passed me on to two gentlemen, Messrs. Knaster and Gaster (They sound like twins but they really are not). These worthy gentlemen, after a lot of chin-rubbing, head-scratching, yawning, stretching, and telephone-conversing, handed me over to a "recognised tutor" who was to pump some civilization into my sixteen-year-old Pathan blood. The process of civilizing, I discovered, consisted in saying, "Thank you" when one was handed a piece of bread, taking off one's hat to ladies, and looking cheese straight in the face without displaying distinct symptoms of sea-sickness. Below is a description of the people who bravely, but alas, unsuccessfully, tackled the job.



THE ANÆMIC DIVINE



THE DISAPPOINTED CLEOPATRA

Edward Sickham was a funny little man with a mobile face and a sharp tongue. He did not look like an Englishman although he told every visitor to the house, within five minutes of his arrival, that he was the great-great-grandson of William Sickham who, besides having founded several colleges and dozens of schools, was a minister of Henry VIII. He talked of chickens and enjoyed eating onions, which he said, had kept his grandfather alive for a hundred years though it had sent his grand-mother to an early grave with a not quite pleasant expression on her face. He used to borrow magazines from me and quote to me the stuff that was in them as though it came from his own brain, complacently eliminating the names of the authors.

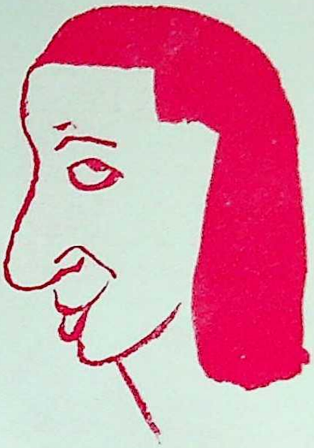
He read the *Times* and repeated the editorials from the pulpit every Sunday. He studied the *Daily Mail* and repeated the scandals at the tea-table every Sunday afternoon.

He was quite a little Cæsar when with strangers or in other people's houses, but at home and with his family one could not help feeling sorry for the little man whose long and strained efforts at accumulating dignity by telling you about his great relatives were

KHAM

NI KHAN

by the Author



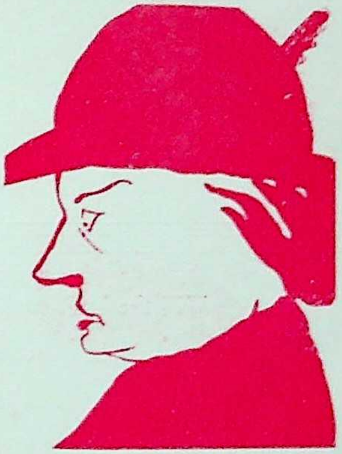
PARAGON NO. 2

marred by his Irish wife, who kept on reminding her Eddie that he had to feed the chickens and mow the lawn. On these occasions Eddie used to twitch every part of his face and would at once start a discourse on the benefits of physical exercise and the fresh open air life, in the extravagant hope of persuading one of us to abandon the soft armchair and mow the muddy lawn for him.

His wife was a typical Irishwoman, with a beautiful face, a good heart and a weak head. She could not tolerate bad spelling, dirty collars and unshaven chins: and, it so happened, that her Eddie was guilty of all the three. On the days when we had guests she used to collar old Sicks in the hall and would force him to do repairs to his appearance if he hoped to get any potatoes with his meat. If, however, he managed to reach the dining table in his usual outfit, the bigger half used to convey her displeasure to him by not laughing at his jokes and by giving him the smallest potatoes with the harshest noise.

Old Sicks had a patent set of jokes with varying degrees of vulgarity which he used to try turn by turn. If the guests were hard to amuse, Eddie would relate the vulgarest one, shake his eyebrows, wink, and attack his potatoes with his head down, while his young unmarried daughters looked at the handsomest guest slyly and giggled. However, if the guests failed to respond, it was our duty to laugh and pretend to have heard the joke for the first time, a performance which used to make me feel extremely silly and self-conscious.

Besides having a wife twice his size, Sicks had a son who would have been a bathing beauty and two daughters who would have been newspaper-boys if they could have just reversed their sex. Mary and Martha both were extremely ugly, with bandy, match-stick legs, pancake breasts and typical Syckhamist noses which, like all aristrocratic noses, were meant more for distinction than for decoration. Martha, the younger, was a nice homely girl who used to do all the housework. Whenever I wanted a nice cup of chocolate, I used to tell her with a good many affected blushes, that her legs were much fatter than her sister's, and the trick worked.



THE BIGGER HALF

If I went a step further and told her that beauty did not depend on the physical structure of the face but rather on the general expression of it, I used to get hot water for shaving and all my socks darned. She loved a Bengali boy who loved her cooking. He used to come down from Oxford once a month and bring down a different cousin every time to be fed and flattered. And so it went on.

Mary, on the other hand, was thinner, uglier and fiercer than Martha. She must have been created by God when he was feeling short of everything except stupidity, so he gave her a larger share of that in order to make up for her other shortcomings. She hated men because she could not get one, in spite of the concentrated efforts of all her widowed aunties. She knew all about India because her father's uncle had been there forty years ago. She was a Conservative because the M. P. of that party from our district was handsomer than the M. P.'s of the other parties. She called the Russians, "Tartars"; Germans, "Jerries"; Italians, "Dagoes"; Americans, "Yankees": and the Spaniards "did not matter at all". She hated Indians but was ready to kiss one's feet if he would condescend to patronise her lips. Finally, after having chased everything from parson to farmers in the parish, she gave up all hopes, bought a dog for hugging and kissing, and took to social work.

I blush to talk about the son, Willie. He was his mother's darling and looked it. He was so pretty and girlish that I used to enjoy taking him to cinemas and buying chocolates for him. He used, and could stand, more make-up than his sisters. Once I took him along to London to see a friend of mine. His wife advised me that I needed a lovely girl and not a lovely boy, so I left off being nice to the boy and left the house soon after.

TWILIGHT

IN the hush of the fleeting twilight
As the rook wings back to its nest,
And the East is faintly aglow
With the mellowing tints of the West,
Comes a whisper in fairy voices,
Comes a breeze suffused with song—
There's a rift in the clouds—for the heart rejoices—
There's a pause in the sky—how long? how long?

M. CHATTERJI

CELEBRATED ARTISTS IN ALL-BENGAL MUSIC CONFERENCE, 1934

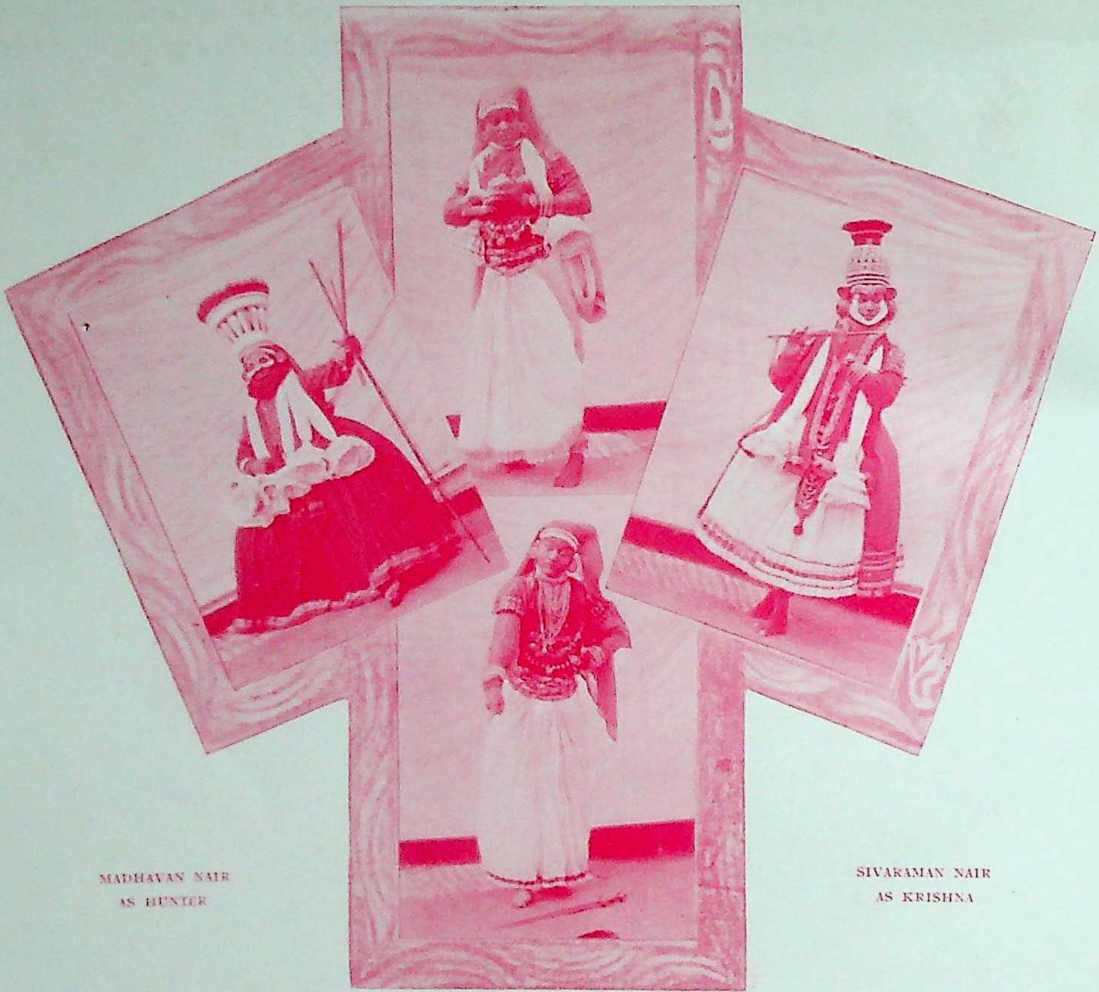
SJ. DHIRENDRA NATH BOSE, THE FAMOUS SARODIST, BENGAL

SJ. SHANKARAM NAMBOODIRY OF TRAVANCORE STATE, MALABAR, IS ONE OF THE GREATEST EXPONENTS OF KATHAKALI.

PROF. FAIZ KHAN OF BARODA, SONGSTER

KATHAKALI ACTORS OF KERALA

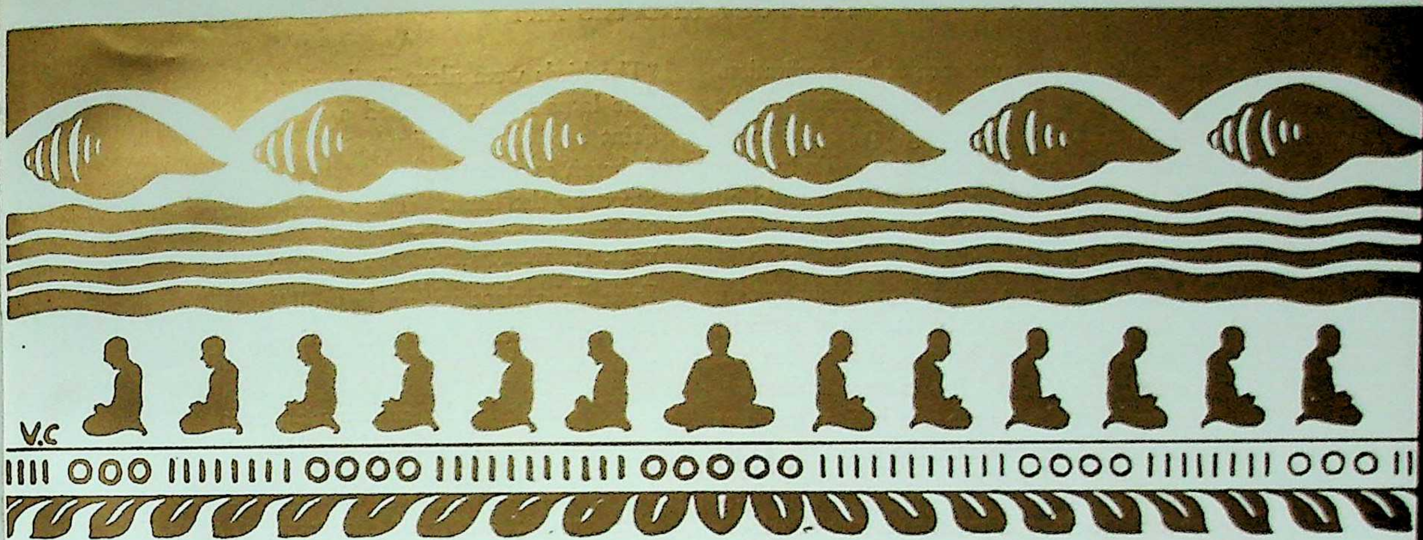
KALAMANDALAM



MADHAVAN NAIR
AS HUNTER

SIVARAMAN NAIR
AS KRISHNA

KELU NAIR AS POOTANA (TOP)
KRISHNAN NAIR AS MOHINI



THE POET AND HIS ART

A. N. MALLIK

WHO is a poet? A poet is one, who gives a new and fresher feeling concerning life through the use of words, which soothes like good music and presents an image. When the poet writes:

"The soft voluptuous opiate-shades,
The sun just gone, the eager light dispelled—
(I too will soon be gone, dispelled)
A haze—*Nirvana*—rest and night oblivion."

he touches us because the music from which they cannot be separated, has created a mode in us—a mode in which the statement becomes a reality. As the mood is created in us, the "soft," "voluptuous," "opiate-shades," "the sun just gone," "a haze," "the rest," "the night oblivion,"—all become part and parcel of a sad procession, which is life, and as we repeat the lines, we understand, not with the exterior mind with which we ordinarily comprehend things, but with the inner mind—the deeper part of ourselves, the twilight of life, which joins us in unison with the sunset, the haze, the night oblivion. The lines of Whitman are poetry, because they possess a rhythm that is sorrowful enough to give us the sense of the impending twilight of life which must sooner or later arrive.

Poets are economists also: note how "soft," "voluptuous," "opiate-shades," go with "haze," "rest," and "night oblivion," each adding to the effect of twilight that follows after sunset. These words in their particular places have the effect of more than a hundred words. To be able to give us this moving feeling of the eventide or twilight of life, the poet must be a master of words so that he can produce the imagery and music so naturally that we arrive at the conclusion that the language is our own. He must have the power to embody a rhythm. Before he begins to write his poem, before even the words come to him, there must be present that feeling of rhythm, of music; he must then discover the words that will convey this rhythm to us and at the same time present clearly and economically the substance of his meditation. The rhyme and chime, the balancing of the words, is not just dressing up of language,—but meaningful language. Truly has Mr. G. K. Chesterton said, "We should all like to speak poetry at the moment when we truly live, and if we do not speak it, it is because we have an impediment in our speech. It is not song that is the narrow or artificial thing, it is conversation that is a broken and a stammering song. Poetic comedy does not misrepresent the speech one half as much as the speech misrepresents the soul."

It is thought by practical people that for a poet the writing of verse is a sort of self-indulgence. They imagine him sitting in some sequestered spot, putting rhymes together and entertaining himself. But the poet only knows that his ability of putting words in the correct position, so as to make his verse appear spontaneous, comes only by keeping himself at a high tension. The poet, and for the matter of that any artist, has to keep himself fully alive,—alive in his intelligence, but alive in his heart and feelings and throughout all the years of his life between maturity and senility. He is fully aware that his utterances are not fancies, as people imagine, but realities. The realities which he gives, are much more real than persons engaged in practical affairs, for it is only in the work of the patient, laborious, disciplined artist, whether it be that of the painter, writer, sculptor or philosopher with the poetic utterance, that the reality of other times lives for us.

It is a common error that a poet strives to make men good or happy. But that is not so. The poet wants us to look on reality as he sees it. That reality may be glorious as to make him speak in raptures about it, or it may be so tragical as to summon all the reserve of spirit to face it. The poet may sing with the late Toru Dutt:

"The birds were silent in the wood,
The lotus flowers exhaled a smell
Faint over all the solitude,
A heron as a sentinel
Stood by the bank. They called in vain.
No answer came from hill or fell.
Even landscape lay in slumber chain
Even Echo slept within her cell."

Or, the tragedy may be as Mrs. E. B. Browning feels it:

"Knowledge by suffering entereth
And life is perfected by Death."

In what surroundings and in an age of what character can poetry be produced? Poetry has been produced in deserts, in important capitals, in unknown villages and bedraggled towns. It has flourished in a tragic vision or a heroic life; appeared as consolation for defeat and impoverishment, or even merely as accompaniment for the thoughts of men and women at work in their fields. Shelley is stated to have said:

"Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong.
They learn in suffering what they teach in song"

which seems very appropriate.

As to the age, in which poetry would best thrive, it would appear that in an age when belief in something other than in the mundane affairs, and in an age of unchallenged and unquestioning faith, would be the best suited. In the world of to-day, there are so many faiths, but the difficulty with them is that they cut across each other. The belief in the Modern State—to which we have given our lives, liberties and our economic resources, is cut across by another, that of Internationalism. The belief in the researches of Science is cut across by the belief in Religion, and all these beliefs have not fused in one single belief or genuine faith. Since it is not possible to illustrate this genuine faith, poetry has become only a private affair, as it were, between the poet and himself, or at least between the poet and his immediate followers. Another reason why poetry is such a private affair seems to be, that poets have not succeeded in putting into verse the present activities of the world, such as mass production technique in industry, financial transactions, military and diplomatic operations,—all of which are transmuting and moulding the world to-day. Poets and their poetry seem to have become isolated, and there seems to be no realization by the rest of the community that it is necessary for them to have their lives and their business adorned by poetry. Is it possible for anyone to believe, that once upon a time, the Syracusans released some of their prisoners of war, who were being made to work in the stone quarries, to come out and recite and teach them verses from Euripides' last play? Even a faint suggestion would be considered an insane proposition.

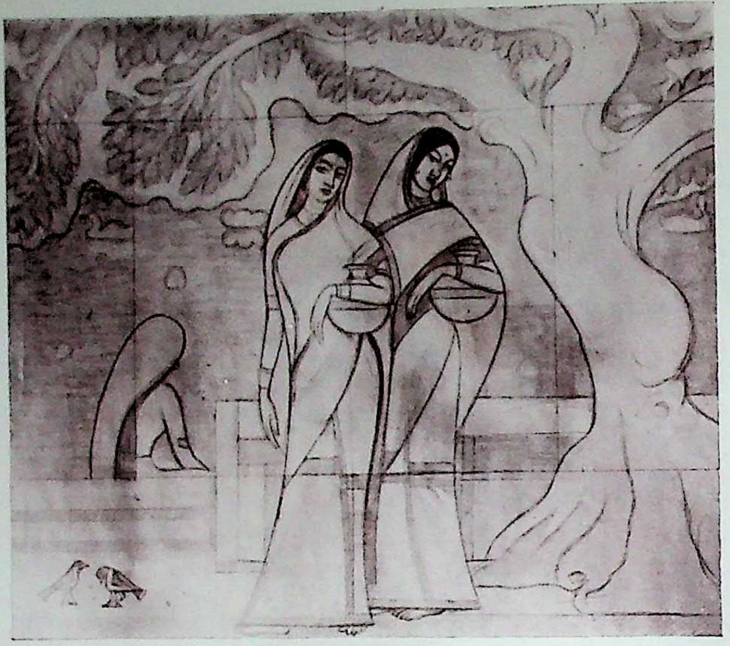
But this divergence between the poet and the businessman is complete. The reason is not far to seek. In these days of standardization, the businessman cannot think of anything else, and it is his impression that this stereotyping in one form of activity can be carried into another. But in such an atmosphere the poet feels choked. He loves what is unique, what is far beyond and lonely. The divergence is keen and sharp and this can be accounted for by the presence of two figures, who stand between them—one the Bohemian, or the sterile type, which would not exist if the artist, faithfully carrying out his work, was given due recognition and reward; and the other, the false artist who does not produce something which he discovers in himself,—but that for which there is a current demand. The goods that the artist produces and the industrialist, have both to be disposed of,—but a mistake is made, when it is thought that the method suitable to the one will hold good in the case of the other. When an artist creates, he gives it a life of its own—a part of himself, as it were. What can sales methods or marketing methods do for such a life? Nothing at all. Those who give it a place do it for the love of it, and without that intense love, the poem, picture, music, statue will die; no amount of press publicity will gain love for it. The present-day sales methods in the industrial world has created a misapprehension as to how the product of the poet should be disposed of. It would seem to appear that "in the olden days the artist worked in his garret, but now-a-days he has to come to the street with a big drum." The responsibility for producing something of value depends on the artist, but a campaign for the sale of his production is not his concern. His duty as creator ends in producing, but he cannot come to the market-place to sell. If he stays in the garret, perchance, he may get fame, if he comes to the market-place he has publicity. What then is the difference? Fame is recognition which comes to one—publicity is recognition brought to one; the former will bring stimulation, but the latter, distraction. The world of art and the world of industry, therefore, are far from each other, and the one must not enter or rather cannot enter, with its prepossessions, into the other's domain.

Then what can be done for the artist, who works in his garret and spurns the footlight? In so far as poets, artists, and sculptors are concerned the best that the public can do is to love their works and be eager for them. It would, perhaps, even be better to publish cheap editions of their work so as to reach all and sundry. Subsidies and incomes to such men by the State in their declining

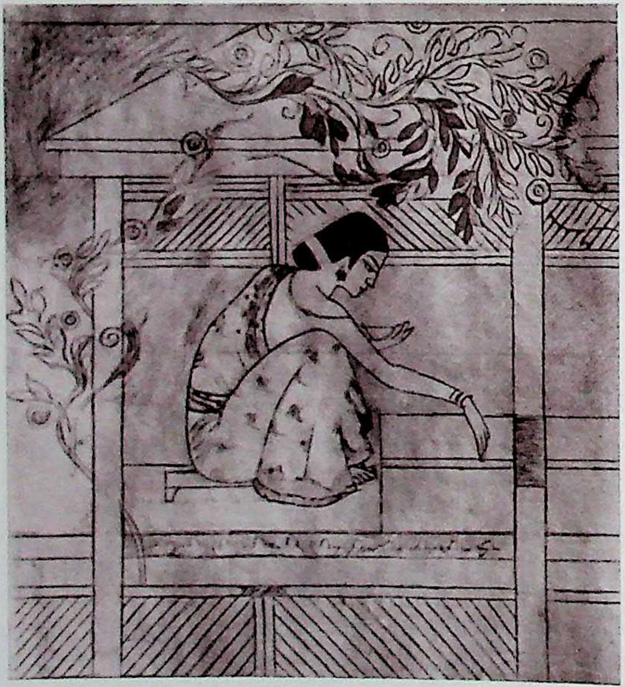
Continued on page 166

DRAWINGS

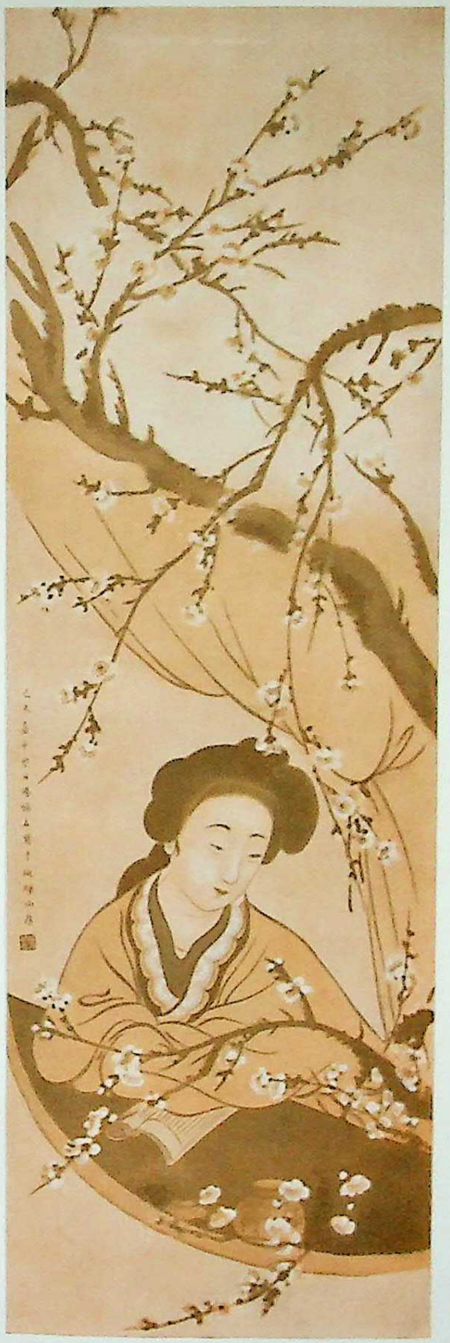
By Nandalal Bose



TO THE TANK



ALPANA



BEAUTY

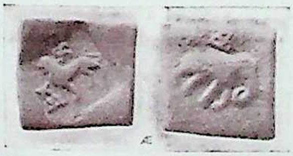
By Kind Permission of Alakendra Nath Tagore

Old Master, China
Painted in The 15th Century

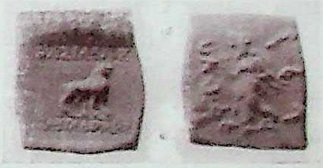
ART IN COINS

SUNITI KUMAR CHATTERJI

SOMEBODY in France is said to have made the remark, in connection with the proposal for a new coinage for the French Republic after the conclusion of the Franco-German War, that the coins of France should be so beautiful as to make the possessor of a coin of even the smallest denomination a possessor of a real work of art. It was with this spirit that Republican France designed her coins ; and in fact, for sheer beauty, few things in modern coinage can compare with the French coins, whether in bronze, silver or gold, with the head of the Goddess of Concord by Oudiné, or of the Republic by Daniel Dupuis, or with the figure of the Sowing Woman by Roty. The example of France in modern times has been emulated by other nations—notably Italy, whose current coinage is a particularly beautiful one : the head of Italia, holding the ear corn which forms the obverse of the current 20 centisimi nickels, is worth mentioning specially.

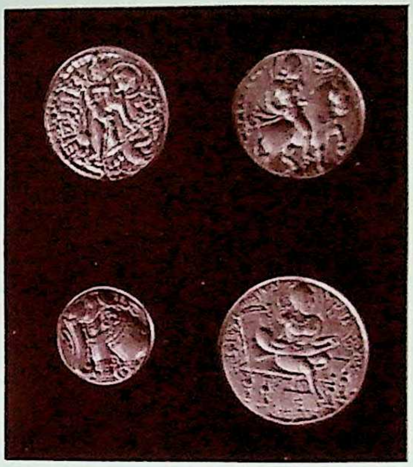


The ancient Greeks were a people who had consecrated themselves to the cult of beauty, as it were, and like most other things in their civilisation, the coins of the ancient Greek States have remained a source of perennial inspiration to most peoples, ancient and modern. In fact, it may be said that the modern nations of the West are seeking to get back something of the spirit of the Greeks in their coinage ; and generally what we have in modern coinage is a conscious and successful imitation (at times) of the Greek spirit in numismatic art. The coins of France and Italy are a case in point : the figure of St. George on horseback on the reverse of the English sovereign is an adaptation by an Italian artist of a Greek figure from the Parthenon frieze ; and the new coinage of the Irish Free State (*Saorstait Eireann*), with figures of the typical domestic animals and birds of Ireland making for the economic wealth of the Emerald Isle, is after all a modernisation of the Greek idea which gave such true and charming studies of animal life in some of the Greek coins. As other good adaptations of the Greek idea, we might mention the head of the Inca girl in some of the coins of Peru, and that of the American Indian, with the bison on the other side, in the five cent nickels of the United States.



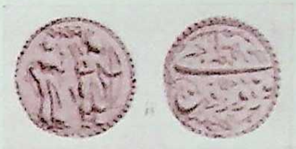
Nations of antiquity were equally inspired by the Greeks in this matter. The Roman coinage was a reflex of the Greek, and the coins of the ancient Hellenistic peoples of the Near East were echoes, now distinct and clear, now faint, of the genius of the Greek art in this line. In our own country, India, we had a native Indian numismatic tradition, independent of the Greek, it is true; and it is very likely that the first coins—bits of metal with symbols struck on them, used as a medium of exchange—originated in India (there have been discovered at Mohen-jo-Daro in Sindh at least one such oblong coin or medallion in metal dating probably from the 3rd millennium B. C., which has led to the above speculation: the oldest coins in the Western world are those struck by some Asia Minor States under Greek inspiration in the 7th century B.C.): but the early pre-Greek coins of India are just square or oblong bits of silver or copper, with merely some symbols struck on them—the so-called "punch-marked" coins—*Puranas*, as they are known to Indologists—which have no pretension to beauty of conception or execution. Greek influences seem to have penetrated Indian life even before Alexander's invasion—through the Persian Empire of the Achæmenians, which had linked up India with the Yavana or Yona (Ionian, *i.e.*, Greek) world two hundred years and more before Alexander. The Achæmenian coins were of Greek execution or inspiration; and it is no wonder that we find Saubhuti, a Hindu king of what is now Afghanistan (this tract was an integral part of Aryan India in those days), who was a contemporary of Alexander, displaying his features in a coin of Greek execution, with his name in Greek letters as *Sophutes*. Alexander came and went away almost as soon as he came; but his Greeks stayed on, at least on the outskirts of the Indian Empire of the Mauryas, and came back again, and considerably influenced the life and culture of the ancient Hindus. The native traditions in coinage did not die out; but Greek coins in all their glory were introduced; and sometimes there was a blending of the two traditions, which moved towards the evolution of a new tradition and a new art which took place ultimately under the Imperial Guptas.

It is not necessary to give examples of Greek coins executed in India, as these were the works of foreigners who came to India. Indian punch-marked coins do not evince any art. But it seems that under the quickening influence of Greek art, the art of the native Indian die-engraver first sought to make beautiful coins. Some of the coins of the native Indian States and Republics in the centuries immediately preceding and following the Christian era show a revolution from the punch-marked coin tradition. The value of artistic design on a coin was appreciated. We have as typical of the new spirit actuating the Indian mind two coins reproduced here. They were both made under Greek auspices or influence, but in both we have the native Indian art traditions working. The first is a copper coin of an Indo-Greek king, Pantaleon. This Pantaleon, who ruled probably in the Kabul Valley and Western Panjab in the middle of the 2nd century B. C., evidently sought to win over his Indian subjects, judging from the fact that he (like some other Græco-Indian rulers of his age) adopted the Indian square or oblong shape of the *Puranas* for his coins and not the round Greek shape, and chose an Indian design. In the coin as illustrated, we have on one side the Indian lion, with the king's name in Greek letters—*BASILEÔS PANTALEONTOS* ('of King Pantaleon'), and on the other a female figure holding a lotus in the right hand, with a legend in Prakrit and in Indian Brahmi letters—*RÂJINO PANTALEVASA* (meaning the same thing as in Greek). This is perhaps one of the most beautiful coins of ancient India, although it is blurred and indistinct now: in it we have a perfect symbol of Indo-Greek cultural rapprochement in ancient India. The figure of the woman is not Greek in execution—it is Indian; a slim graceful figure, with breasts exposed as in ancient Indian woman's costume in the plains, with a flowing *orhni* or *chadar* (or *uttariya*—a sort of wrap for the upper part of the body) she seems to be *Sri* or *Lakshmî*, the ancient Indian Goddess of beauty and of fortune, of abundance and happiness; quite a fitting figure for any coin.

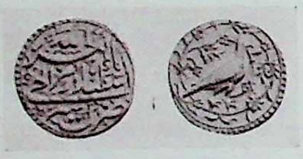


The other coin of this period is the famous coin of Taxila (Takkasila or Takshasila), a coin which gives spirited representations of two of the characteristic animals of North India of the time, namely, the lion and the elephant. There are *Swastika* and *Chaitya* symbols on the obverse with the lion, and the *Nandipada* symbol on the reverse with the elephant: quite a fine specimen of numismatic art.

After the Greeks we have the Kushana Emperors whose coinage was as distinctive as their creed was eclectic. The Kushanas were Iranians from Central Asia tamed by the civilisation of India, Persia and Greece, and we find on the obverse side of their coins the figure of their king, booted, armoured and spear-in-hand, making an offering on a fire-altar, Iranian fashion; on the other side is the figure of some God or Goddess, Indian (Brahmanical or Buddhistic), Iranian, or Greek. The legends are in a dialect allied to Pahlavi or Middle Persian which is written in a modified Greek alphabet. In these Kushana coins we have perhaps the oldest plastic representations of Siva (with his trident, standing beside his bull), of Kumara or Mahasena (Karttikeya) and of Buddha. These coins are highly interesting to the student of art and archæology, religion and history, but they show merely faint reminiscences of Greek numismatic art.



We have a new era inaugurated by the Imperial Guptas from the second quarter of the 4th century A.D., and we have a finely artistic national tradition created with a general revival of Indian art. There are great many echoes of Classical Greek art in the Gupta coins, and obviously there is some Chinese influence too (*e.g.*, in the style of writing the letters forming some of the coin-legends from top to botom, and in some treatment of drapery), but we have the *floraison* of a national art of a high order for the first time here. The variety and beauty of the Gupta coin-types conduce to an æsthetic pleasure which can be compared with that derivable from Greek coins. What a wealth of information about the life and culture of the 4th and 5th century India do these coins present to us! The legends are fragments of Sanskrit verse in pre-Devanagari characters of the period; and the subjects are often charming poems themselves. One can revel for a good half an hour among the excellent plates in John Allan's *Catalogue of Gupta Coins*, a British Museum publication of first rate importance. We select for representation two typical coins: one, the obverse of a typical coin of Samudragupta, showing the Emperor seated on a chair and playing on the lyre, the ancient Indian *Vinâ*; and the other, the reverse of a coin of Kumara-gupta representing a gem of a lyric in plastic art,—a Goddess, probably *Sri*, fondling a peacock, which she tries to feed with fruits. In the first we have a glimpse of the intimate personal life of the great ruler, with some side-light on the amenities of life in those days. The shape of the *Vinâ* is particularly noteworthy. In the second, we have a contemporary plastic representation of a situation similar to many such charmingly sung in Sanskrit and Prakrit lyrics—a veritable thumb-nail sketch of a divine lady and the most glorious of birds: the lotus stalk held by the lady is characteristic. These two coins, both obverse and reverse, are among the finest of any country, and they form proud specimens of ancient Indian art.

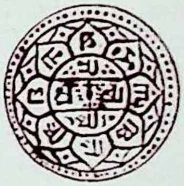


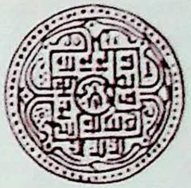
After the Imperial Guptas, Indian sculpture held its own for some centuries, but Indian coinage became a decaying art. The ancient Greek republics and city-states gave birth to a magnificent coinage; but the Indian states could not preserve the heritage of an Empire. Here and there, only on rare occasions, a really artistic type of coinage was produced in some individual state by some individual prince: witness, for example, the charming elephant on the little gold coins of Kongu-desa in Western Mysore (probably of the 10th-11th centuries) which were copied in Kashmir; the Bull and Horseman rupees of the Hindu kings of Kabul immediately before the Muhammedan conquest; and the unique horseman gold coin of a king Vira Sinha, probably of Nalapura or Narwar in Gwalior State of the 11th century—a fine unpublished specimen of which is in the collection of Mr. Ajit Ghosh of Calcutta and has been identified and described by Mr. K. N. Dikshit of the Archæological Survey.

These somehow carry on the ancient Hindu tradition as established under the Imperial Gupta régime. Then came the Turki conquest, with the Muhammadan religion in its train. The Turks had no art and no culture of their own. Persian art and culture which the Turks had adopted in Afganistan had lost its numismatic inheritance of the Sassanian period after the Arab conquest. The Indian Turkish rulers for a while coquetted with the native Indian numismatic styles, and then the aniconic mentality of Islam asserted itself and a new Muhammedan coinage, calligraphic in form, came into being. This all but swept away the Hindu iconic tradition; so much so that when in the early 15th century a Bengali Hindu, Danuja-mardana Deva (who has been identified with Raja Ganes, or Kansa Narayana, of Muhammedan history and Hindu tradition, on synchronistic grounds) became independent ruler of Bengal, the coins he struck had only Sanskrit inscriptions in Bengali calligraphy (*Sri Sri Danuja-mardana-devasya* on one side, and *Sri Sri Candi-carana-parayanasya* on the other, with date in Saka year and indication of mint or place of issue—a style which was copied by the Hinduised Ahom kings of Assam and the Hindu kings of Sylhet and Tipperah).

With the advent of the glorious Moguls, a new union of India in a strong Empire emulating the Mauryas and the Guptas, came into being. Art flourished, and literature. We have a new style in architecture and painting, the Mogul style, in which we have the wedding together of the Hindu (Rajput) and Persian styles. A new art in coins manifested itself during the rules of Akbar and Jehangir, particularly the latter. It was a new tradition, based on the drawings of Rajput and Mogul style, and contemporary modelling; and unfortunately it was a brief tradition, which could not reach the reign of the iconoclastic Aurangzeb. But it was a numismatic art of high achievement, recalling that of the Guptas. Akbar introduced figures from life in his coins. Three such types are known; all in gold: the figure of a hawk, that of a duck, and effigies of Rama and Sita. The first two, in the midst of Mogul scroll-work, are admirable specimens of Mogul bird studies; and the last one is a translation of a Rajput miniature within the limited circle of a gold coin. The lettering in the Mogul coins is in bold and beautiful Nastaliq, affording charming specimens of Persian calligraphy. In one particular specimen of the Rama and Sita half-mohur, now preserved in the Coin Cabinet of the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris, we have a legend in Devanagari letters. Jehangir's coins show greater variety in this line. He had several different types of his own portrait (both profile and full-seated portrait), and besides most interesting sets of Zodaic gold mohurs giving the various zodiacal figures, animal and otherwise. These form another valuable set of Mogul animal and human figure-modelling on metal, and are to be reckoned among the most interesting and important specimens of the art of the numismatist in the world.

The only place in India which has kept up a great tradition of beautiful coins is Nepal. Here we have a new type of coins which is based on Tantrik Yantras and Tantrik symbolism, and is geometrical in execution and decorative in effect. There is a calligraphic quality about this style, too, making a beautiful use of the Devanagari letters treated in harmony with the design. As a specimen, a common silver coin of Nepal is given: the aniconic and purely decorative beauty of this and similar coins is hard to match anywhere in the world. On one side is an eight-petalled lotus, each petal enshrining within itself one Devanagari letter or syllable of the inscription *Sri-Sri-SriGo-ra-kha-nâ-tha*, which is an invocation to Siva, the Guardian Deity of the Kingdom of Nepal; in the centre of the lotus is the sword and rosary of Kali or Uma, the consort of Siva, with an invocation to Her —*Sri-Bha-va-ni*. On the other side is a *swastika*, with the name of the king, *Prithivi-Vikrama-Saha-Deva* and the date. As a decorative piece, this is an admirable coin.





There is considerable scope for enhancing the beauty of our present-day British Indian coinage. But the English are notoriously lacking in artistic spirit in this matter. The obverse will have to be reserved for the head of the King-Emperor, but surely a better style of royal portraiture might be essayed on Indian coins. There is room for much improvement in the reverse sides of our Indian coins. Why have the thistle of Scotland, and the Shamrock of Ireland in the foliage on the reverse side of the rupee and other silver coins, along with the Rose of

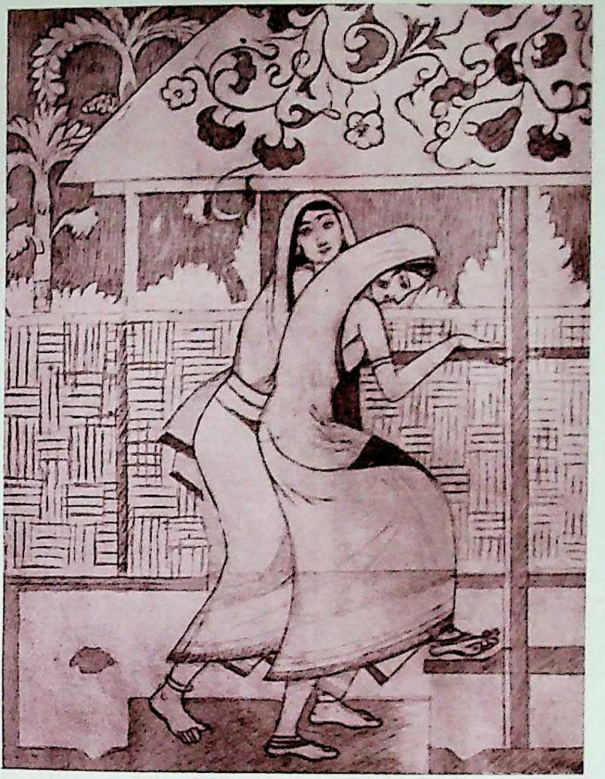
England and the Lotus of India ? Something better representative of Indian history and culture might be introduced. The denomination of value in solitary Persian is totally out of place in a present-day Indian coinage: the name of the country and the denomination of value, should certainly be in Devanagari, the representative modern Indian alphabet, which lends itself so beautifully to decorative treatment. Will not some statesman in India, British or Indian, who can bring about the needed change, be actuated by the sentiments of the French leader quoted at the beginning of this paper, and give to India a really artistic coinage, having a bearing on our own cultural history and cultural associations, which will be treasured as a source of æsthetic joy not only by the contemporary generations, but also by humanity of the future?

THE POET AND HIS ART

Continued from page 157

years, would also be a move in the right direction. But it may be asked, what can poets give us, which one cannot get by the turning on the radio or putting on the gramophone? Nothing more, perhaps, if what is sought is distraction from the ordinary self rather than an access or entrance to the comprehending self which is the real in us. The Chant and the enchantment of the poet and artists, generally, is to bring to us a world different from the habitual world—a world in which things are more vivid, more lasting, more real, than the world of daily life. To reveal and sensitize all the innumerable facets of consciousness and its various manifestations is the creative work of the poet. He builds "a bridge between the conscious and the sub-conscious mind, thus effecting the great purpose of art."

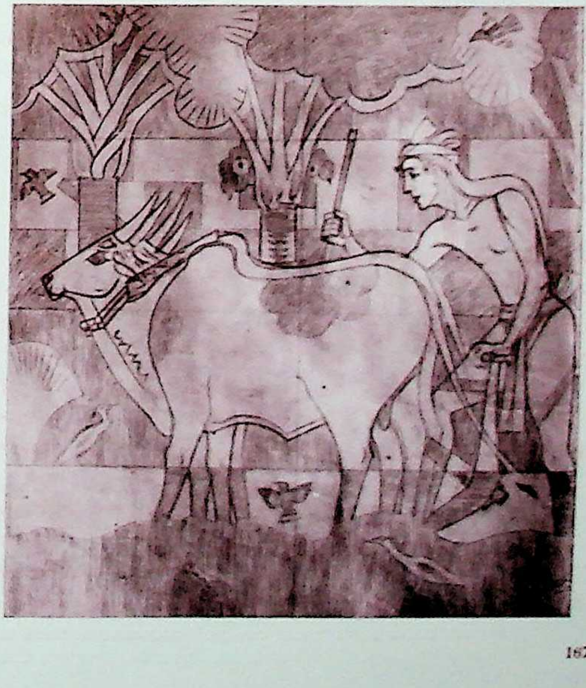
Any day, one can look on breaking of the morning, clouds passing overhead, stream flowing noiselessly or thousand different sights which enthrall us momentarily. These sights bring us a contentment,—a peace of mind. But soon, one is distracted. If the distraction could be kept away, all would be well—even perhaps, there would be contentment. What draws us back is the world—not anything particular in the world perhaps, but the habit that has been developed in us to turn away from things which do not make for our aggrandisement. It is the poet's art to take us out of the stale, habitual world, to a world swimming in light, in colour, with rich variation and infinite personality. By the spell of his rhythm and measured speech, the poet puts the practical part of ourselves—the getting and spending part—to rest, and activates our sympathies and imaginations to life. For a time the mind lives in Memory and Desire, and this "ritual of renewal" as Henry Chester Clay calls creative art, poets and artists generally, achieve. Memory and Desire ! These are the deepest things in our being, and their spokesmen are the poets.



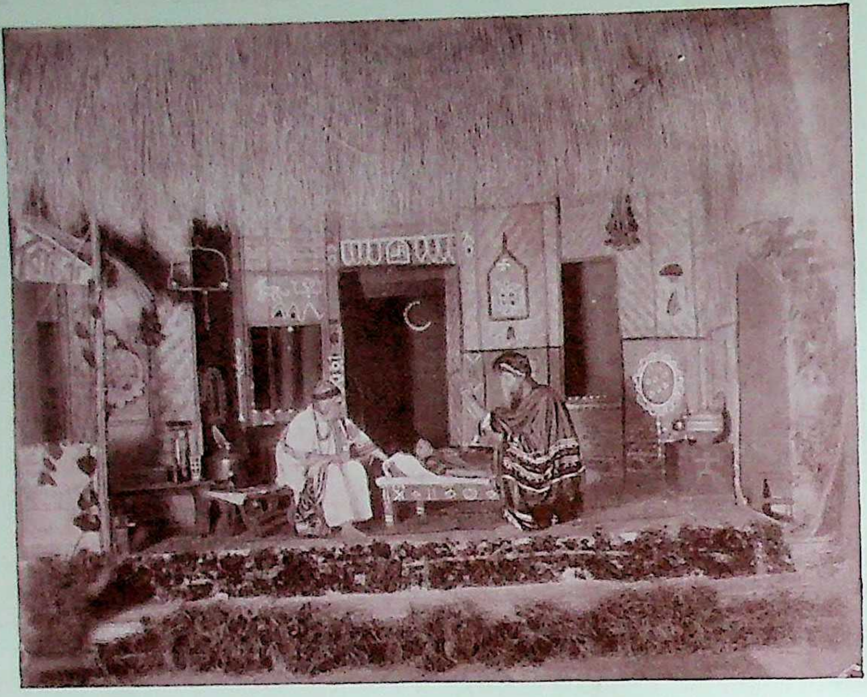
HUSKING BY "DHENKI"

DRAWINGS

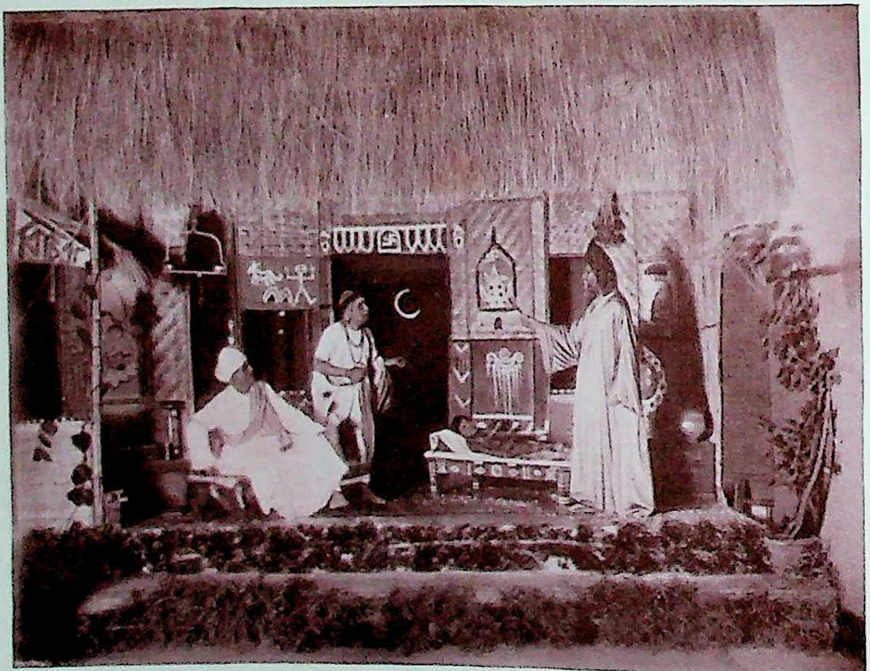
By Nandalal Bose



PLOUGHING



A SCENE FROM TAGORE'S "POST OFFICE." THE POET HIMSELF (RIGHT) AND GOGONENDRA NATH TAGORE



ANOTHER SCENE FROM "POST OFFICE." GOGONENDRA NATH TAGORE (STANDING LEFT), ABANINDRA NATH TAGORE (SITTING LEFT) AND THE POET HIMSELF

INDIAN CIVILISATION
IN
CENTRAL ASIA

PRABODH CHANDRA BAGCHI

THE country of which we are going to survey the past has been called by Sir Aurel Stein the Innermost Heart of Asia, because through ages it has received the current of life and civilisation from different quarters, the north and the south, the east and the west and has also served as intermediary through which the different cross-currents of civilisation have passed and given shape to new cultures. The country bounded on the north by the T'ien Shan or the Celestial Mountains is separated from Tibet on the south by the Kuen Luen ranges. On the east it is bounded by the Nan Shan which is itself a continuaton of the Kuen Luen and which gives rise to some of the biggest rivers of China. On the west the Pamirs, the Imaos of the classical geographers, connect the T'ien Shan with the Hindukush.

These mountains give rise to important rivers which flowing towards the deserts of Taklamakan gradually dry up and ultimately lose themselves in the sands. The two rivers, the Kashgar Daria from the T'ien Shan, and the Yarkand Daria from the Pamirs are very powerful at sources, but as they flow on, due to evaporation in the proximity of the moving sands, they gradually diminish in volume. These rivers, combined together, form the Tarim which flows along the depression towards the marshes of Lob Nor. It is along the basin of these rivers that flourishing colonies had been established in ancient times by people from different quarters.

The route that proceeds westwards from Gandhara along the valley of the Kabul river and passes by Hidda and Nagarahara reaches the valley of Bamiyan before crossing the Hindukush. Bamiyan, which is referred to in the Chinese texts as *Fan-yen-na,* was one of the most important Buddhist centres on the way to Bactria and Central Asia. The valley surrounded on all sides by snowy cliffs was once the prosperous and populous seat of a Government and attracted traders and pilgrims from all quarters. There is a Buddhist tradition that after the destruction of Kapilavastu by Virudhaka four princes of the Sakya family were compelled to leave the country. One of these princes was received by the people of Bamiyan as their king, and Hiuan Ts'ang in the middle of the 7th century still pretends to have seen a descendent of that Sakya prince on the throne of Bamiyan. How far this tradition is true we do not know, but there is no doubt that Bamiyan had already risen to be a centre of Buddhism in early centuries of the Christian era, and continued to be so till the 8th century A.D. The Buddhist manuscripts, recently discovered by the *Mission Hackin* in a dilapidated grotto in the Hills of Bamiyan, bear clear testimony to it. The Mss., written on birch birk, mostly in Brahmi and partly in Kharosthi, belong to different periods, and the oldest of them go back to the

Kushan times. A part of these Mss. is written in Indian Brahmi of the late Gupta period, whereas the rest in slanting Gupta which was used in different parts of Central Asia. These last were either brought from Central Asia by the pilgrims or were written by scribes who had come thither from Central Asia.

The remains of art, like the remains of literature, though very scanty, clearly show that Bamiyan was the meeting place of different cultures. The superb relics of art discovered in the grottoes, in the Hills of Bamiyan, reveal at least three types of influence—Hellenistic, Sassanian and above all, Indian. The drapery and the headdress of the sculptures are from Indo-Greek school of Gandhara. The frescoes reveal an influence from Sassanian Persia as shown by the hair dressed with a *kosti* falling on the shoulders and beard dressed in the Sassanian fashion. This element, as we shall see later on, is also discernible in the art of different parts of Central Asia. There are in these frescoes solar and lunar symbols mostly found in the Buddhist and Manichean art of Central Asia (Kuca-Turfan). But the themes depicted there are Indian—the *kinnaras* who swim in the sky remind us of Ajanta and it is not rarely that we come across with pure Indian types amongst these relics of Bamiyan. Not far from Bamiyan to its north near Habak in a place called Dukhtar-i-Nusirwan remains of Buddhist art have been discovered which also like the ruins of Bamiyan bear testimony to a real Indian influence.

To a little further north of this region the route leads to Bactriana (Fo-ho-lo of the Chinese records, Balhika of the Indian texts and Balkh of modern times). Bactriana, though Iranian in its substratum, had been converted to Buddhism probably as early as the 2nd century B.C. Though the sovereignty of the country changed hands, many a time, from the hands of the Greeks to the hands of the Yue-chis or the Indo-Scyths and from the hands of the Indo-Scyths to those of the Hephthalites, the country remained faithful to Buddhism till it became a convert to Islam.

Though the ruins of the ancient sites of Balkh have not yet been unearthed the Chinese records have preserved for us glimpses of the ancient glory of Balkh. For Hiuan Ts'ang *Navasangharama*, the Buddhist monastery of Balkh, was the only Buddhist establishment to the north of the Hindukush where there was a constant succession of Masters who were commentators of the Canon. The image of the Buddha in this monastery was artistically made. After the destruction of this famous monastery towards the end of the 7th century its chief priests converted to Islam were invited to the court of the Caliph and as Albiruni would have us believe, inaugurated the study of Indian astronomy and mathematics in Baghdad.

Whatever the fate of Balkh might have been towards the close of the Buddhist period, we know it from Chinese records that Balkh played an important part in the dissemination of Indian art and civilisation from a very early time. When it passed into the hands of the Indo-Scyths, China opened political relations with her and it was according to the recommendations of the first Chinese ambassador to Bactria in 128 B.C. that China inaugurated a policy of expansion in Central Asia. Buddhism was introduced in China towards the end of the 1st century B.C. from Bactria and it was then and from the Bactrian court that China received Buddhist texts for the first time.

We have seen that from Balkh two routes were open towards Central Asia and China. One passed northwards and by Sogdiana and through the country of the Western Turks along the Issik Kul till it reached Central Asia near. Utch Turfan by the passes of the

T'ien Shan. The other route, which is more important for us, started from Balkh and passing through the country of Tu-ho-lo or Tokhariens near modern Badaskshan, crossed the difficult passages of the Pamirs and reached the plain at Kashgar.

The countries which flourished in ancient times along the southern route from Kashgar to the frontier of China formed essentially an eastern Iranian zone but had adopted a Buddhist culture. Kashgar, Yarkand, Khotan, Niya and the forgotten ancient colonies which then existed near the sites of Dandan Uilik, Endere and Miran preserved in their ruined sites relics that confirm that supposition.

Kashgar, *Su-lei* of earlier Chinese records and Kie-sha of the T'ang period, was a Buddhist country and according to Hiuan Ts'ang its inhabitants were sincere believers in Buddhism. There were several hundreds of monasteries in the country. About Yarkand, *So-kiu* of the Chinese, the memoirs of the pilgrim, say the same thing.

But Khotan figures more prominently in the ancient records and seems to have been the most important centre of culture in the south. Khotan is referred to by the Chinese historians so early as the 2nd century B.C. as Yu-tien. The ancient Chinese pronounced it as *Gu-dana* and it is probable that the two countries *Godana* and *Apara*—or Western *Godana,* mentioned in the Sanskrit Buddhist texts of the beginning of the Christian era, are no doubt Khotan and its surrounding colonies. Buddhist traditions would have us believe that Khotan was colonized by Indians from North and Western India in the time of Asoka. How far this tradition is true we do not know, but it can be safely said that already in the Indo-Scythian period a contact had been established between North-Western India and Khotan. Documents coming from Khotan and belonging to the 5th and 6th centuries A.D. have established the existence of a ruling dynasty called Vijaya. This name of the dynasty, also referred to in ancient Tibetan texts, shows that it was of Indian extraction. The Kharosthi documents, unearthed from sites not very far from Khotan, reveal that an Indian Prakrit, having close resemblance with the North-Western dialects of India, if not spoken, was at least the official language of the country. The translations of Buddhist texts into ancient Khotanese discovered in the same region prove that the ancient Khotanese which was basically an Eastern Iranian language had undergone a large Indian influence. In the Buddhist life of Central Asia and China Khotan played a very important part. The *Gosringa-vihara* of Khotan often mentioned in the Chinese records served probably as the greatest Buddhist station of Central Asia. There was a time when Chinese Buddhist pilgrims instead of coming as far as India stopped in Khotan for their studies. It was for them the greatest centre of Buddhist learning in that part of the world and also capable Indian scholars were available there. It was then that Khotan not satisfied with the task of mere transmission of Indian Buddhist lore tried to contribute to its growth and we have positive evidence of the fact that some Mahayana texts, now admitted in the Chinese Buddhist canon, were actually composed by the *acaryas* of the Gosringa monastery of Khotan.

In art, Khotan and its neighbourhood received more currents than it was possible in literature. The paintings discovered from Dandan Uilik to the east of Khotan either on silk or on wood reveal the different influences which the art of this country had received. The fresco which depicts the temptations of the monks at once reminds us of the work of Ajanta. Again the Bodhisattva, represented as a sort of Sassanian king with aquilian nose, black beard, with a tiara on the head, dressed in a sort of yellow robe and heavy skin boots, reveals clearly the Sassanian stamp. Besides, instances of sculpture inspired by the Greco-Buddhist school of Gandhara are not rare. In a later period Chinese, Tibetan and also Uigur influences can be discovered in the art of the land.

The countries lying along the northern route from Kashgar to the Chinese frontier were no less important in the ancient history of Innermost Asia than the southern countries. *Po-lu-kia* or Bharuka near modern Aksu, Kiue-tsiu or Kuci, *i.e.*, modern Kuchar, Yen-ki or Agni, *i.e.*, modern Karasahr, and Turfan, ancient Kao-ch'ang of the Chinese, have their own romantic tales to tell.

The people and the language spoken in the northern countries, we have said, were different from those of the south, but it is again the Buddhist civilisation which bound them together. Kucha was the most important of the northern kingdoms and played the same rôle as that of Khotan in the diffusion of Buddhism. From the 2nd century B.C. till the beginning of the 11th century A.D., the Chinese historians have taken notice of the country and in different epochs of its history admitted its importance. China had often been in conflict with Kucha and subdued her, but very often she had reasserted her independence. The rulers of the country had names of Indian extraction like Suvarnapuspa, Vasuyasas, Artep or Haradeva, Suvarnadeva, etc.

The language of the country, though an independent branch of the Indo-European family, had undergone a deep Sanskritic influence. The Chinese pilgrims who visited the country tell us that the monks knew Sanskrit and could speak it and discovery of Sanskrit Buddhist Mss. along with Kuchean documents in the old sites of Kucha amply corroborate their statement. The writing which was used in Kucha and other adjacent countries was, like the writing used in Khotan and its neighbourhood, a variety of the Gupta script. The greatest monastery of Kucha, so much praised by the Chinese visitors, was named, according to Chinese evidence, after the famous monastery of Gandhara founded by Kaniska. There is evidence to show that Kucha was not merely a seat of Buddhist studies, but its teachers also took part in the compilation of Buddhist texts. One of these texts has been preserved in Chinese, translated from the language of Kucha. The music of the country much appreciated in China from the 4th to the 8th century A.D. reveals its Indian origin, as the names of some of its seven notes are given as *sadja* (3), *pancama* (6), *vrsa* (7), and *sahagrama* (4). Buddhism was the official religion of the country. The Chinese Buddhist literature has preserved the names of some Kuchean monks who went to China in the 3rd, 4th and 5th century A.D. and collaborated in the work of translation of Indian Buddhist texts into Chinese. The greatest of them was Kumarajiva, the son of an Indian father, and a Kuchean mother who was a princess of the ruling dynasty of Kucha. Born probably in the third quarter of the 4th century in Kucha, Kumarajiva was brought by his mother for education to Kashmir at the age of seven. After completing his education under the guidance of distinguished teachers, he returned to Kucha after a few years. He soon rose to an eminent position in Central Asia by virtue of his scholarship: people from far and near, amongst whom were the members of the royal family of So-kiu, *i.e.*, Yarkand, came to him for initiation into Mahayan Buddhism. Towards the end of the century, Kucha was invaded by the Chinese army and Kumarajiva was taken to China along with other prisoners. Though taken as a prisoner, he was honoured by the Emperor of the Celestial Kingdom with the post of Kuo-she or *Rajpurohita*. He lived in China till his death, but before his death he had attained to the most eminent position in the Buddhist Church of China and had translated more than 100 texts from Sanskrit into Chinese.

The grottoes of *Ming-oi* in the region of Kucha, Kizil and Kumtura and the temple of Duldur Akur, which had been visited by the German and French archæological missions, similarly represent a mixture of different influences. There is first of all the direct influence of Gandhara. The drapery is classical, the winged spirits of perfect anatomy, the nude male figures betray a Greco-Roman influence whereas the frescoes of Kizil take us back to the art of Ajanta.

In the art of Turfan the same composite influences have been discovered.

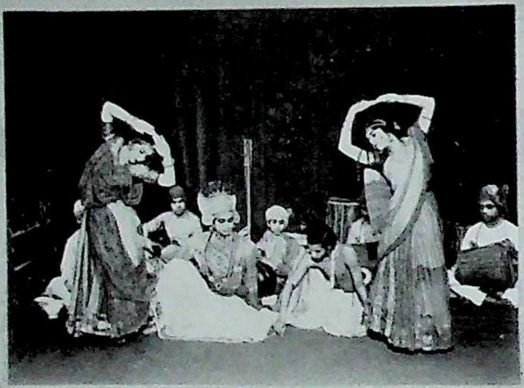
To the south of *Yu men koan*, where the two routes reach the frontier of China, are situated the famous grottoes of Tun-huang, of which the construction began in the 5th century and probably continued till the 8th century A.D. The Buddhist establishment of Tun-huang is mentioned in the annals of China already in the 2nd century A.D. As it was the meeting place of the route from the west so also it was the meeting place of peoples and cultures for long centuries. It continued to serve as an emporium till the 10th century A.D. when it was abandoned at the advance of foreign invaders. During this period we often meet with Buddhist scholars with their burden of Mss. from Iran, Bactriana, India, Sogdiana, and Kucha at Tun-huang on their way to the capital of China. Often do we find them working at the Mss. in collaboration with the Chinese monks in these grottoes and translating the texts into Chinese. These translations with the stamp of Tun-huang are still preserved in the collections of the Chinese Buddhist literature.

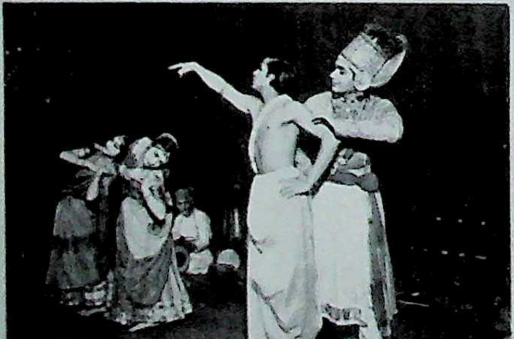
The remains of art and literature discovered in the grottoes of Tun-huang have revealed to the world the greatest synthesis of the largest number of cultures which became possible in the ancient world of Buddhism. About 1,500 Mss. in rolls which were hidden in one of the grottoes and were examined by the French Mission contained Mss. in Kharosthi, early Brahmi of the Kushan period, slanting Gupta used in Central Asia, Tibetan, Uigur, and above all in Chinese. Besides texts relating to Buddhism, there were discovered side by side Manichean, Taoistic, and Nestorian works. The Chinese portion of the collection contained the classics, philosophical texts, and also geographical and historical works.

The art of Tun-huang represents the same synthesis of a number of cross-currents. It shows a progressive Chinese adaptation of the models of Gandhara, India and Iran. There are representations which go very near the Gupta art of India, with flowing scarfs and hands treated in the style of Ajanta. Padmapani, Manjusri with a sword, Manjusri with a book, etc., are not less Indian. There are others which have undergone a deep Chinese influence, but their drapery often betray a Greco-Roman influence. The threatening Lokapalas and Vajrapani in complete armour, which were elsewhere of the type either Scythian or Parthian warriors, have undergone also a Chinese influence.

TWO SCENES FROM SHANKAR'S SMALL BALLET ENTITLED "RASA LEELA"

(LEFT TO RIGHT—FRONT) SIMKIE, SHANKAR, DEBENDRA AND KANAK LATA





(LEFT TO RIGHT) KANAK LATA, SIMKIE, DEBENDRA AND SHANKAR

PEASANT ART IN INDIA

G. VENKATACHALAM

IN this age of all-powerful machinery and of mass production, with workers changed into unreasoning robots, lovers of art yearn for free, individual creative works. Nothing gives greater pleasure to one's inner æsthetic sense than crafts wrought by the cunning hand of man. Machine-made things may be fine, delicate and cheap but they do not create the same amount of joy in one's being as the smallest object made by the loving touch of man. The peasant's arts and crafts afford an unfailing source of such æsthetic joy.

There the sensitive hand of man transforms his local raw materials and gives them shape, form and colour with unavoidable logic by the nature of the material, the tools and technique available. There, too, almost tangibly can be felt the creative union of man and the soil, with its artistic expression revealed in the fabrics, embroideries, ceramic-wares, carvings, etc., of the villagers.

Without haste and with deliberate, reverential care, they have nothing accidental in their making and all in them have their well-grounded cause and purpose whether in point of colour, shape, design, or technique, and even, at times, certain technical defects.

It should be borne in mind that what in ordinary trade would be considered a defect, in the case of peasant craft lend a specific charm to its products. Lack of standardisation, non-repetition of colour, of design combinations (due to individuality of execution), native primitivism, simplicity, a limited number of types and even occasional defects not only fail to detract from the worth of the article but even actually enhance it. Rare old Persian carpets afford the best example of this kind. It would therefore be rank foolishness to pervert peasant art products to passing caprices of modern civilisation or to mechanise their output for the sake of mass production.

Indian peasant products, thanks to their exceptionally high and varied decorative qualities, have gained recognition and appreciation among art-lovers throughout the world. There was a time in Europe when Kashmir shawls and Benares brocades were dearly cherished and passed on as precious heirlooms in not only Royal households but in middle class families. Connoisseurs in the past vied with one another in collecting and exhibiting with pride hand-made Dacca muslins or painted cotton clothes. Even to-day museums, both in India and the West, have samples of peasant art-crafts which stir the hearts and minds of visitors. Only a very faint idea of the wealth and variety of the infinite types and patterns of these crafts can be had from such collection. The living art is still in the village and with a little more sympathy, understanding and patronage they could be revived to-day in spite of the glamour of cheap tinsels from the West.

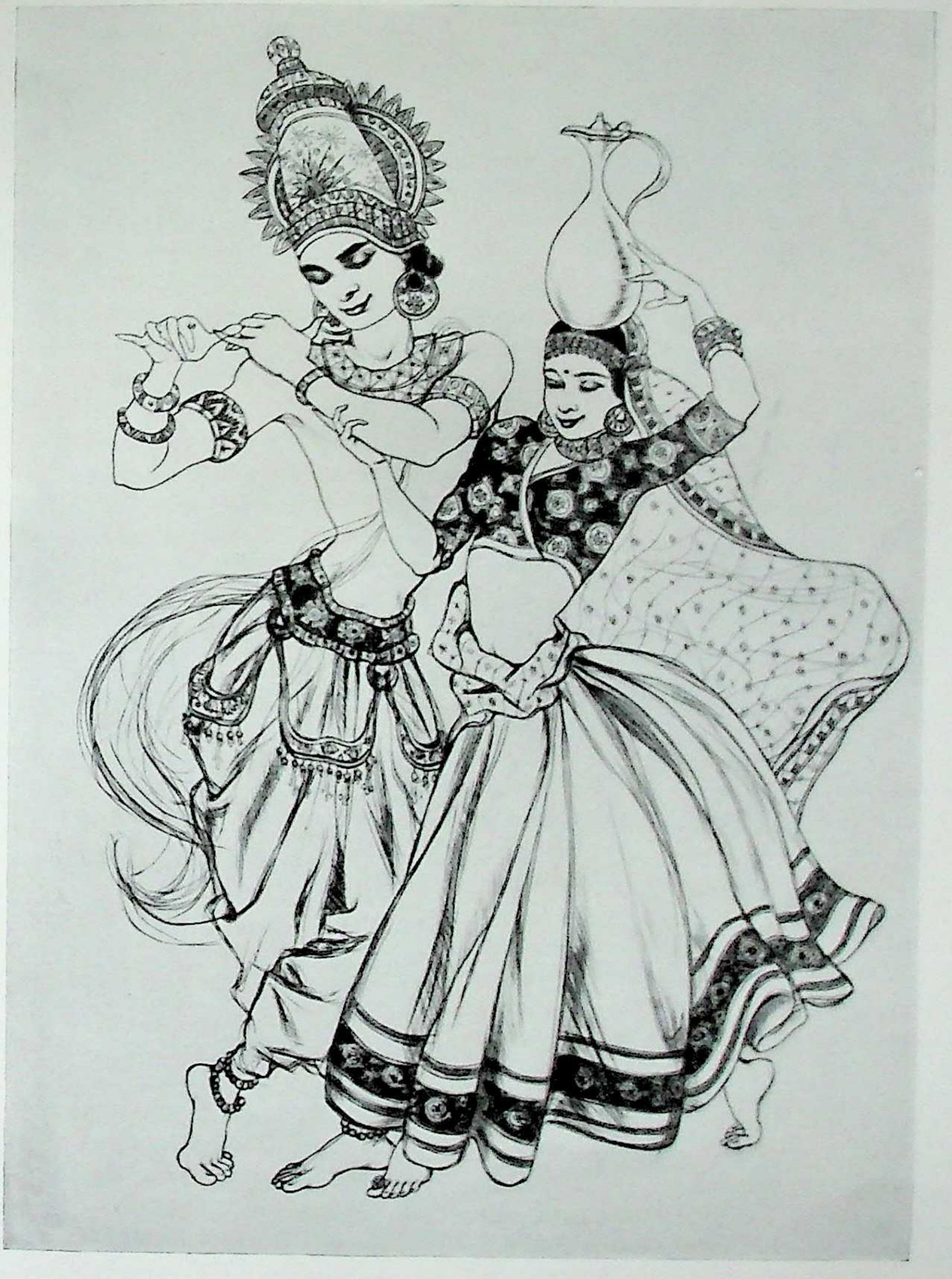
The peasant does not, it should be remembered, prize time as does the modern factory man, and thanks to that, the hand-made wares he produces cannot be made cheap nor on a large scale. The traditional element in most of these crafts are valuable, and where attempts have been made to divorce those elements and adopt modern ones, they have invariably ended in monstrous vulgarisations. Peasant products cannot compete with machine-made goods, nor there is any need for that. People with taste and a genuine love for beauty would ever prefer hand-made articles to machine-turned things. The problem is not that; the problem is, first, how to revive and encourage this peasant art in different parts of India and, second, how to popularise it among the people of this country.

The love for the beautiful is almost dead amongst the Hindus, though the Muslim section of India still preserves that taste most amazingly. Poverty, struggle for life, foreign education and imitation, emotional starvation and ugly environments have all conspired to kill the æsthetic instinct in the Hindu. The Hindu, as he is to-day, has little understanding of art and less of it in his life. There are honourable exceptions of course. To him the peasant art makes very little appeal; he is a modern man needing the fineries of modern life. And where he is able to appreciate he does it with mental reservations. There are, to tell the truth, more European admirers and lovers of Indian peasant art than the natives.

The big job, therefore, is to awaken him to the inherent beauty of his village art and stimulate him to take an intelligent interest in it. This cannot be done by writing and speeches or by appeals and abuses. Nothing short of a revolution, *a la* Russia, can bring about a changed outlook or joint enterprise. India is not ready as yet for any such vital change; in the meantime peasant art is slowly disappearing from the land. Something must be done and done quickly to arrest its certain destruction, and to that end the public must be awakened and be made to realise the social, economic and artistic necessity of such things in the daily life of the people. Government can do a lot, but private enterprise can do a lot more. Exhibitions of cottage crafts must become as popular and as numerous as *khadi* and *swadeshi* exhibitions throughout the land.

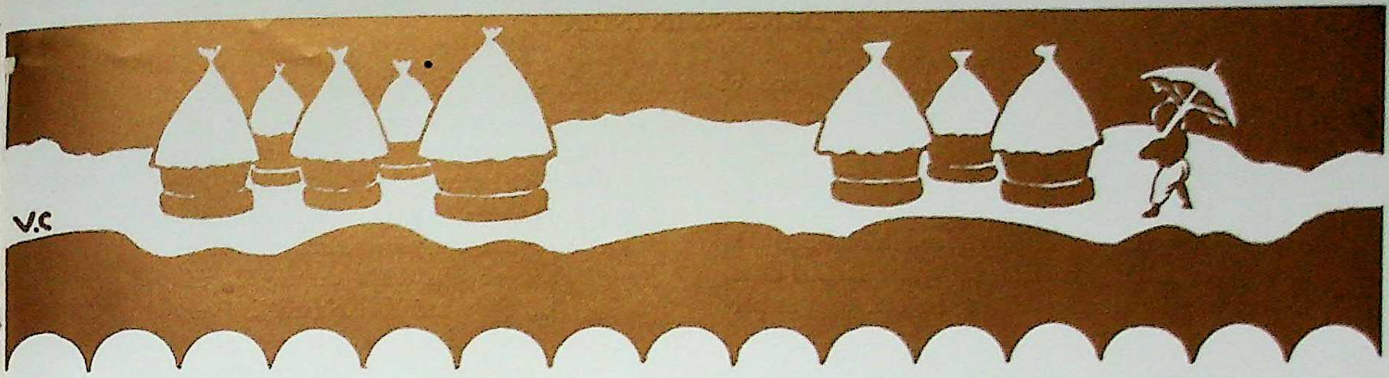
Activities directed towards the support of the peasant art-crafts in Europe are conducted by special associations subsidised by the Government. These organisations have set up as one of their chief objects the effective organisations of sales and, to this end, have opened special sales bureaus and display-rooms in the important towns and cities. The newly liberated Poland is a good example for India to copy. The Warsaw Sales Bureau, for instance, has opened display-rooms for authentic peasant crafts from the whole of Poland, furnished direct by the producers or through the provincial bureau and associations, something like the All-India Spinners' Association.

What India needs is another All-India Craftsmen Association with branches throughout the country. The articles made by peasants should play an increasingly important rôle in the interior furnishing of Indian homes, temples, theatres, and even the dress of men and women, by applying certain peasant patterns, can be made to bear a more artistic stamp outlasting all the changes of fashion.



KRISHNA AND RADHA

Betty Dyson



DANCING IN INDIA

UDAY SHANKAR

INDIA is verily a land of dancing. Starting from the very manners of the people in the street or a gathering, one sees dancing even in their style of standing, walking, or talking, and the feeling is like being in the middle of a colourful pageantry ever unfolding new forms of beauty and composition. An artist could easily select any phase of this life and make a dance or ballet out of it.

Before speaking of the innumerable forms of dancing that still exist in India, it would be better to separate the popular or peasant types from the more classical forms.

No matter which part of India you chance to visit, a little search will always reveal some kind of dancing pertaining to that place, blending in itself all the specialities of the surroundings.

For one who has been lucky enough to make an extensive tour over India and luckier still to see the dances, that differ in character from province to province, it would seem no exaggeration when I call India a land of dancing. Starting from the North-West Frontier with their manly and warlike types of pirouetting and skipping and passing east through Sind, the Punjab, Rajputana, United Provinces, Behar and Orissa to Bengal, one is bewildered with what he sees or might see in the way of dancing. But inspite of all the apparent points of divergence, I find a great unifying factor of similarity in the innate simplicity, great vivacity of execution and the ease with which the dancers drown themselves into the feelings of the dance. Even in the actual dances, the theme of the *lathi* dance is present all over India, and in its less menacing character in the Lasya type of the Garba dance that one sees in Gujerat. One sees it even in Madras and Malabar, the *Kolari* or stick dance which at a certain stage gets so brisk that it is impossible not to admire the quickness of the dancers and the accuracy of each step they take, and one is reminded of the *'Payie'* or stick dance of Bengal. The sword dance also exists all over India in some form or other but more prominent in Rajputana, the Punjab and to a lesser degree in the United Provinces, Bengal and even the South where it is known as *'Valleru'* or sword play. Another popular figure is the acrobatic dance that one comes across in villages, including dancing on the rope, jumping with the pole and performing ground exercises, a source of pleasure to the villagers who cluster round the performers, attracted by his beating of drums. In Malabar they have a similar form called *'Kampatelkulatam'* and *'Gnanumelkali'* (string dance). Another group dancing existing from the time of Krishna when the *gopinis* danced round him in their rural mirth, can still be found in the Garba dance of Gujerat, the Jhumar dance of Rajputana, the '*Kularnachan*' in Bengal, the '*Tiruvathirakali*' in Malabar, etc., in each case performed by girls. Besides these, there are dances during harvest time as performed by the Ahirs of the United Provinces, or during the beginning of a season like '*holi*' in Rajputana or '*Kajri*' in Benares or Mirzapur. A very interesting type is the one which represents in humorous details all that is funny and odd, some of these 'dancers' are seen in queer costumes during the '*Holi*' festival in towns and villages. In Malabar too a class of Brahmins perform the '*Sastrakali*' in which they give with comical details and funny contortions of the body representations of things that will never fail to raise mirth and innocent happiness, like a good comic film of to-day.

Besides these one sees the aboriginal dances of the Bhils, Kols and Santals, in big groups and with lively beatings of drum. Some of the fanatic dances are represented by '*Gajjan*' in Bengal where the dancers inspired by their religious zeal even get their skin or tongue pierced. A common dance in abandonment is often met with when a certain evil spirit is said to possess a man or woman who drops down dancing and is subsequently exorcised. These and the like supply by no means an exhaustive list of dances existing, for one has in the Central Provinces the dances by a kind of gypsy clan, and in Orissa lively dances by boys. If in this list or even the subsequent one dealing with more classical types I fail to include the 'Baiji' dance, it is because I do not think that it is Indian in origin. It comes from Persia and is to a very great extent responsible for subduing the better forms of dancing in the North of India.

Coming now to the dances higher in quality and artistic worth than the ordinary types referred to so far, I believe that there is hardly anything in Northern India, and that whatever does exist is confined to the regions of Malabar or more strictly to Kerala. In Northern India the only place where I have seen really good dances is Manipur, where the standard of the same theme of girls (gopinis) dancing round Krishna is very high. Beginning from the lovely costumes and the wonderful atmosphere that these unsophisticated girls produce, one is startled to see the gliding movements that merge one into the other with such remarkable ease and grace. Then too the 'tala' on which they dance is very difficult, of 15 beats resembling the "Pancham Savari" of the north. But like elsewhere in India, I found the people supremely indifferent to the art, and there were many cultured people of the neighbourhood who for the first time went to see the dances with me.

And now we come to Malabar. To begin with, it will be better to take up the '*Koota*' performance, first, which in reality is a form of drama, consisting of '*Chakyarkuta*' done by men with recitals of the story, using hardly much of *abhinaya*, gesture, or mudras, the symbolic formations of the hands; of '*Namyârkuta*' done by women with painted faces who hardly or never speak; of '*Kootiâtam*' which combines 'vakya' with 'mudra' and 'abhinaya.' This '*koota*' is of the highest technical importance, and the other delightful dances like the '*Kathakali*,' '*Otam-Tullal*,' '*Korti Atam*,' '*Mohini Atam*,' '*Dasi Atam*,' etc., seem to be derived from this to a greater or lesser extent. In the present instance I am very much interested to speak a little of the art of the Kathakalis, for it would be impossible to talk of all the other forms separately. The classical name of the '*Kathakali*' is 'Ramanatam,' and a parallel play which deals only with the 'Bhakti Rasa' is called 'Krishnatam.'

The Kathakali is really a highly evolved form of pantomime, having music, dancing, acting, story, gestures with startling facial expressions and eye movements. All the different types spoken of above base their stories on the Puranas. These marvellous Kathakali actors are quite simple people belonging to any caste, and during the winter season, which is the most pleasant time in Malabar, they go about like a travelling troupé giving performances. There are no women taking part, for it is impossible for them to produce the difficult movements.

The singers and drum players stand behind, and the verses out of the Mahabharata or Ramayana that are repeated behind the dancers are at once shown by the mudras. They are such masters of the art of expression that to change from one sentiment to another is no difficulty to them. The performance takes place almost throughout the night, and one sees one of the most marvellous systems of 'make-ups' employed. The actors go to sleep while their faces are being done up. The ridges and partitions formed are done by means of rice paste, and need seeing to believe how well and shapely the whole make-up is.

In Travancore and elsewhere I have often been questioned if it would not be advisable in view of the age to make some changes in the Kathakali performance and introduce innovations. I maintain that it would be fatal to change anything. I admit that Kathakali, as it stands to-day, might not find quite a popular ovation outside Kerala, but still it serves as a repository of a great art and will serve all ardent dancers and art lovers as such. The Kerala Kalamandal in Cochin State and a newly started effort in Travancore are to be commended in this connexion for trying to bring about a revival and giving regular lessons to young aspirants.

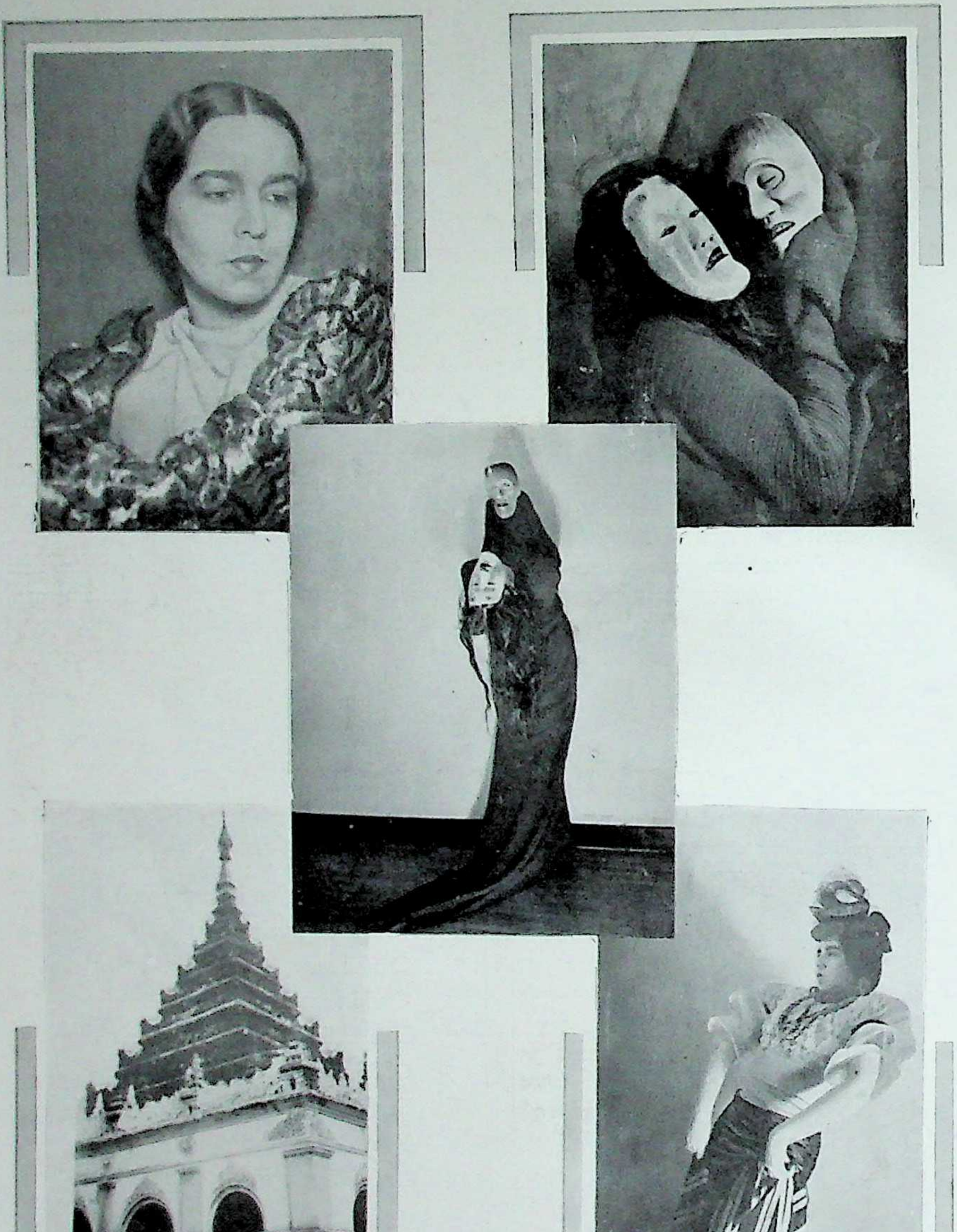
I only wish to add that before we dare criticise the dances of India on a certain basis, we should travel wide and see more.

AFTER PARTING

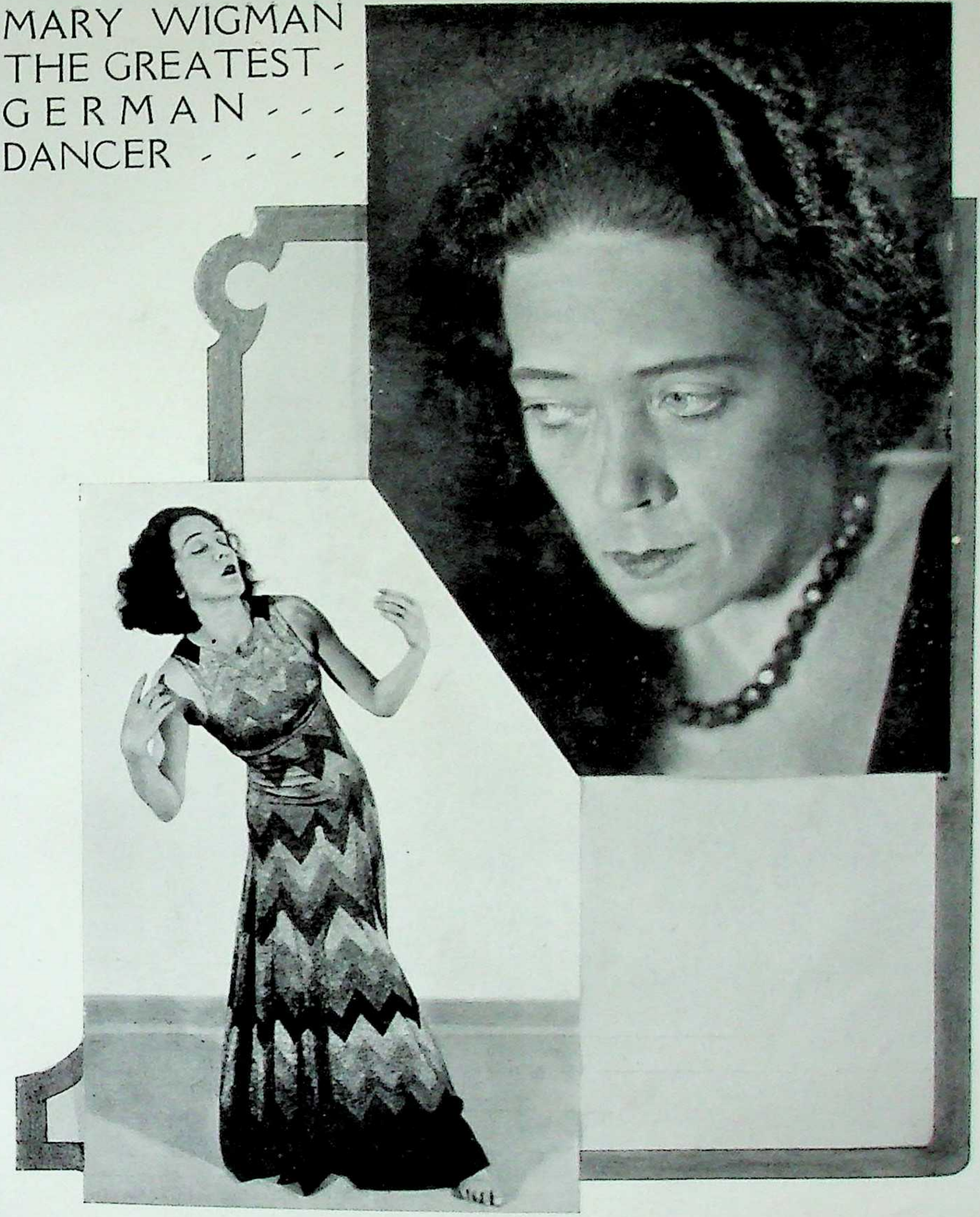
ASOK K. MAITRA

At parting, you held my face,
Compelling vain vows
Out of me ;
Could you see
The falling sands, the urgent race
Of Youth against Time,
Earth's rich sensuous slime,
You too would pause
And give parting its silent grace.

BENSON MAGITO AND HER THREE DIFFERENT POSES OF DANCE

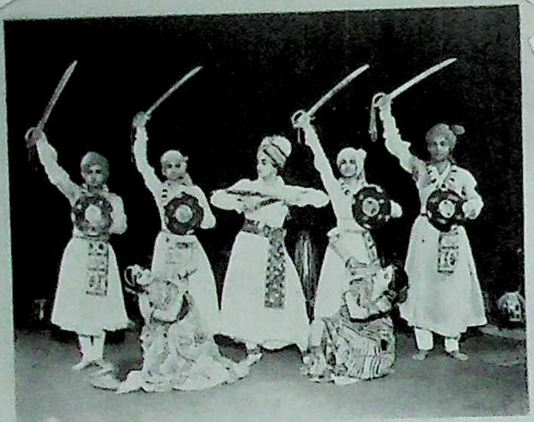


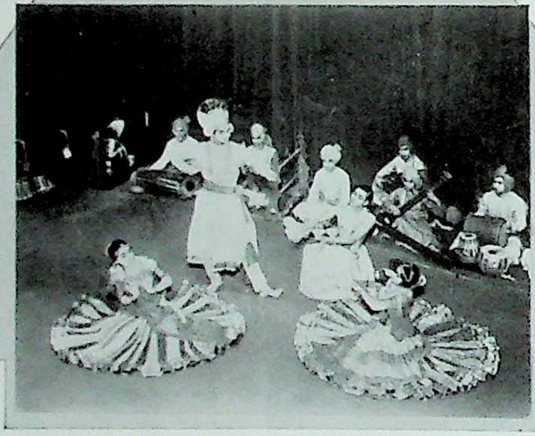
MARY WIGMAN THE GREATEST GERMAN DANCER



UDAY SHANKAR IN YUDDHA JATTRA AND RASA LEELA

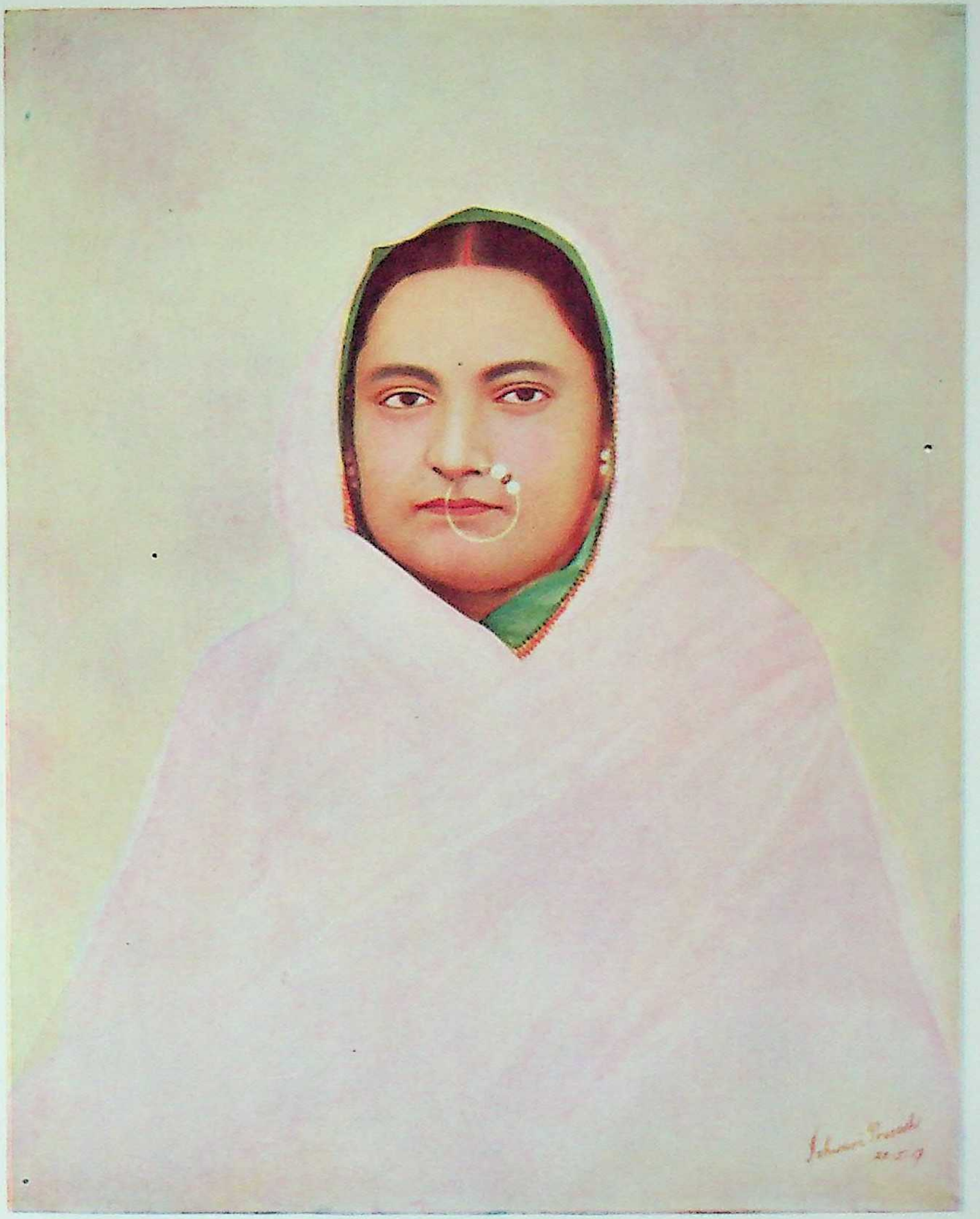
(LEFT TO RIGHT, STANDING) SISIR, RAJENDRA, SHANKAR, DEBENDRA, BRIJO BEHARI
(SITTING) KANAK LATA AND SIMKIE





RASA LEELA WITH SHANKAR (MIDDLE), DEBENDRA, SIMKIE AND KANAK LATA

A SCENE FROM MALABAR



SRI GULAB KUMARI

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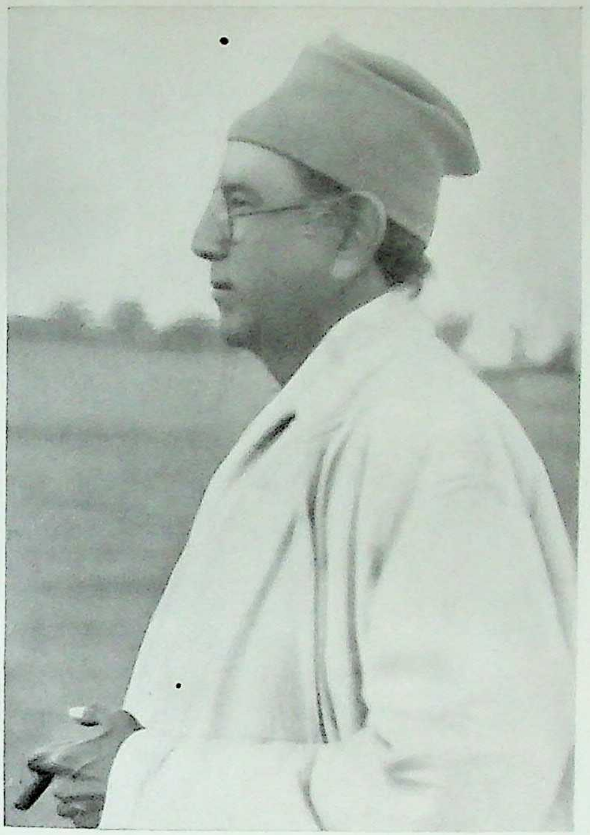
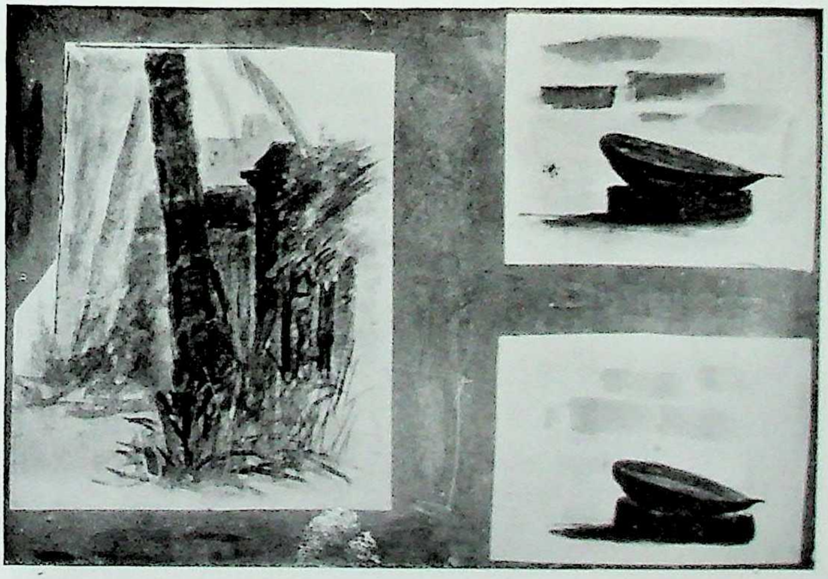
LIFE OF ABANINDRA NATH TAGORE IN PAINTINGS

From the Collections of
Mr. Mukul Dey

PRINCIPAL, GOVERNMENT SCHOOL OF ART
CALCUTTA



DR. ABANINDRA NATH TAGORE AT DEOGHAR IN 1922

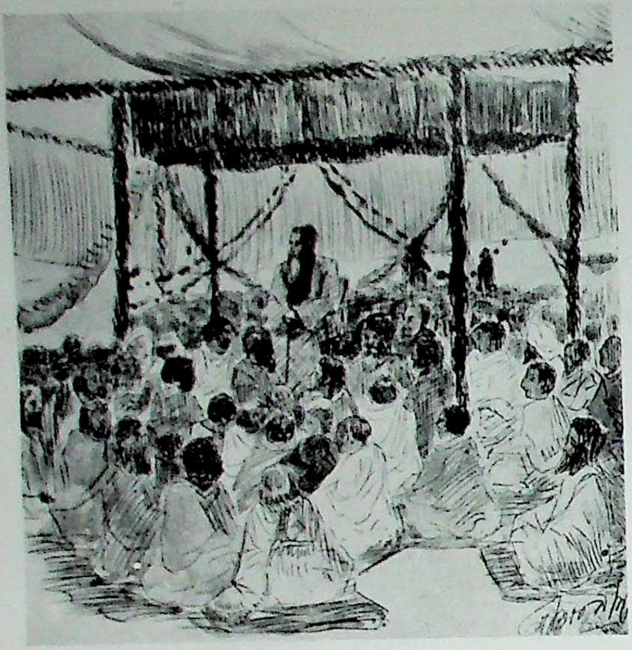


THE FIRST PAINTING OF HIS LIFE IN 1880

STUDIES OF EARTHEN LAMPS AND COCOANUT TREE

WATER COLOUR PAINTING EXECUTED WHEN TAGORE WAS A BOY OF NINE YEARS ONLY

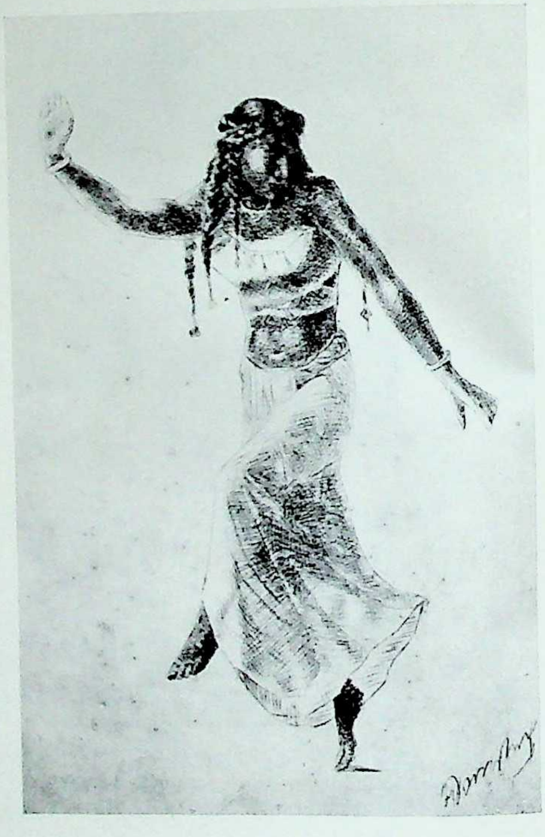
PAINTINGS BY
ABANIṄDRA NATH TAGORE



1890

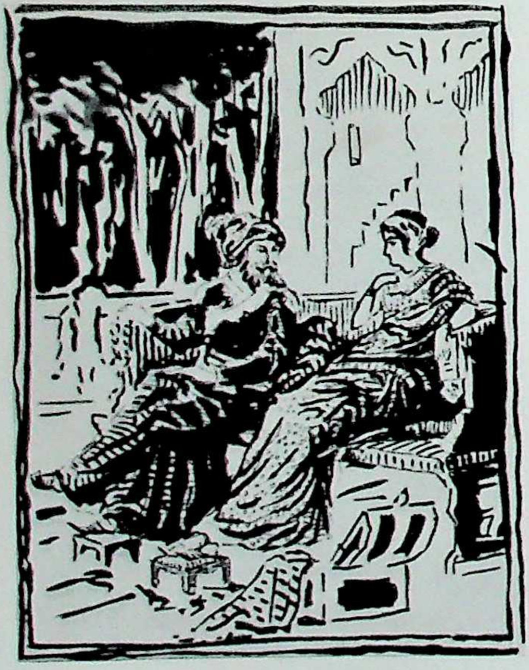
Pen and Ink Drawing

MAHARSI DEBENDRA NATH PREACHING



1890 *Pen and Ink*

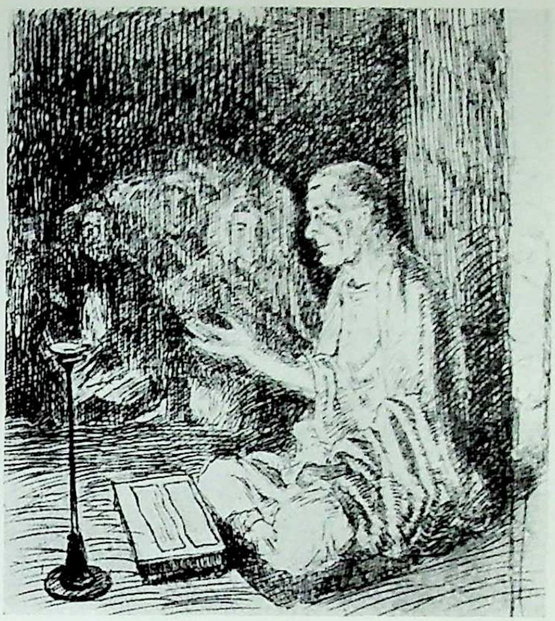
GIRL DANCING



1891 *Pen and Ink*

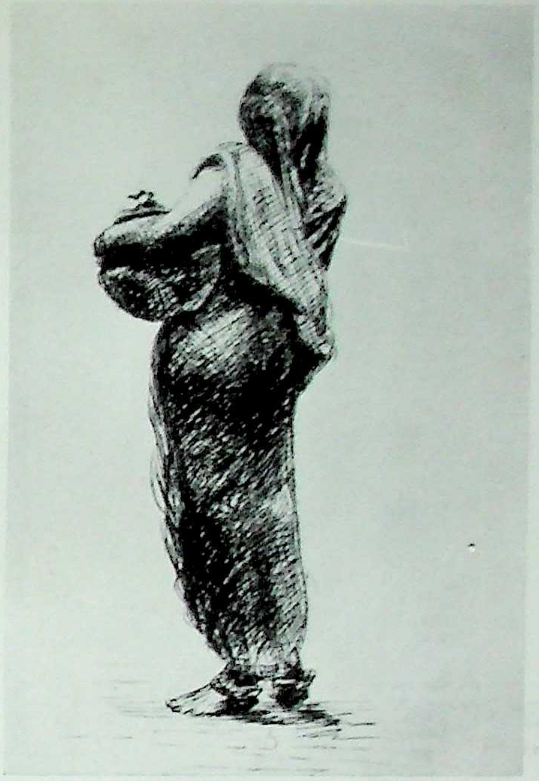
BOOK ILLUSTRATION FOR KHIRER PUTUL

PAINTINGS BY ABANINDRA NATH TAGORE



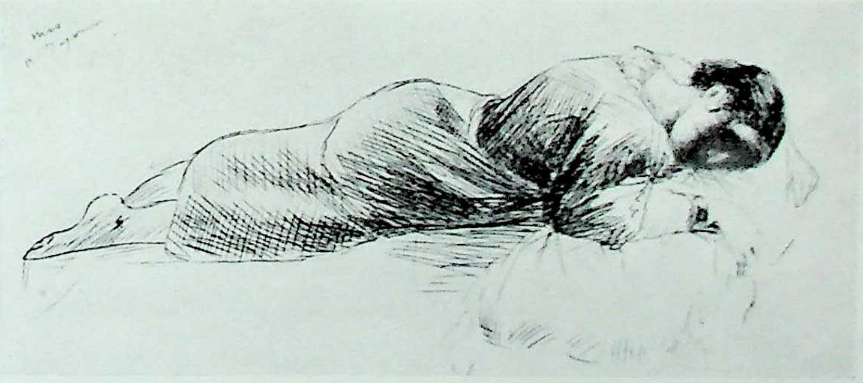
1892 *Pen and Ink*

KATHAKATA AT JORASANKO HOUSE



1893 *Pen and Ink*

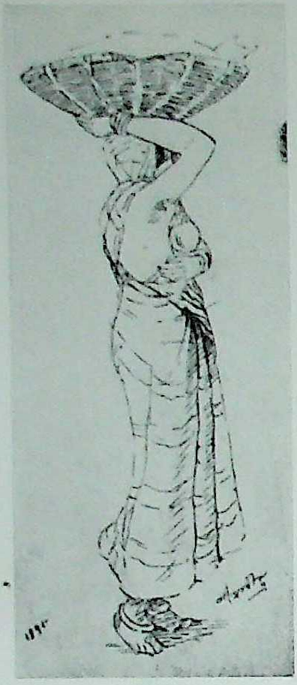
TO THE RIVER



1894 *Pen and Ink*

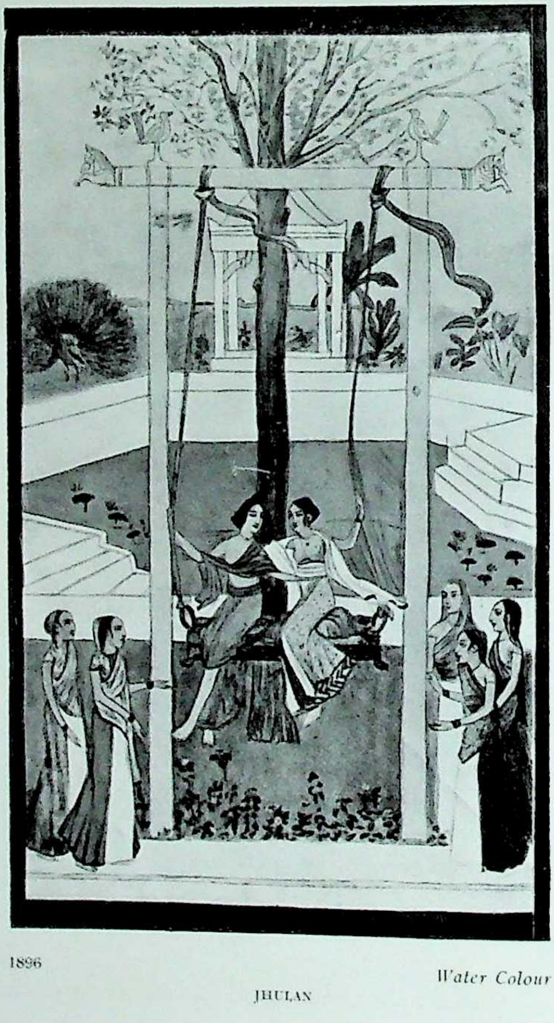
MRS. A. N. TAGORE SLEEPING

PAINTINGS BY
ABANINDRA NATH TAGORE



1895 *Pen and Ink*

A LABOUR GIRL



1896 *Water Colour*

JHULAN

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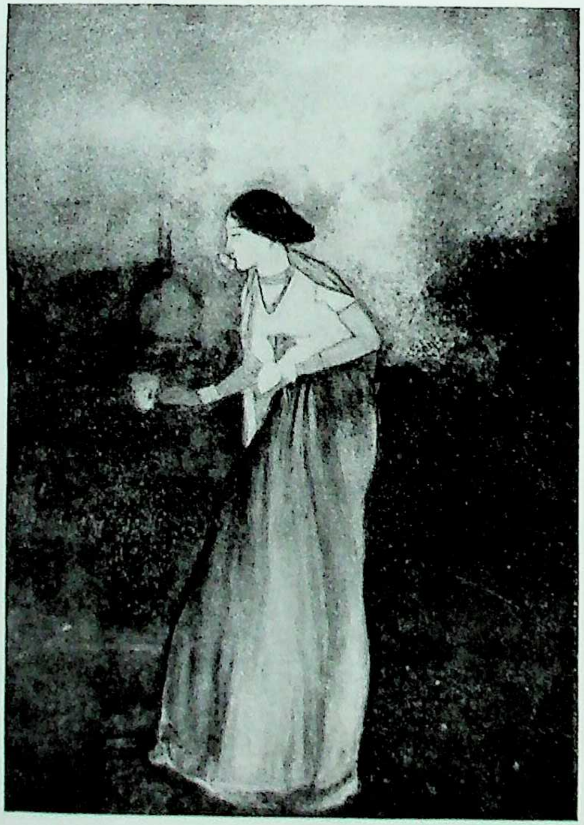
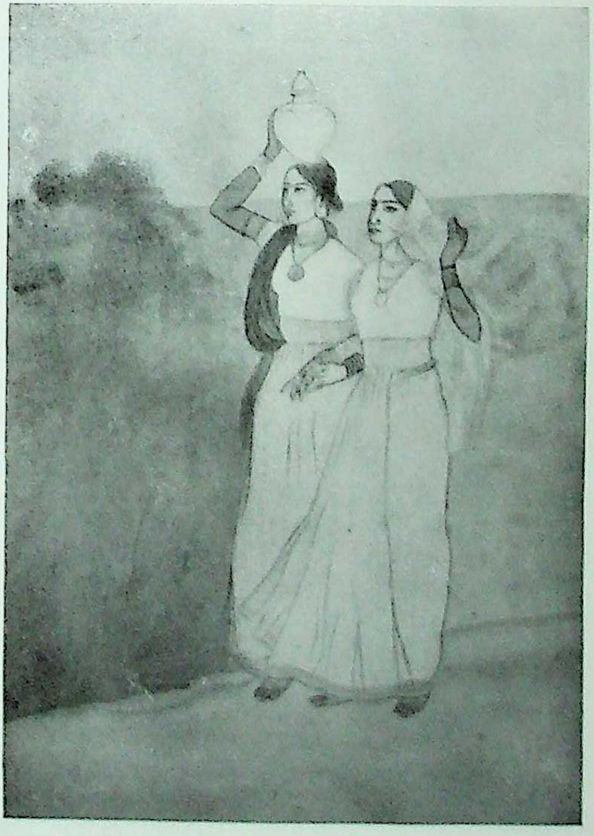


1898 *Water Colour*

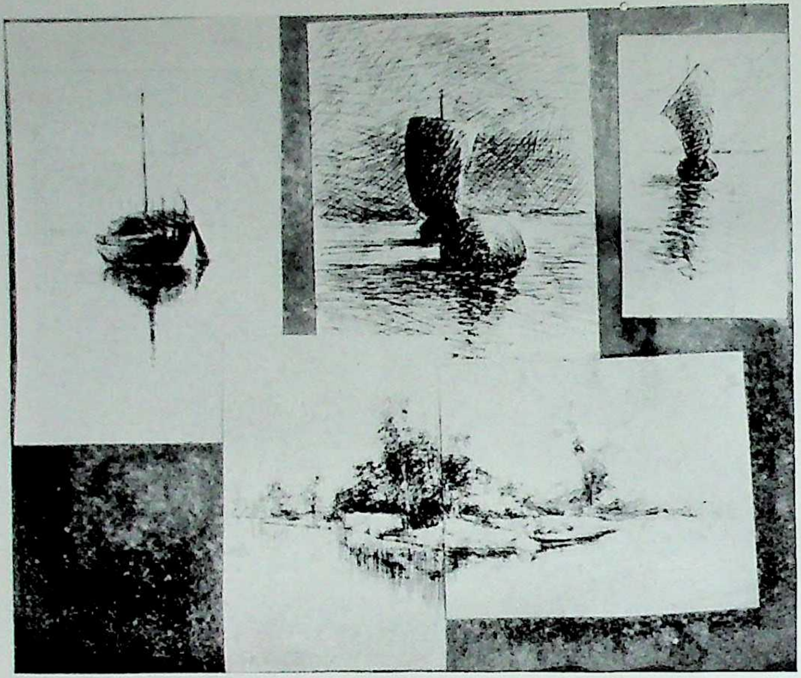
ON THE WAY TO TEMPLE



1899 *Water Colour*

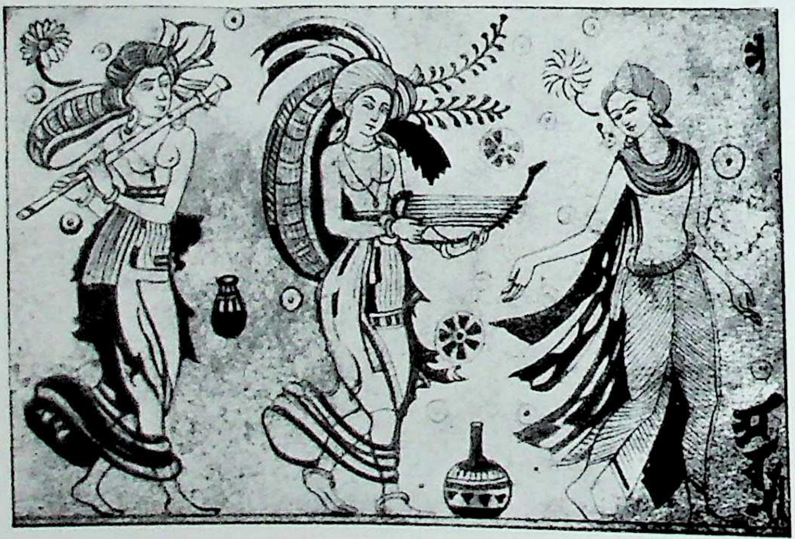
ILLUSTRATION FROM KALIDASA'S 'MEGHADUTA'

PAINTINGS BY ABANINDRA NATH TAGORE



897 *Pen and Ink*

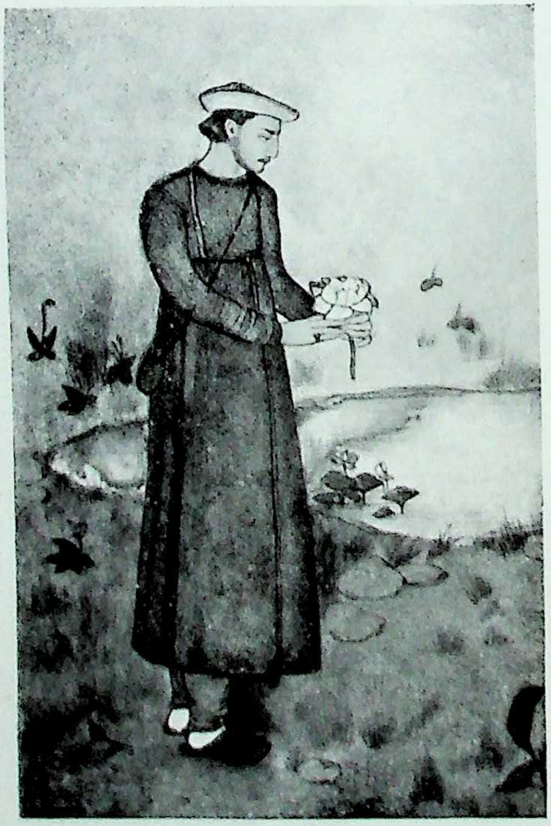
STUDIES ON THE GANGES



1899 *Black and White Brush Drawing*

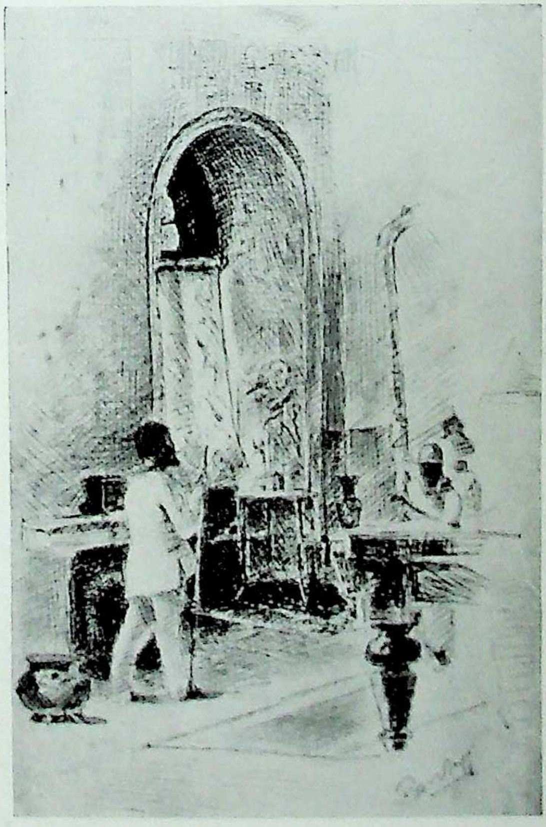
THREE MUSICIANS

PAINTINGS BY ABANINDRA NATH TAGORE



1900 *Water Colour*

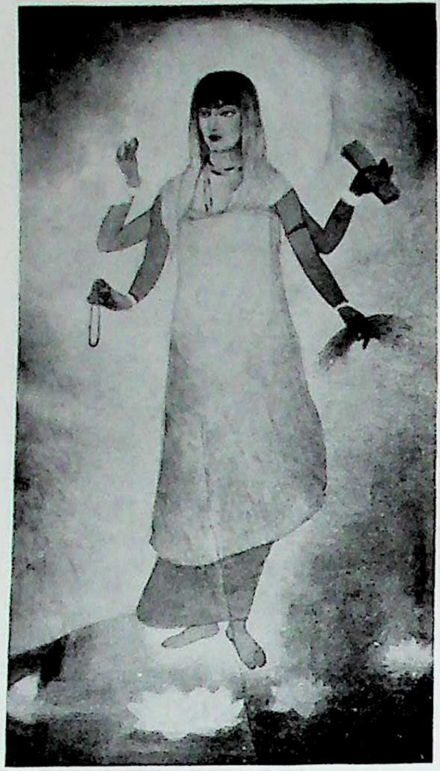
"TRAVELLERS AND THE LOTUS" FROM 'SEASONS' OF KALIDASA



1901 *Pen and Ink*

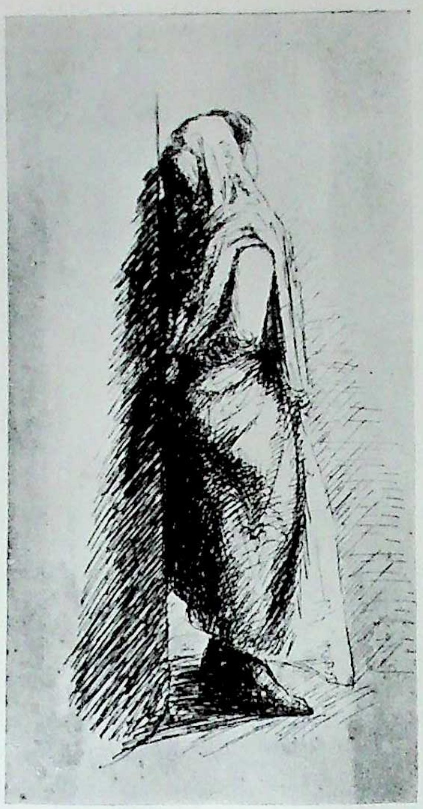
BILLIARDS PLAY AT THE JORASANKO HOUSE

PAINTINGS BY ABANINDRA NATH TAGORE



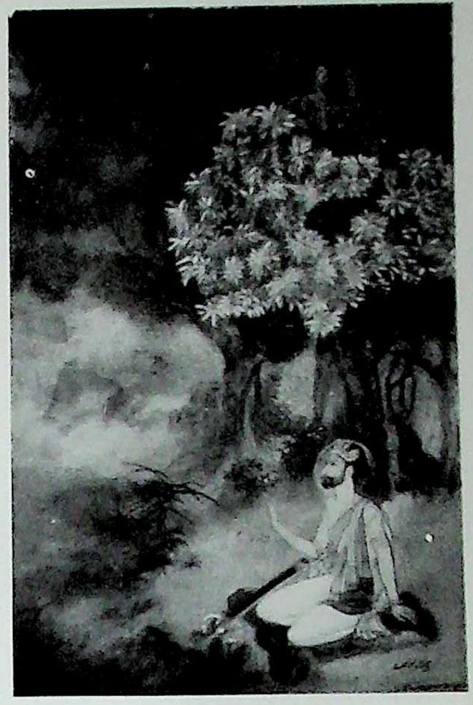
1902 *Water Colour*

BHARAT MATA



1903 *Pen and Ink*

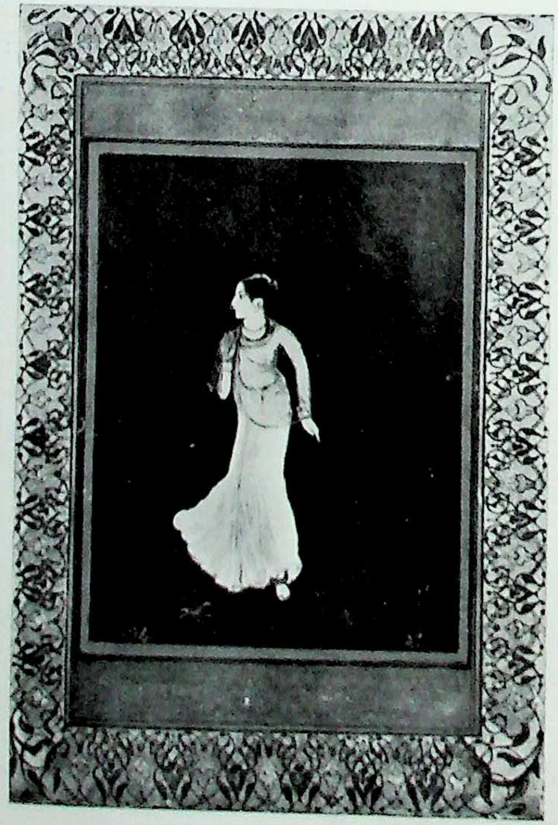
GIRL STANDING



1904 *Water Colour*

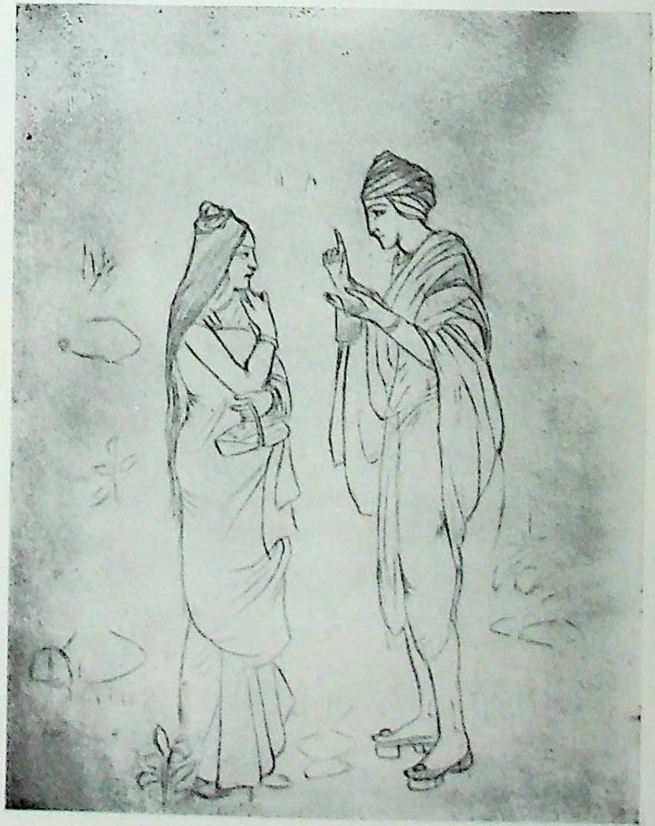
BANISHED YAKSHA

PAINTINGS BY ABANINDRA NATH TAGORE



1905 Water Colour

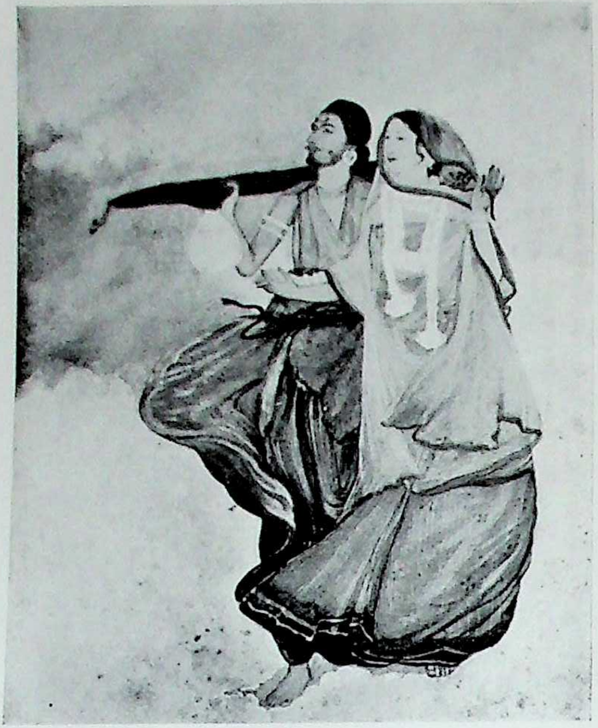
ABHISARIKA



1906 *First Pencil Sketch before the execution of Fresco Painting*

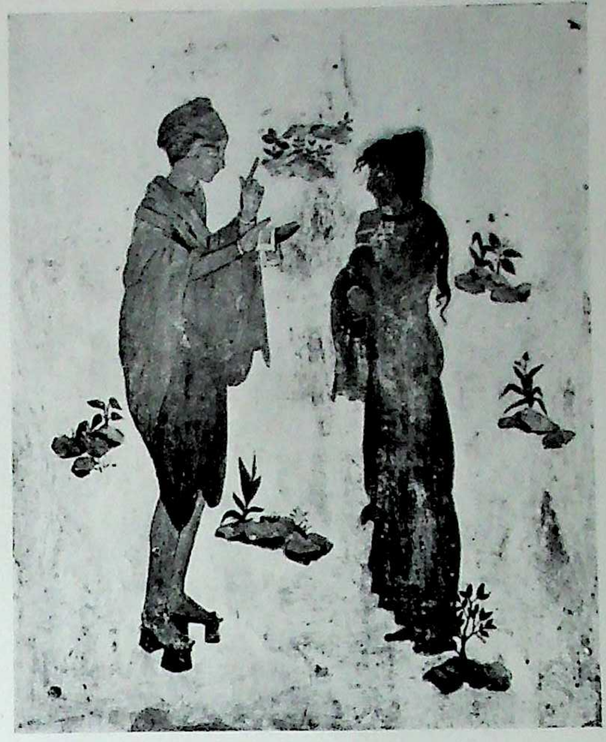
KACHA AND DEVJANI

PAINTINGS BY ABANINDRA NATH TAGORE



1906 *Water Colour*

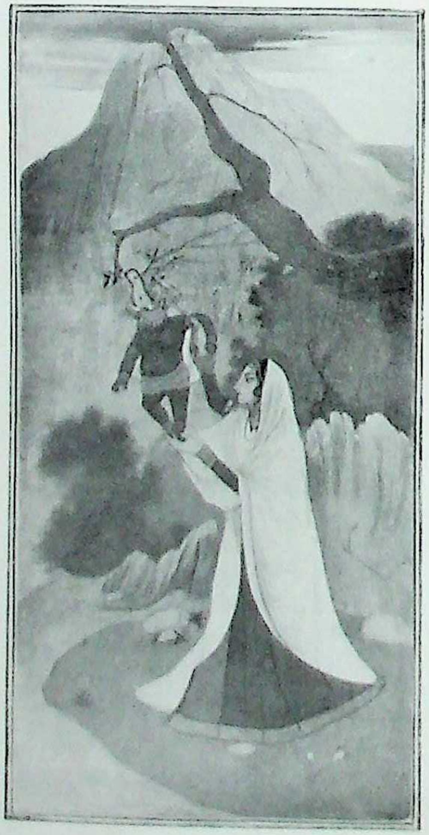
SIDDHAS OF THE UPPER AIR



1907 *Fresco Painting at the Government School of Art, Calcutta*

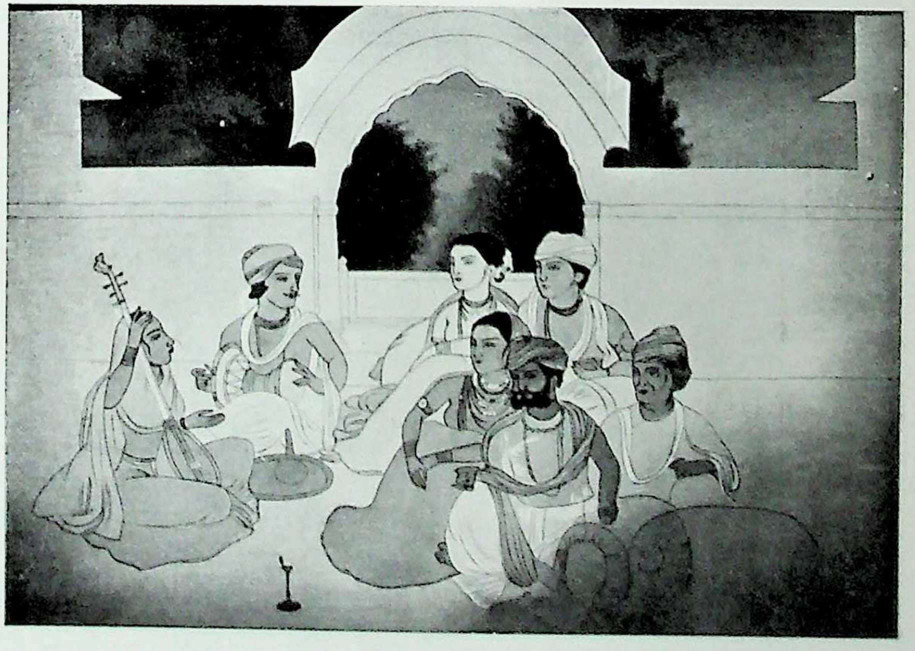
KACH-O-DEVJANI

PAINTINGS BY ABANINDRA NATH TAGORE



1908 *Water Colour*

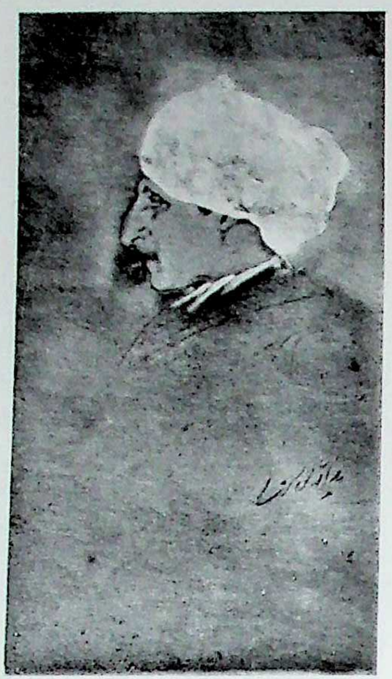
GANESHA JANANI



1909 *Water Colour*

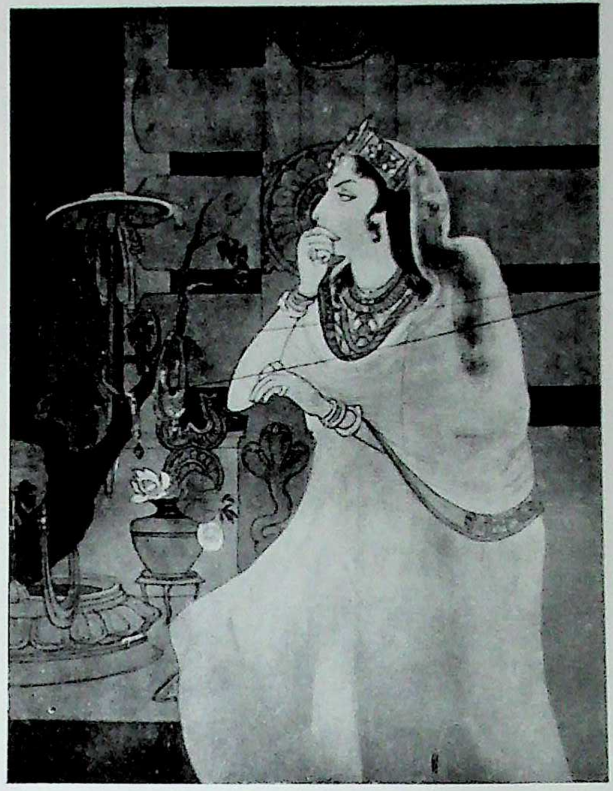
MOON-LIGHT MUSIC PARTY

PAINTINGS BY ABANINDRA NAṬH TAGORE



1910 *Water Colour*

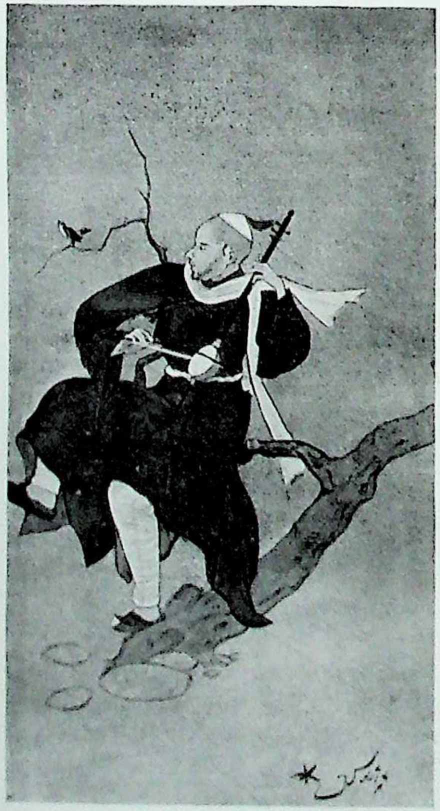
PORTRAIT OF ANANDA COOMARSWAMY



1911 *Painted for Her Majesty the Queen-Empress of India*

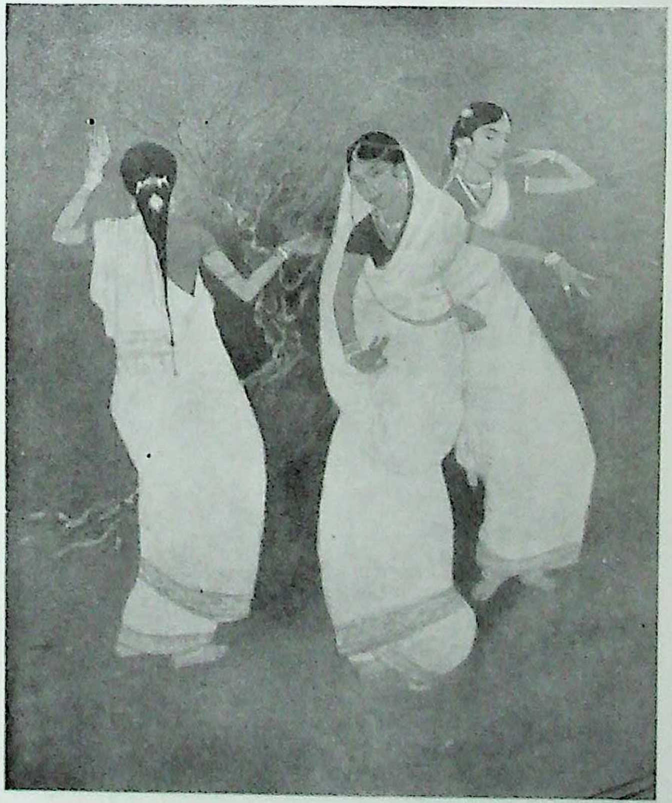
ASOKA'S QUEEN LOOKING AT THE BODHI TREE

PAINTINGS BY ABANINDRA NATH TAGORE



1912 *Water Colour*

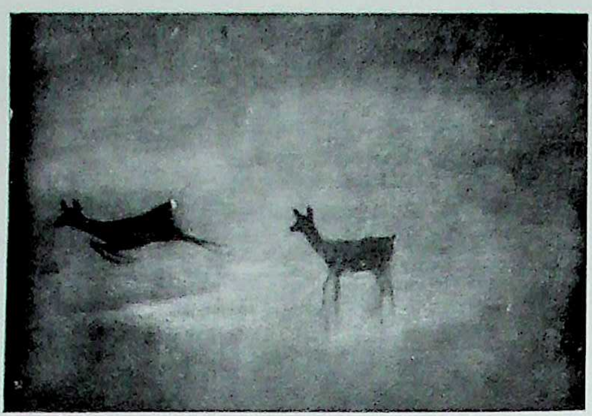
A MUSICIAN



1913 *Water Colour*

KAJARI DANCE

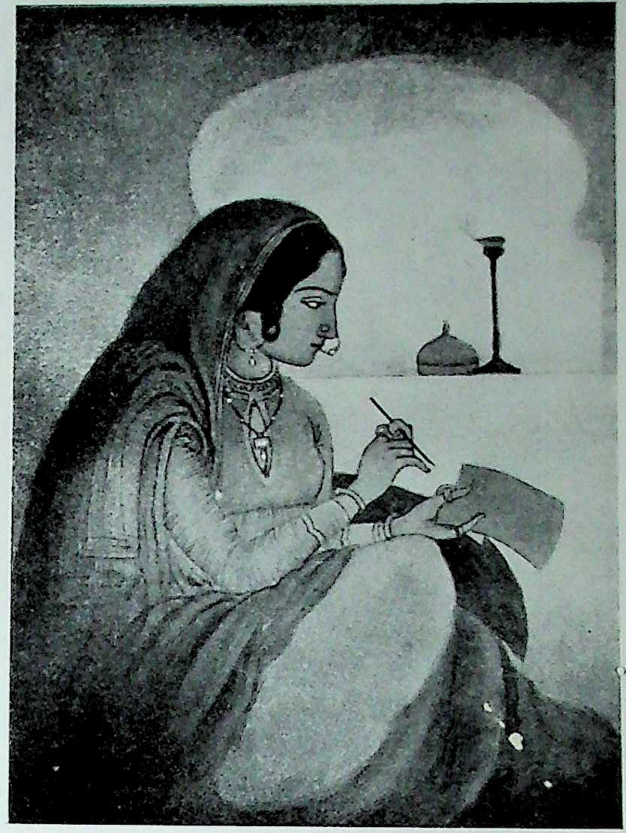
PAINTINGS BY ABANINDRA NATH TAGORE



1915 *Water Colour*

FREE

Animal Study



1914 *Water Colour*

THE LETTER

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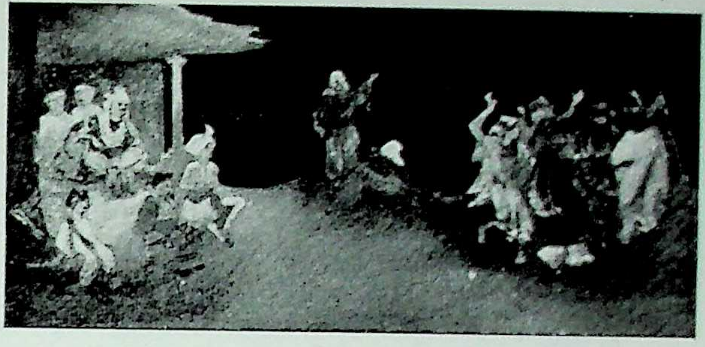
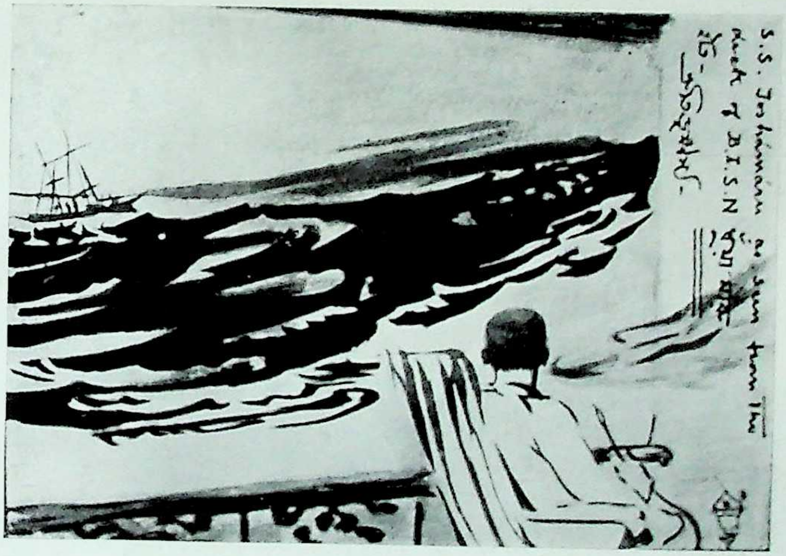
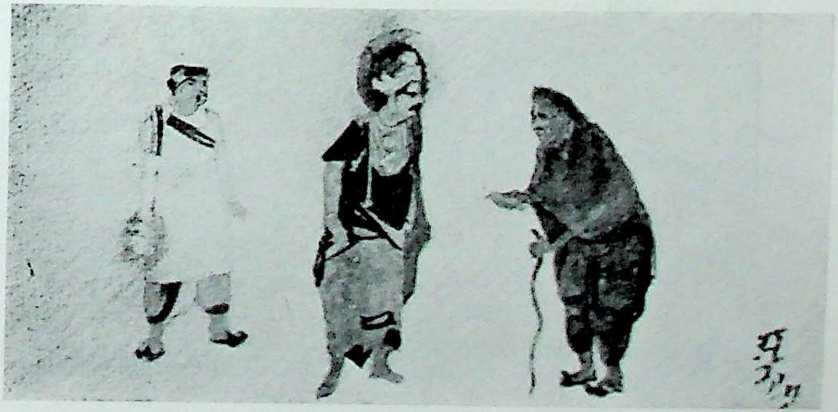


1916
Water Colour
ILLUSTRATION OF "FALGUNI"

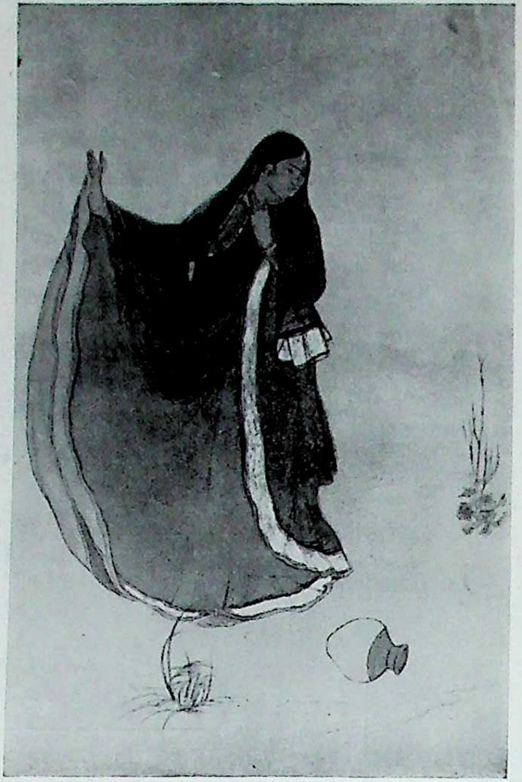

S.S. Toshimaru as seen from the
deck of B.I.S.N

1916
Water Colour
A POST CARD SENT TO
MR. MUKUL DEY IN JAPAN



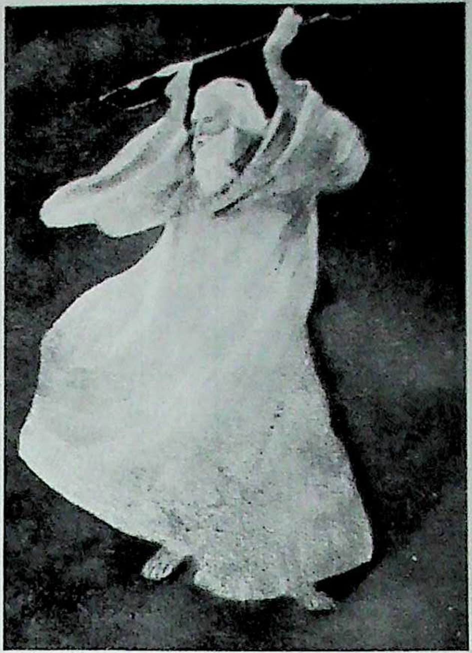
1916
Water Colour
THREE BROTHERS
IN FALGUNI PLAY
Samarendra Nath,
Gogonendra Nath
and
Abanindra Nath

PAINTINGS BY ABANINDRA NATH TAGORE



1917 *Water Colour*

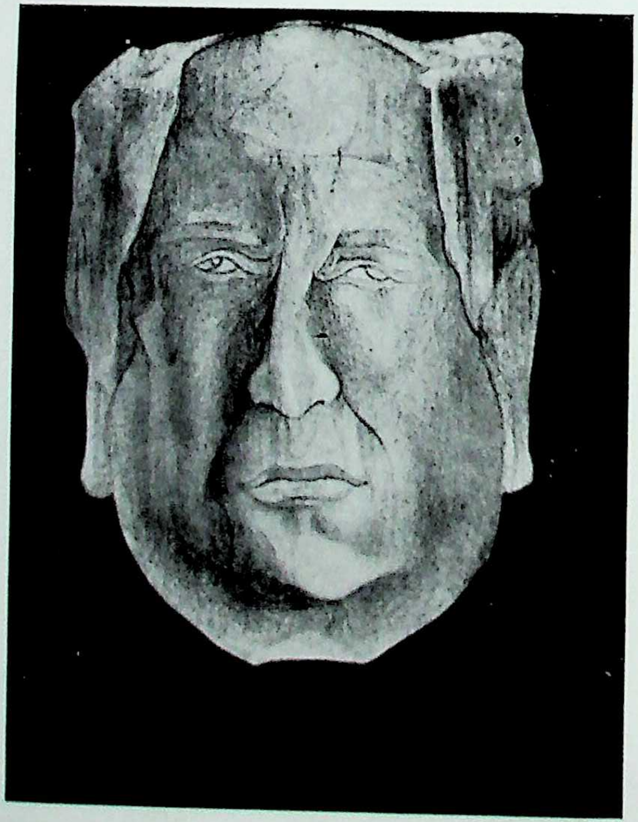
THE CALL OF THE FLUTE



1916 *Water Colour*

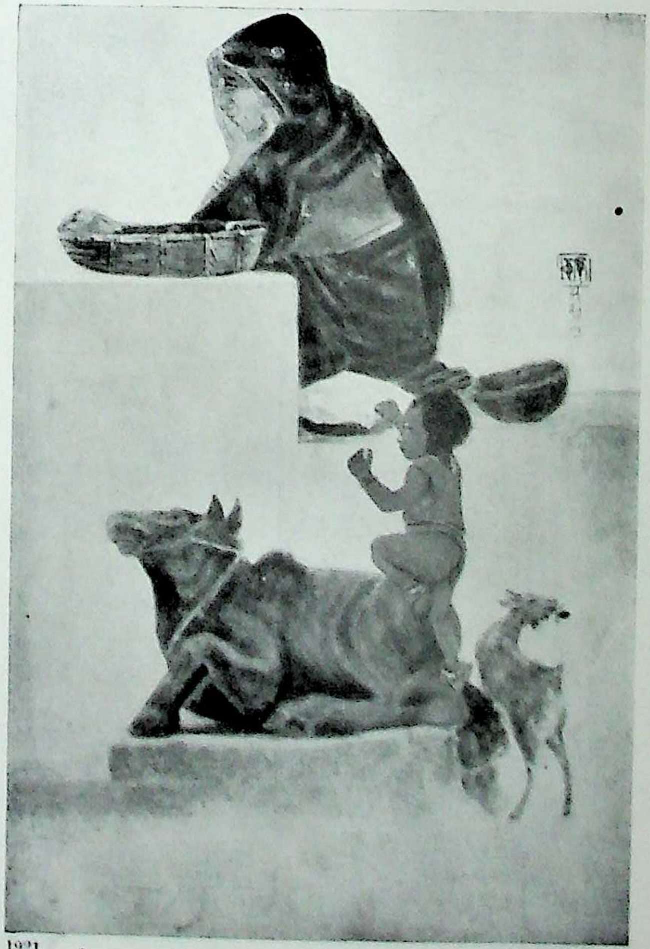
POET'S BAUL-DANCE AT FALGUNI PLAY

PAINTINGS BY ABANINDRA NATH TAGORE



1928 *Water Colour*

SELF-MASK PORTRAIT

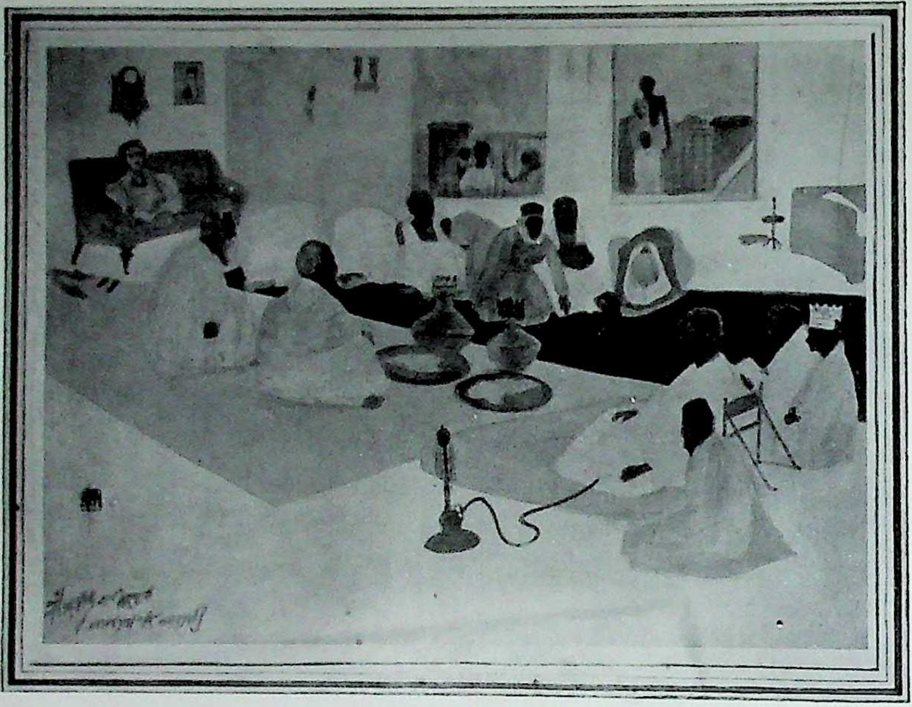


1921 *Water Colour*

FEED THE LIVING GOD

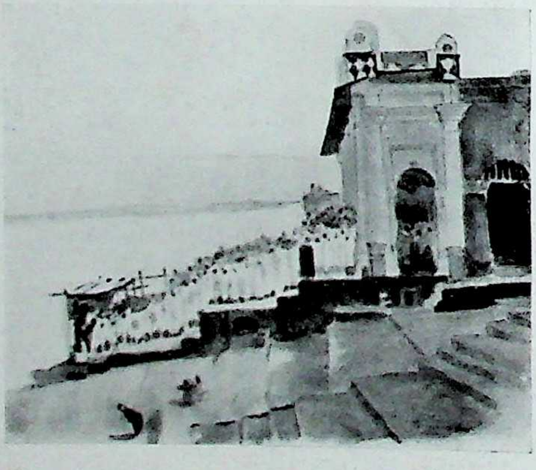
In Possession of Mr. C. W. E. Cotton, I.C.S.

PAINTINGS BY ABANINDRA NATH TAGORE



1922 *Water Colour*

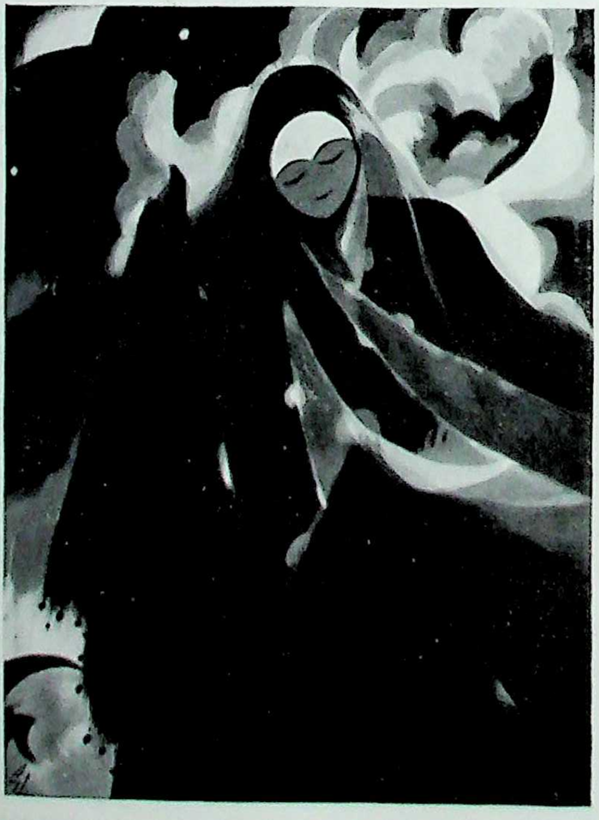
"ZAMINDAR'S KACHARI"



1890 *Water Colour*

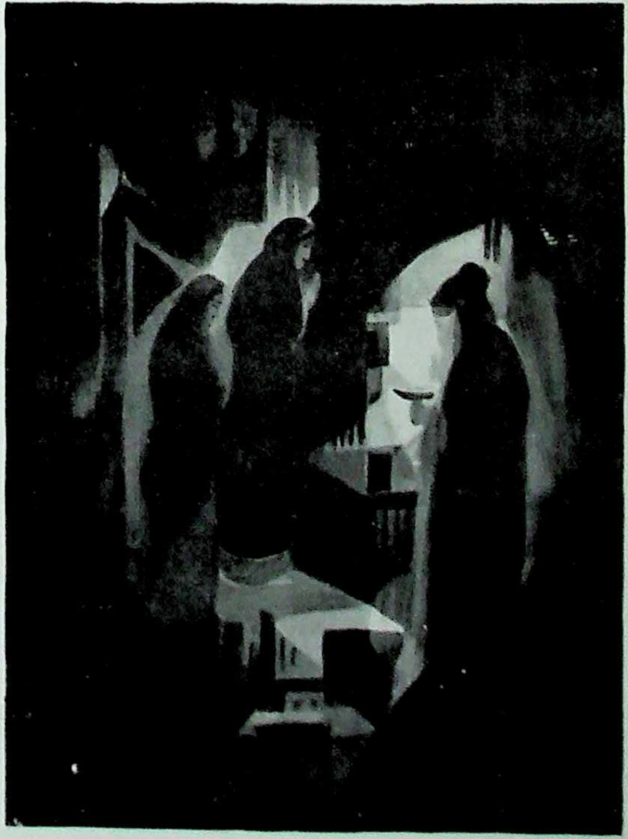
BISRAM GHAT AT MONGHYR

PAINTINGS BY GOGONENDRANATH TAGORE



THE SOMNAMBULIST

By the courtesy of Nabyendranath Tagore



ASCENSION

The Hindu Scool of Painting

vola catterjee

"Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor never can those trees be bare;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!"

KEATS.

THIS is how the poet proclaims in his masterly way the limitations of the pictorial and plastic arts. The painting on the "Grecian Urn" suggests certain incidents, but the movements of the figures there have been arrested. Painting could go thus far and no further. All fine arts have their origin in the desire of man to represent what he sees, hears, or feels. The poet does so by means of words, the musician by rhythm and agreeable sounds, the painter and the sculptor by colour and form. It is in the manner and extent of their respective representations that they differ from one another. The poet alone by means of his words expresses the idea of motion, or an abstract conception, which expression is beyond the power of the painter and sculptor with his colour and form.

But what are words really? Are they not mere names of things, which can only suggest some objects before our minds? They are powerless to bring the objects, their forms, configurations, their colour and relative position before our eyes or our senses. It is here that painting and sculpture have peculiar advantages over poetry and they appeal more to the population at large; and this is why in ancient India, manual art played such an important part in the education of the multitude of plain men.

As in ancient Egypt and Greece, painting in ancient India originally accompanied sculpture and architecture in the decoration of the temples or places of worship. The Hindu artists of old busied themselves with realistic productions; while idealism or supernaturalism very rarely affected their method. They are bent upon bringing the proportion of the figure to perfection. The fresco-paintings on the walls of the Ajanta, or the carved figure of "Parvati" on the turretwall of the Bhubaneswar temple in Orissa, testify to the skill the Hindu artists acquired in those days of old. These are not the works of limbs and figures merely but of the soul; and they express the activity and living perception of good and great human souls.

The few specimens of the old Hindu painting still extant bear testimony to the adepts' efforts to paint naturally, in other words, to produce realistic art. Nagnajit, a great pioneer in the Hindu art movement, fifteen centuries ago, wrote a lot on the works of art, but most of his compositions are lost, and buried in oblivion.

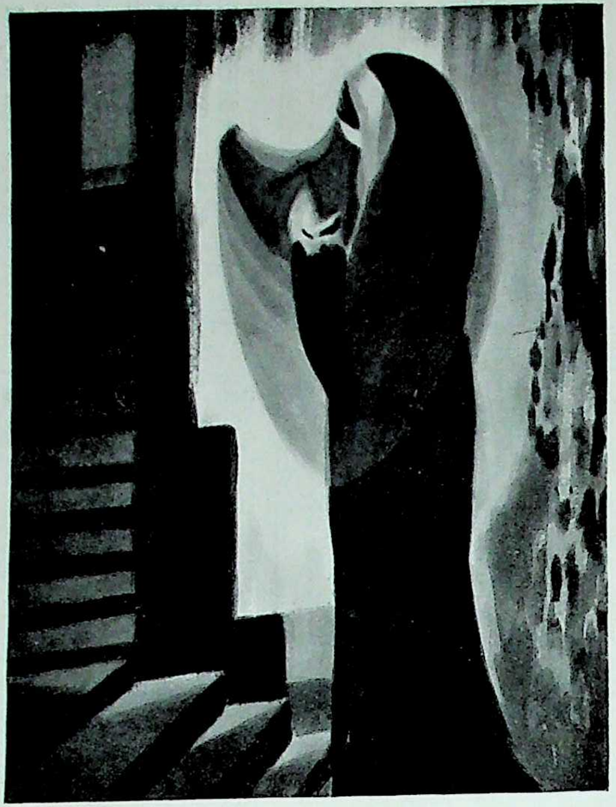
Since the beginning of the 20th century, Hindu art has been undergoing a great change, and it is very difficult to speak of the tendencies of the present day. The appreciation which is very often accorded to the prolific Indian pictures from the hands of the so-called Romantics is a proof that a reaction has already set in against realism in favour of idealism. The problem now confronts the Indian art is whether it is going to discard altogether its original and peculiar characteristic, namely realism, combined with a taste for a truthful adherence to natural forms and effects, as in pre-Raphaelitism.

Some maintain that Hindu art flourished on the basis of idealism or supernaturalism, and in support of their contention refer to some old representations of the Hindu deities, *e.g.*, the elephant-headed "Ganesha," the "Shiva" adorned with the moon on his forehead, the "Kali" with her protruding tongue. But they forget that the old artist had to perform several functions; he was a painter, but also a moraliser or preacher, and sometimes an educator. In these apparently antic representations, the artist's aim is not to express his æsthetic emotions in such a way as to arouse pleasurable feelings in the beholder, but to explain and illustrate by conventional symbols, the sacred mysteries of Hindu religion, veiled in allegory.

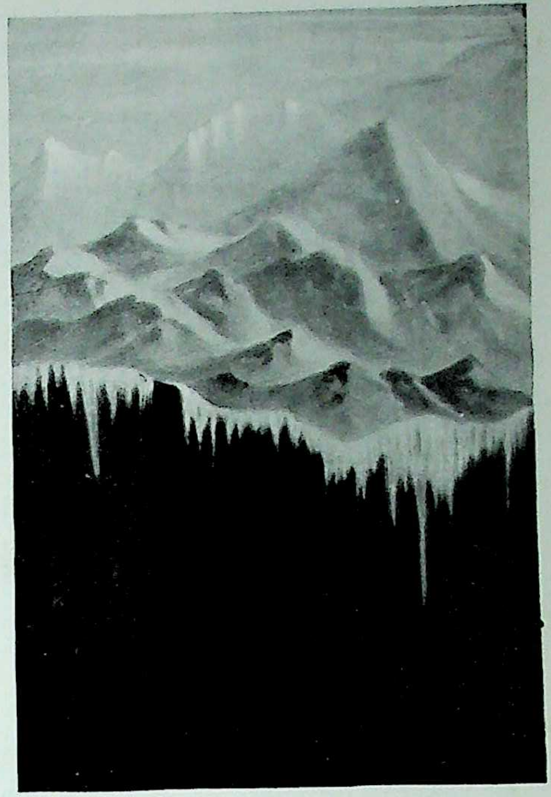
Again, the familiar rainbow-rings, painted in the ceilings of the old Buddhist monasteries, suggest something more than the crude attempts of the painter to paint naturally. Here also the artist has a different mission to fulfil. Here he is demonstrating the proposition that to get a secondary or tertiary colour, mixing may be done in the spectator's eye than in the painter's palette. Juxtaposed touches of pure colours at a certain distance are made to fuse in the eye of the beholder and to produce the effect of the tint desired.

In these circumstances, the peculiar character of the Hindu painting is to be traced not in each and every specimen extant, but in those works only where the aim of the artist is to convey sense of pleasure to the beholder by the harmony of proportion, colour, and ornamentation. And what Elphinstone once said with reference to indigenous literature, applies with equal force to-day to the cultivation of the Hindu painting. "At no time," said he, "could I wish that the purely Hindu part of the course should be totally abandoned. It would surely be a preposterous way of adding to the intellectual treasures of a nation, to begin by destruction of its indigenous literature: and I cannot but think that the future attainments of the Indians will be increased in extent, as well as in variety, by being, as it were, engrafted on their own previous knowledge and imbued with their own original and peculiar character."

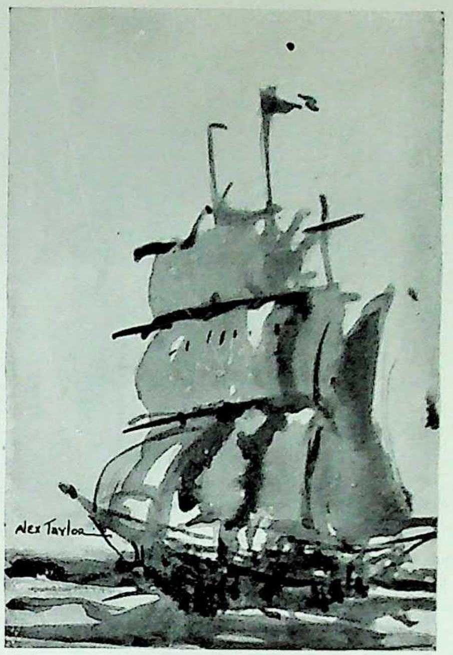
PAINTINGS BY GOGONENDRANATH TAGORE



SHADED FLAME



KANCHAN JANGHA

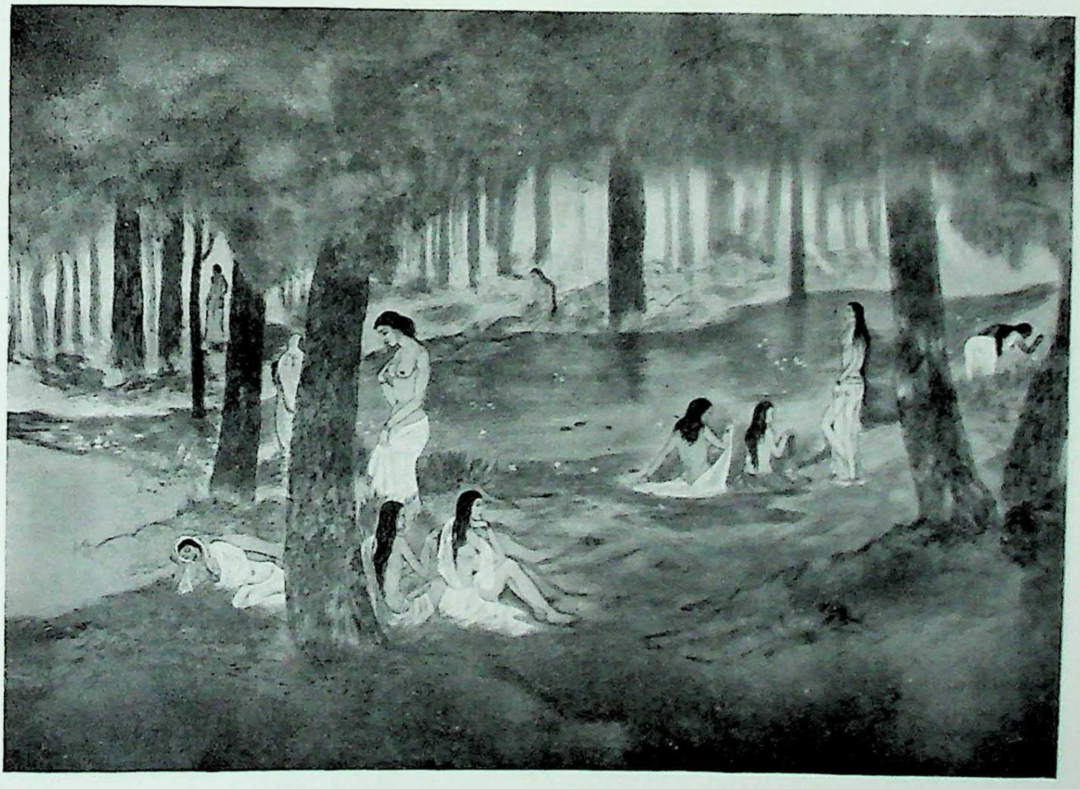

Alex Taylor

A WATER COLOUR STUDY

Alex Taylor

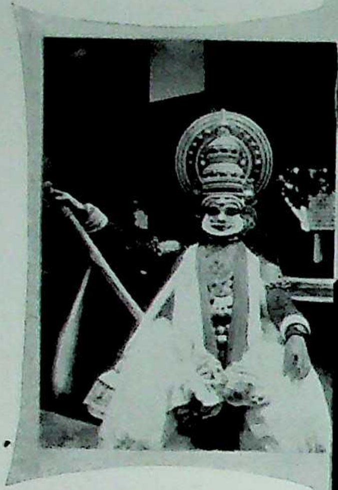
BATHING

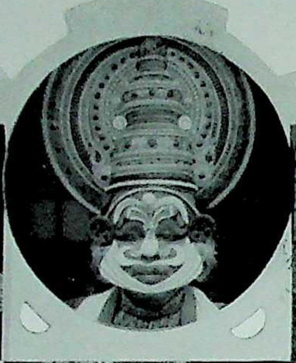
Bratindra Nath Tagore

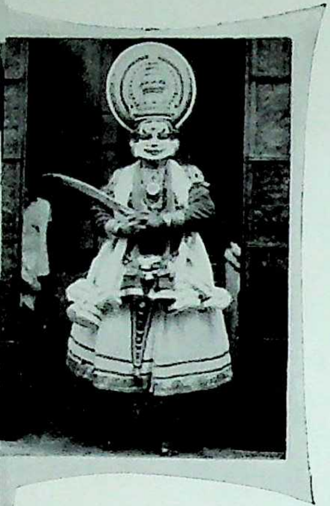


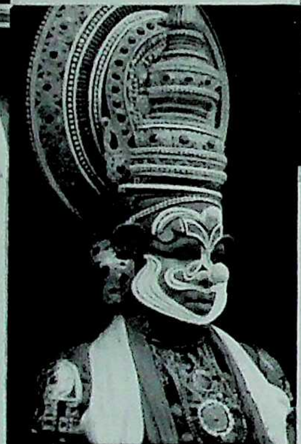
KATHAKALI

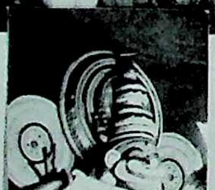
FROM THE COLLECTIONS OF MESSRS. RAJENDRA SHANKAR AND VISHNU DASS SHIRALI AND DR. BAKEY









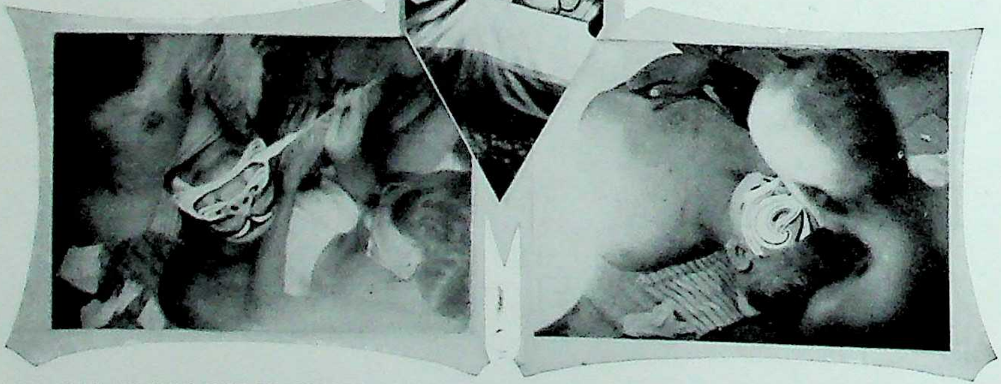


AN ACTOR FROM KERALA KALA-MANDALAM. HIS MAKE-UP AND HEADDRESS INDICATE THAT HE IS ONE OF THE ASURIC CHARACTERS.

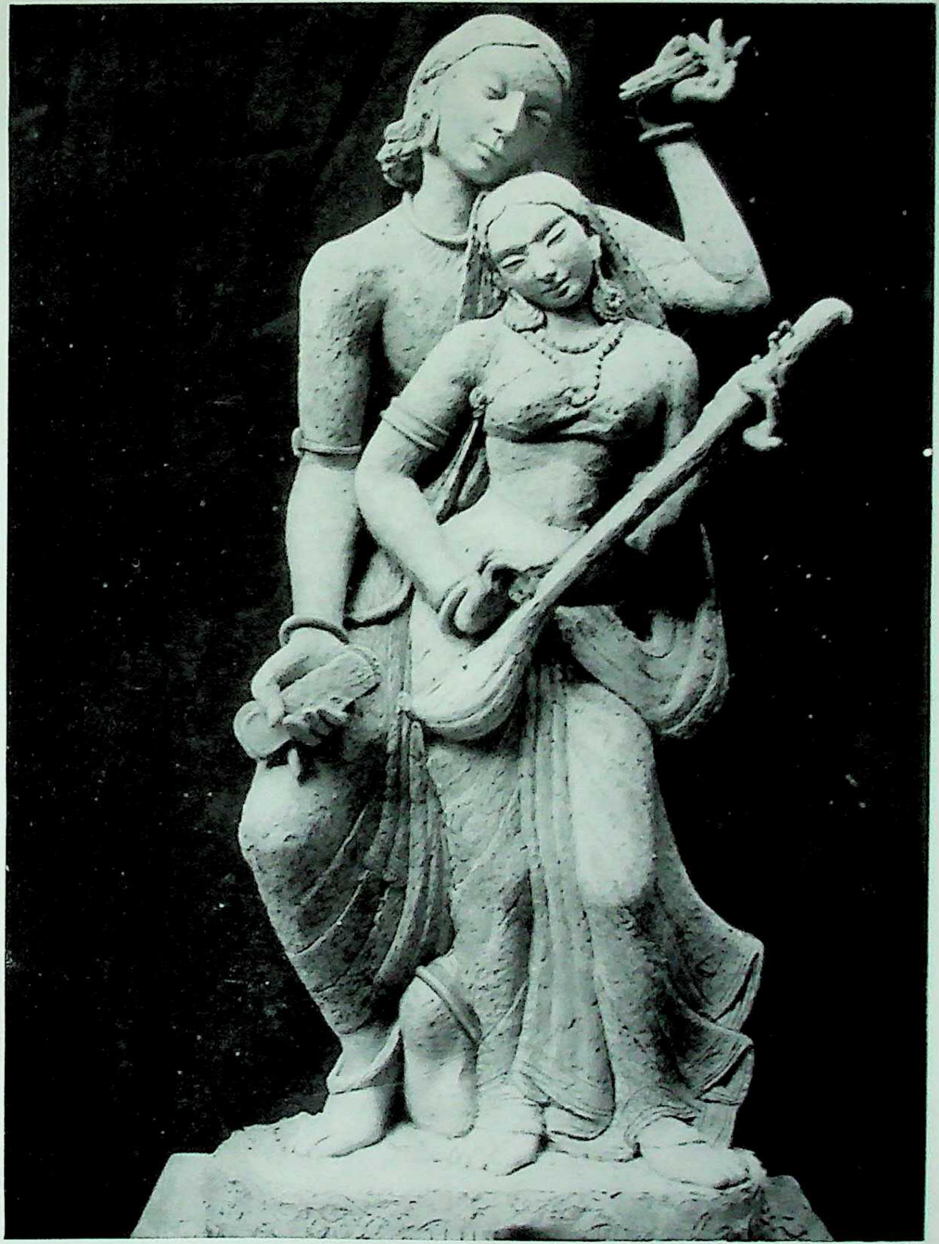
(RIGHT BOTTOM)
RAVANA AS HE MAKES HIS APPEARANCE TECHNICALLY KNOWN AS THERAKINOTTAM

A DEMONISH CHARACTER IN FULL COSTUME (*Trivandrum*)

THE TWO FACES (TOP, CENTRE) BELONG TO DURYODHANA. THE MAKE-UP OF THE FACES GOES UNDER THE NAME OF KATHI



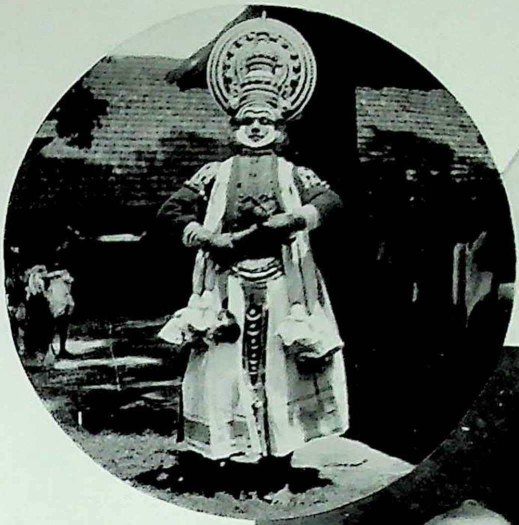
THE ACTORS ARE BEING MADE UP. IT IS AN ARDUOUS TASK, EXTENDING OVER HOURS, WHILE THE PLAYERS WITH THEIR HEADS ON A WOODEN BLOCK, GO TO SLEEP. THE PASTE IS MADE OF RICE AND LIMESTONE. THE KNOB ON THE NOSE IS OF CORK, AND IS WORN ONLY BY DEMONISH (ASURA) CHARACTERS.



TIME AND TUNE

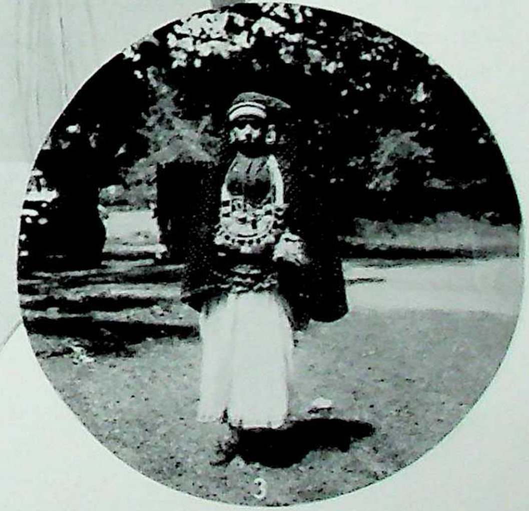
By Kind Permission of the artist *Kshitish Chandra Roy*

KATHAKALI ARTISTES IN DIFFERENT SETTINGS



(1)
YUDHISTHIRA, ELDEST OF
THE PANDAVAS, MADE UP
REPRESENTING SATWA-GUNA

(2)
THE KERALA POET
MR. VALLATHOL NARAYANA MENON



(3)
CHARACTER
REPRESENTING
DROUPADI OF
RAJA-GUNA

By Courtesy of the Secretary, Kerala Kalamandalam

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RULES

The Editorial Board shall control all matters regarding approval of articles, pictures, etc., intended for publication in the Annual.

All articles should be typed carefully on one side of the paper and sent to the Managing Editor.

Articles and pictures coming through the Divisional Editor or Representative will be accepted by the Board as approved.

All articles and photographs intended for publication should be sent on or before 30th September, 1935.

Photographs should be printed either on albuminised silver paper or on shiny bromide or glossy surface paper.

A stamped envelope must accompany all articles of which the return is required in case of non-acceptance.

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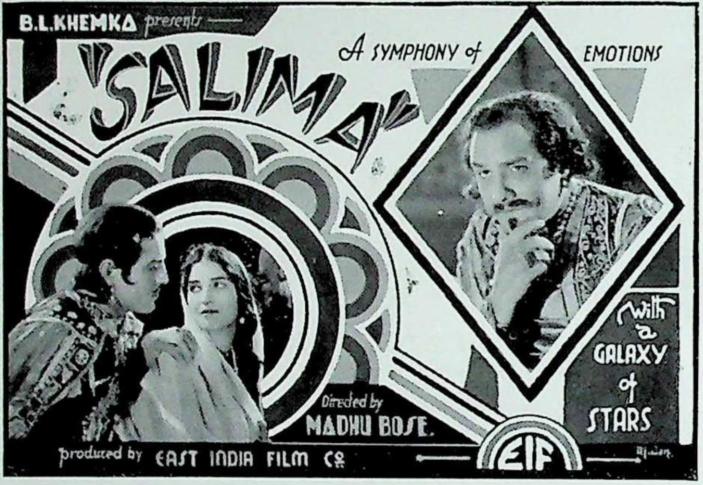
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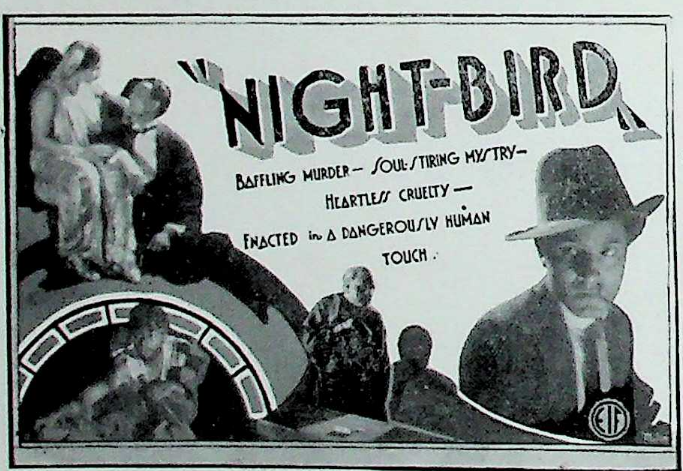
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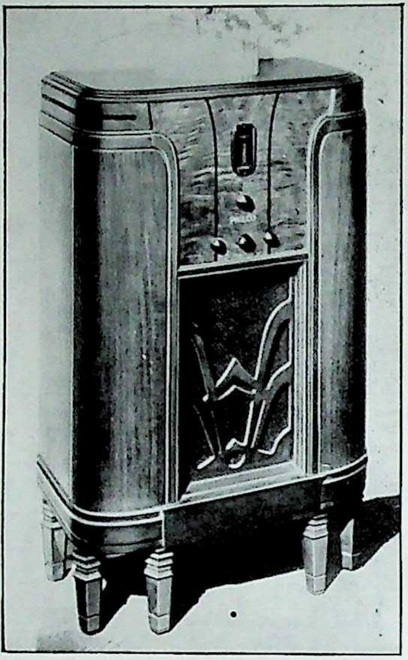

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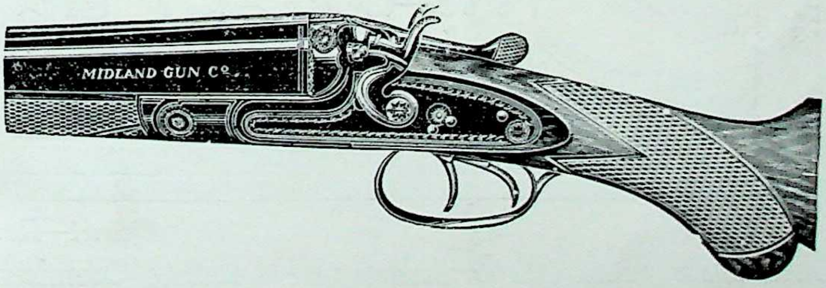
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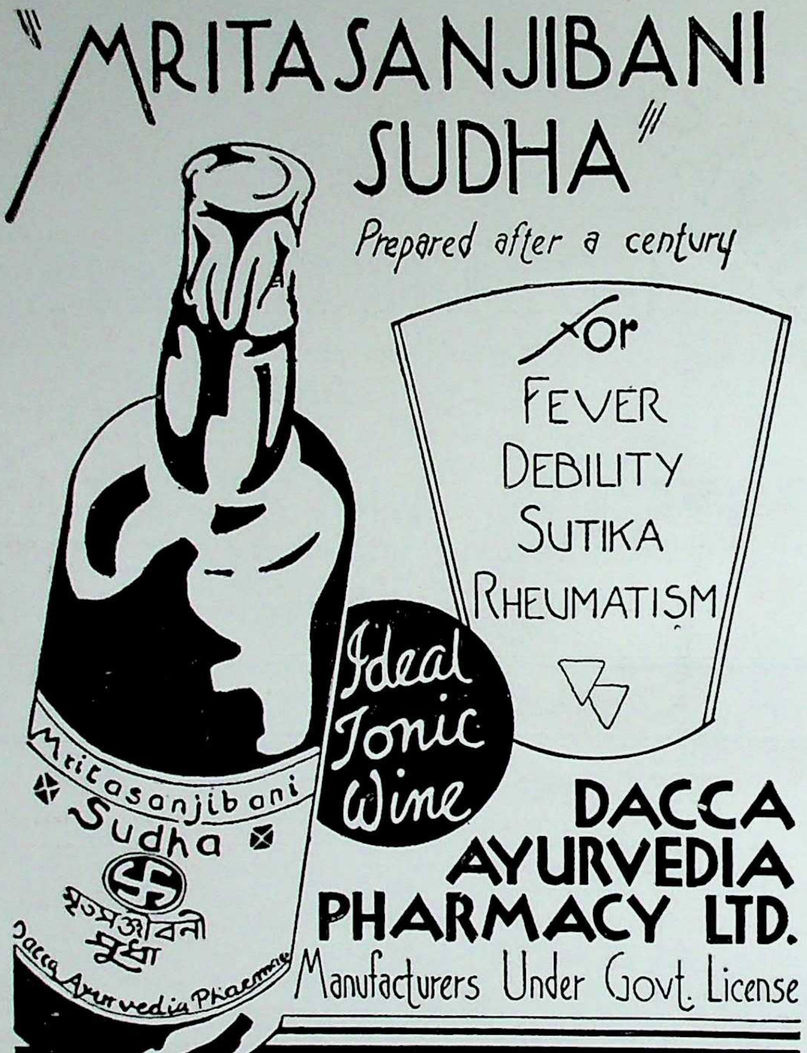
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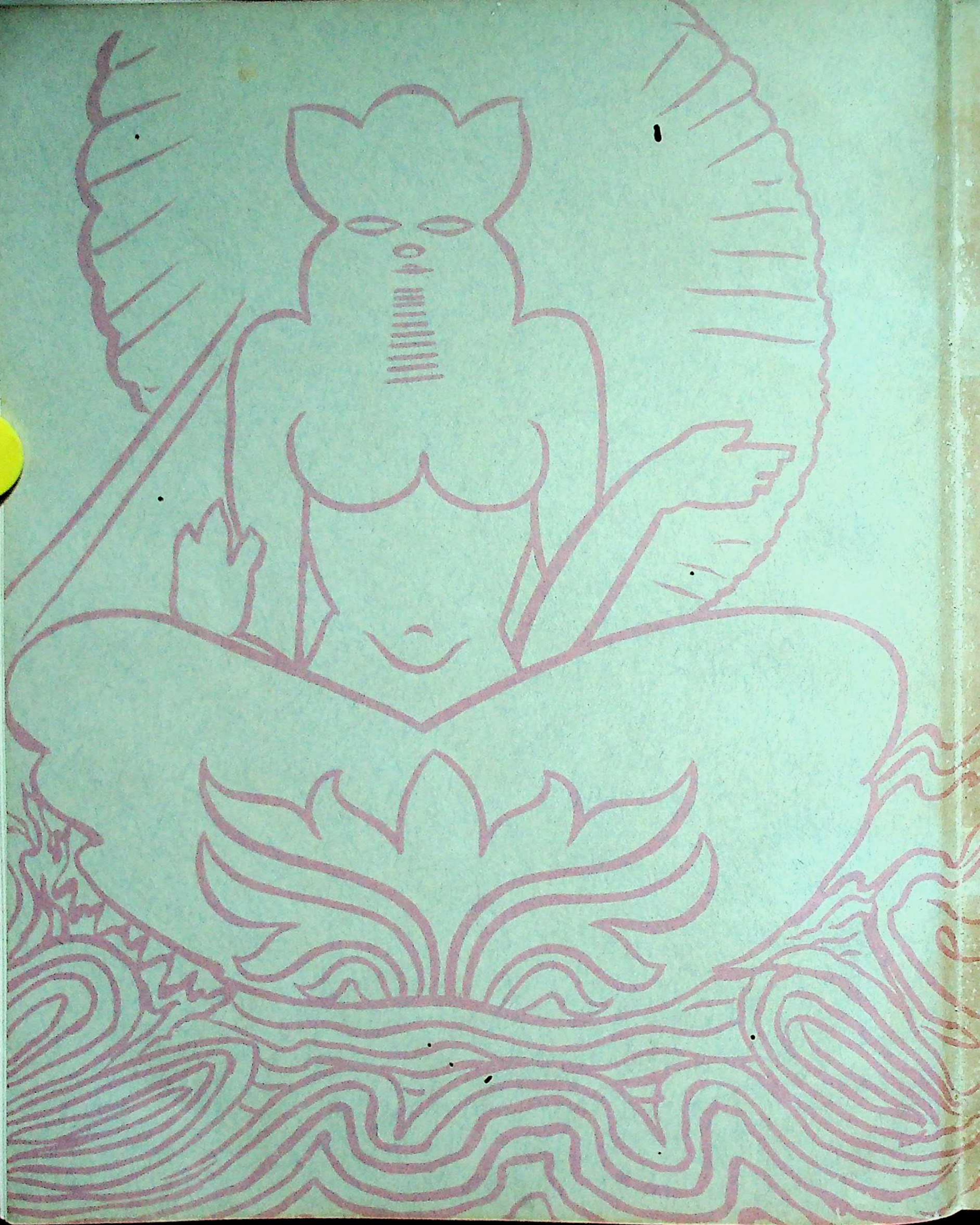

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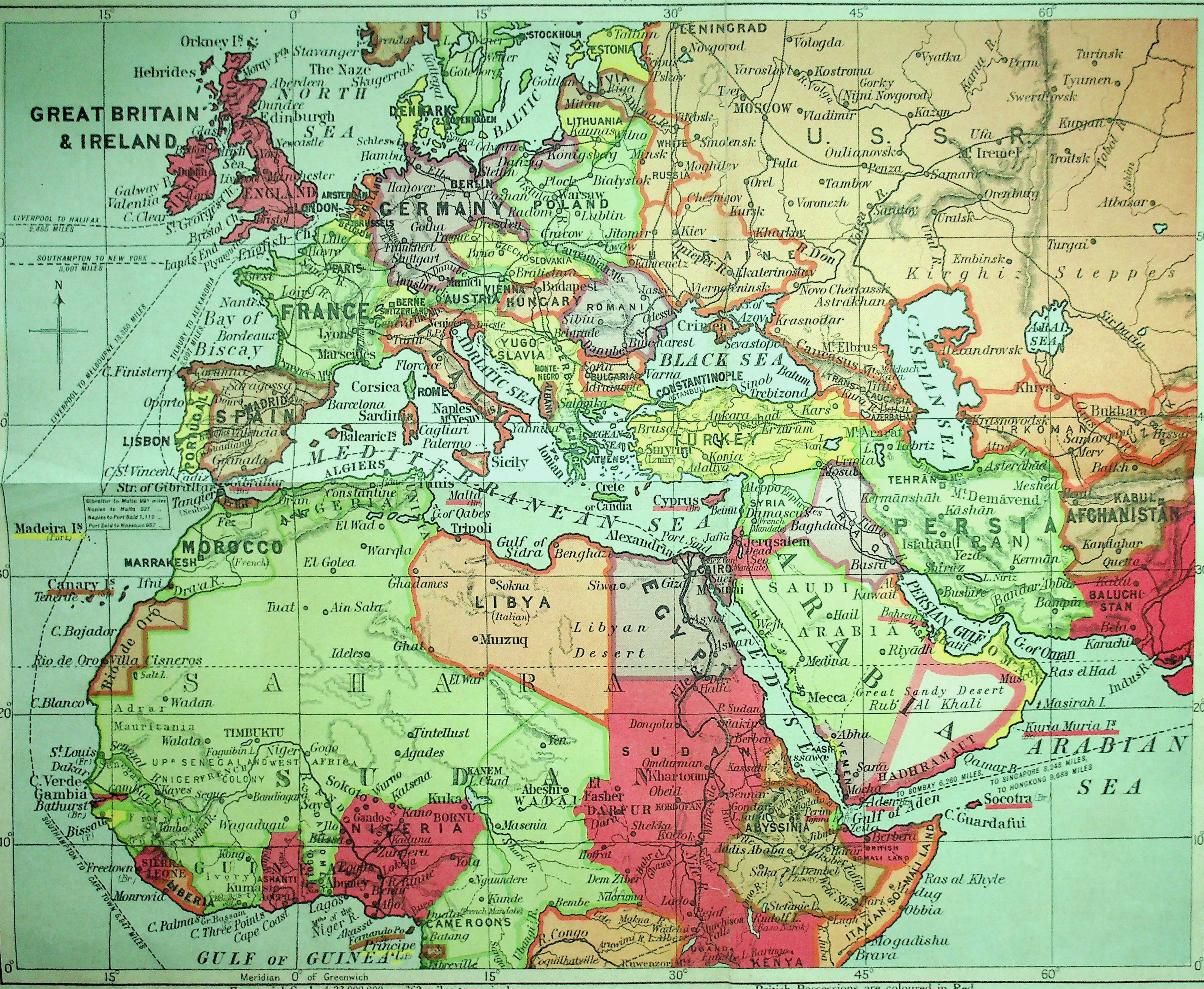
Tit-Bits READERS' MAP OF EUROPE, NORTH AFRICA, ABYSSINIA AND THE NEAR EAST

(Supplement to "TIT-BITS," November 30, 1935)


GREAT BRITAIN & IRELAND
NORTH SEA
BALTIC SEA
FRANCE
SPAIN
PORTUGAL
GERMANY
POLAND
AUSTRIA
HUNGARY
ROMANIA
YUGO-SLAVIA
ITALY
BLACK SEA
CASPIAN SEA
ARAL SEA
U. S. S. R.
Kirghiz Steppes
TURKEY
PERSIA (IRAN)
AFGHANISTAN
BALUCHISTAN
IRAQ
SAUDI ARABIA
ARABIA
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
RED SEA
PERSIAN GULF
ARABIAN SEA
Gulf of Aden
MOROCCO
ALGERIA
LIBYA (Italian)
Libyan Desert
EGYPT
SAHARA
SUDAN
ABYSSINIA
BRITISH SOMALI LAND
ITALIAN SOMALI LAND
KENYA
NIGERIA
CAMEROONS
GULF OF GUINEA
LIVERPOOL TO HALIFAX 2,485 MILES
SOUTHAMPTON TO NEW YORK 3,091 MILES
LIVERPOOL TO MELBOURNE 13,350 MILES
TILBURY TO ALEXANDRIA 3,091 MILES
SOUTHAMPTON TO CAPE TOWN 6,047 MILES
TO BOMBAY 6,260 MILES
TO SINGAPORE 8,248 MILES
TO HONGKONG 9,688 MILES
Gibraltar to Malta 991 miles
Naples to Malta 327
Naples to Port Said 1,110
Port Said to Mossowa 957
Meridian 0° of Greenwich

Equatorial Scale 1:23,000,000 or 362 miles to an inch.

British Possessions are coloured in Red

COUNTRY	RULER
Afghanistan.	Mohamed Zahir Shah, King. Population, 6,380,000.
Albania.	Zog I., King of the Albanians. Population, 1,000,000.
Austria.	Wilhelm Miklas, President. Population, 6,600,000.
Belgium.	Leopold III., King of the Belgians. Population, 8,215,000.
Bulgaria.	Boris III., Tsar. Population, 6,000,000.
Czechoslovakia.	Tomas G. Masaryk, President. Population, 14,730,000.
Denmark.	Christian X., King. Population, 3,560,000.
Egypt.	Fuad I., King. Population, 14,000,000.
Estonia.	Konstantin Päts, Head of the State. Population, 1,116,000.
Ethiopia (Abyssinia).	Haile Sellasié I., Emperor. Population, 11,000,000.
France.	Albert Lebrun, President. Population, 41,000,000.
Germany.	Adolf Hitler, Fuhrer and Chancellor. Population, 66,000,000.
Great Britain.	George V., King. Population, 44,500,000.
Greece.	Alexander Zaimis, President. Population, 6,200,000.
Hungary.	Nicholas Horthy de Nagybanya, Regent. Population, 8,700,000.
Iraq (Mesopotamia).	Ghazi, King. Population, 3,000,000.
Irish Free State.	De Valera, President. Population, 3,000,000.
Italy	Victor Emmanuel III., King. Benito Mussolini, Dictator. Population, 43,000,000.
Latvia.	Albert Kviesis, President. Population, 2,000,000.
Liberia.	Edwin Barclay, President. Population, 2,000,000.
Lithuania.	Antanas Smetona, President. Population, 2,000,000.
Morocco.	Sidi Mohamed, Sultan. Population, 5,000,000.
Netherlands.	Wilhelmina, Queen. Population, 8,000,000.
Norway.	Haakon VII., King. Population, 2,810,000.
Persia.	Reza Pahlevi, Shah. Population, 10,000,000.
Poland.	Ignacy Moscicki, President. Population, 32,000,000.
Portugal.	Antonio de Fragoso Carmona, President. Population, 6,000,000.
Romania.	Carol II., King. Population, 18,000,000.
Saudi Arabia.	Abdul Aziz al Faisal al Saud, King. Population, 1,500,000.
Spain.	Niceto Alcala Zamora, President. Population, 24,000,000.
Sweden.	Gustaf V., King. Population, 6,150,000.
Switzerland.	M. Pilet-Golaz, President. Population, 4,100,000.
Syria.	Shaikh Taj-ed-din, Chief of State. Population, 3,600,000.
Turkey.	Gazi Mustapha Kemal, President. Population, 14,000,000.
U.S.S.R.	V. M. Molotov (Scriabine), President. Population, 162,100,000. J. V. Stalin, Secretary of the Communist Party.
Yugoslavia.	Peter II., King. Population, 14,000,000.

STATES MEMBERS OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

Abyssinia.
Afghanistan.
South Africa.
Albania.
Argentine.
Australia.
Austria.
Belgium.
Bolivia.
United Kingdom.
Bulgaria.
Canada.
Chile.
China.
Colombia.
Cuba.
Czechoslovakia.
Denmark.
Dominican Republic.
Ecuador.
Estonia.
Finland.
France.
Greece.
Guatemala.
Haiti.
Honduras.
Hungary.
India.
Iraq.
Irish Free State.
Italy.
Latvia.
Liberia.
Lithuania.
Luxemburg.
Mexico.
Netherlands.
New Zealand.
Nicaragua.
Norway.
Panama.
Paraguay.
Persia.
Peru.
Poland.
Portugal.
Romania.
Salvador.
Siam.
Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.
Spain.
Sweden.
Switzerland.
Turkey.
Uruguay.
Venezuela.
Yugoslavia.

STATES OUTSIDE THE LEAGUE: United States of America, Germany, Japan, Andorra, Brazil, Costa Rica, Free City of Danzig, Egypt, Iceland, Liechtenstein, Monaco, San Marino, Saudi Arabia (Hejaz), Vatican City, and Yemen.

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